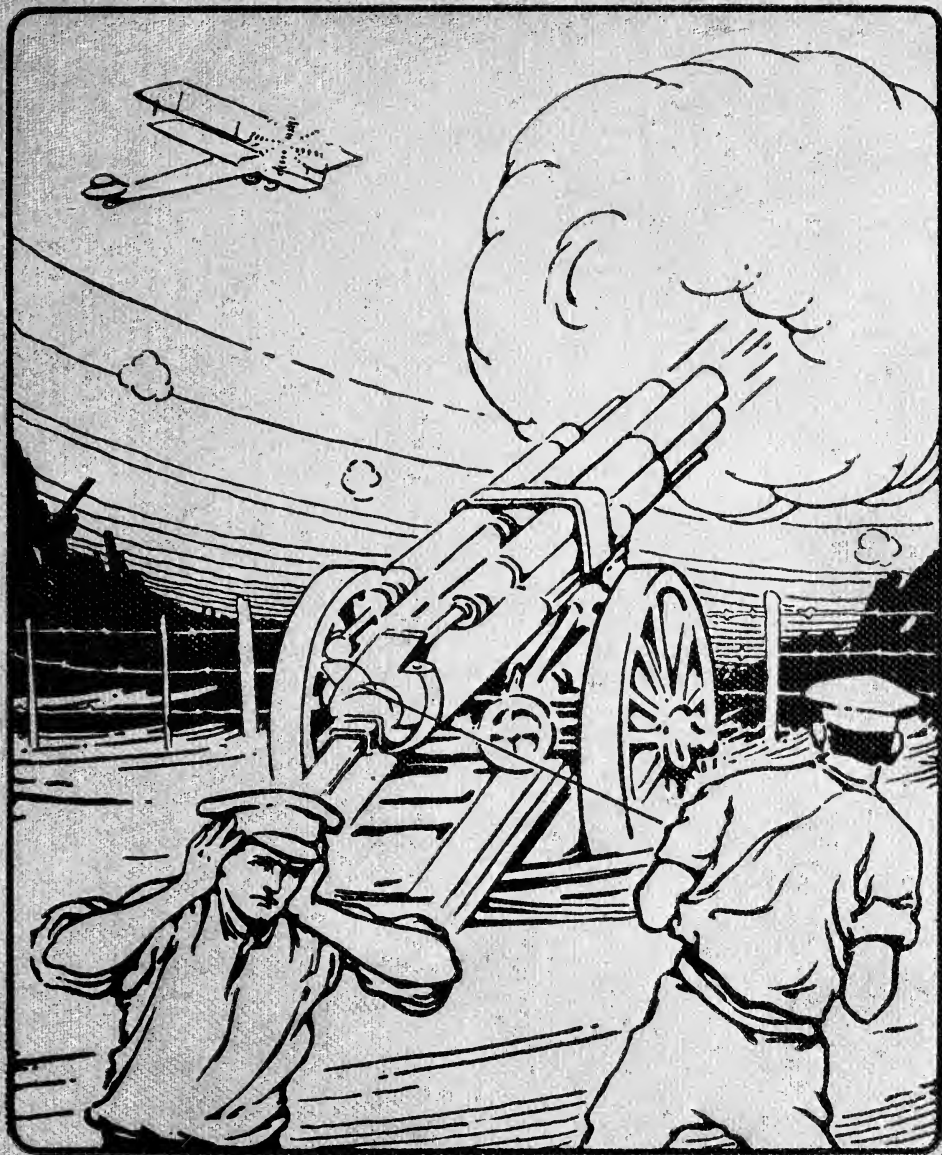


FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY



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PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

UNCLE SAM'S OUTDOOR MAGIC

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1817



THE
AMERICAN



Woodrow Wilson

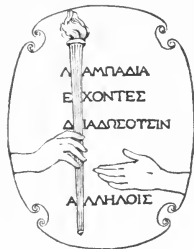
FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Pictures of the Great Events
in a Wonderful Half Century

BY
PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

Author of
"UNCLE SAM'S OUTDOOR MAGIC" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED



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FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE fiftieth anniversary of the close of our Civil War found Americans shaken by the influences of the greatest war of history. And not long afterward Americans found themselves constrained by every consideration of right and justice to take up the sword themselves. Between Appomattox and our country's first year of participation in the world war lies a wonderful series of events; the rebuilding of the South; the conquest of the Western prairies by the plow and the locomotive; contests with the red men; great financial and political struggles; the last years of the Cuban drama; and other outstanding events in our recent history, like the building of the Panama Canal, the discovery of the North Pole, and finally the war which was forced upon American democracy by German imperialism.

Now it is usually easier to get a clear view of things which happened some time ago than to see the events of a few years back. The facts of our grandfathers' early days are historical and are fully recorded. That which happened year before last is not. It is true that this book goes back over a half-century, but it may be called "Pictures of Recent Times." Certainly the word "Pictures" could be used, for it describes the brilliant author's method. Very wisely he has not tried to write a continuous and detailed history. He has adopted the method of that wonderfully popular writer, Charles Carleton Coffin. Mr. Fitzhugh has really written a story, or rather a series of stories, of great events in recent American history. Without attempting comprehensiveness or detail he has painted a series of historical pictures with the spirit and vividness which have given him such wide popularity among younger readers. So far as possible he has chosen episodes of interest to them, which means that objective events are dwelt upon rather than politics and purely governmental happenings. It is the telling of what is interesting—the story which holds—and that is what Mr. Fitzhugh has done in these historical stories of the America which emerged from the great Civil War to find herself, to develop a continent, to become a world power and to take her part in a world war for liberty and democracy.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

CHAPTER I

THE END OF SLAVERY

A FEW weeks after the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomattox, in April, 1865, a boy of fifteen stood with his father upon the wide veranda of their fine old Southern home. His name was Lucas Hoyt.

Before them lay an expanse of desolated country, with charred ruins here and there. The fences had been torn down and the little community of cabins a few hundred yards from the mansion, where the slaves of the Hoyt plantation had lived, were empty save for one or two aged negroes who had grown old in Mr. Hoyt's service and had neither the ability nor the inclination to desert him now.

Five years before, this miniature village on the big estate had presented a scene of humble contentment and often of mad festivity. As a little boy Lucas had many a time romped through the cotton-fields to those little cabins when the day's work was done, to watch the funny dances of the negroes and listen to the appalling ghost-stories which the "mammies" poured into his young ears. They used to make fun of him because he was white. Never in all his life had Lucas heard such laughter as he heard there. The negroes laughed a great deal more and a great deal louder than the people up at the mansion, who were free.

They were never whipped. The only one on the estate who was ever whipped was Lucas himself—and that for straying from the bounds of the wide veranda where he now stood. As a little boy he had said that when he grew up he wanted to be a slave! Life held

no greater lure than that, he felt. To be honest and industrious and work his way up so that he could be a slave—what a dream of happiness that had been to little Lucas! For the slaves, he thought, led a care-free life of unbounded joy!

He had heard something later of what folks up in Massachusetts said about the slaves, but he was satisfied that the people up in Massachusetts did not know what *fun* was.

As he stood now on the veranda with his father, and gazed out across the empty fields to the almost deserted cabins, he remembered how Mammy Hannah had once made him a white mustache and a white goatee just like his father's, out of fresh white cotton, and stuck it on his little face and sent him trudging up to the mansion to say that he was "young massa." Mammy Hannah was there yet, but her two sons were gone to town with the strange man from the North to attend a meeting and to be told how to vote, now that they were free and independent citizens.

Inside, the fine old mansion presented a spectacle of poverty—almost of want. The evidences of poverty are always bad, but in the home of former luxury they are pathetic.

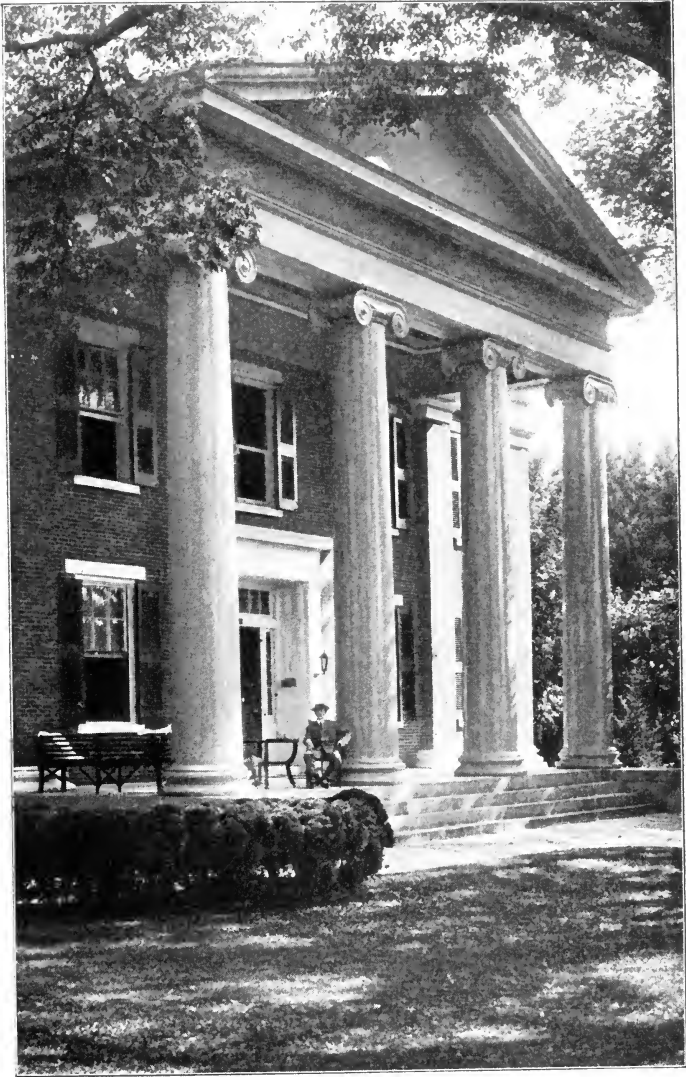
The fine old furniture had been sold, the carpets were gone—all to help maintain the hopeless cause of secession.

But now the cause was lost. The cruel war which had been begun to perpetuate slavery and to vindicate the theory that each state is sovereign and independent had ended; state rights and slavery were no more. The Union stood, "one and inseparable now and forever."

The condition of the Hoyt plantation was the condition of the whole South. With the surrender of General Lee to General Grant the Confederacy collapsed like a paper bag, leaving ruin everywhere. The weary, war-worn veterans returned to their desolated homes, to gaze on cropless fields and deserted cabins, just as Lucas gazed on them as he stood on the veranda of the old mansion with his father.

"Well, anyway, it's over," said he. "It's all one country again now."

"It has always been one country, my boy," said his father; "the *Confederate States of America* is null and void. But the trouble is not over; it may be for the North, but not for us. Grant's army



A FINE, OLD SOUTHERN MANSION

has gone, but here are four million black people free. What are we going to do about them?"

That was indeed the problem, and in the settlement of that problem Lucas was to witness scenes quite as thrilling and sanguinary as any which had characterized the great war. There were four millions of people, ignorant and without knowledge of government, even of liberty. What was to be done with them?

The nation had been saved, the sword had been sheathed, the slaves had been freed, but what was their position to be? Were they to have a voice in the government—help make the laws? How would they behave? They would certainly be a power and, being ignorant and inexperienced, there was great likelihood that they would be a power for evil.

The stranger who had taken Mammy Hannah's two sons to the "town" was from the North. His errand in the South was to procure for the freed negroes their full civil rights, chiefly the right to vote, and then he intended that they should vote as he wished them to. He wished to make capital out of their ignorance. He was one of a numerous class of political rascals who, vulture-like, wished to feed on the nation's disorder. He was going to use the negroes to his own selfish ends. These men from the North usually carried all their personal effects in carpet-bags, and they came to be known throughout the South as "carpet-baggers."

When Mr. Hoyt saw his two former slaves departing from the plantation with the stranger he was apprehensive, and he had good reason to be so.

The few years which followed the Civil War are known as the Reconstruction Period, because it was during that time that the national house was set in order and many of the difficulties resulting from the struggle straightened out. After the terrible convulsion of the war, which had paralyzed state governments, overthrown the wicked institution of slavery, and caused a disruption of every kind of business throughout a number of the commonwealths of the Republic, it became the duty of the national government to bring about a general reorganization of all these disorganized elements.

There was really nothing to be *reconstructed*, since nothing worth preserving had been destroyed. It was simply necessary to get the



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LEE AFTER THE SURRENDER AT
APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865

(From a drawing by R. F. Zogbaum)

rebellious states back into their proper relation to the government, and to decide what should be done about those four million new citizens of the Republic.

You must not suppose that when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued all the slaves arose in a body and became free. Many of them never even heard of the Proclamation and remained upon the plantations, obedient to their masters. Three years after the war was over an old negro in Georgia was arrested for drunkenness, and learned, to his surprise, that he was no longer a slave.

But as the war drew to a close many negroes became intoxicated with the thought of being their own masters.

"We can now do everything that the white people can do," they said. But the Emancipation Proclamation had not educated them nor given them money or property: it had simply freed them.

Some, who had good homes and kind masters like Mr. Hoyt, were content to remain where they were, but great numbers, bent on enjoying their liberty, stole the clothing of their former masters, dressed themselves up in all the colors of the rainbow, and set out like so many scarecrows to seek the blessings of freedom. When they assembled in the towns to discuss how the restored country ought to be governed, it was often easy to say from which plantations they had come and who had been their owners, by reason of the sumptuous stolen apparel which they wore. Some of the men who had not been able to "acquire" trousers wore skirts, and this motley army of blacks was observed ruefully by the planters as a dark storm-cloud which was likely at any time to burst and involve the stricken country in new perplexities.

Most of the negroes were very greatly surprised when they found that they would still have to work for their livings, for they had supposed that freedom meant idleness. One of these worthies remarked that "Massa Lincoln was nigger's friend 'cause he make it so pore niggers don' have to work no mo; on'y vote."

So it came about that the plantations were almost wholly deserted, the "freedmen," as they were called, going into the towns, loafing about on street corners, and through their ignorance making still harder the important and pressing task of reorganization—of setting the national house in order.

They were the chief problem in that perplexing time, and before

THE END OF SLAVERY

they were gotten into their proper places they caused a reign of terror throughout the South.

The carpet-baggers, or political rascals from the North, were largely to blame for this condition. They wanted the negro vote to advance their personal ambitions, and they scrupled at nothing.



THE SIGNING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

(From a painting by Frank Bicknell Carpenter, now in the Capitol, Washington, D. C.)

They were like the jackals who wait until the lion is disabled and then attack him in his weakness. They entered the South in droves, like the ghouls who skulk about the dead and wounded after a battle. If it had not been for these scoundrels the nation's wounds would have been bound up much more quickly than they were and there would have been no flaming cross and ghostly night-riders.

These carpet-baggers spread the idea among the negroes that the government was going to confiscate the property of the rebels and that each negro was to receive forty acres of land and a mule as his share. Some of the freedmen even dreamed of enslaving their former masters and continuing the plantations under this novel rule.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Some of the carpet-baggers made wooden stakes, painted them in gaudy colors, and sold them to the negroes. They were to be used, so the carpet-baggers said, to stake out their possessions when the day of division came. A thriving business was also done in halters with which to tie the imaginary mules. Lead-pencils to be used in voting were painted an alluring red and green and sold to the unsuspecting blacks. These stakes and halters and lead-pencils were what would be called, in our modern slang, "lemons."

Few of the negroes could read, so it was perfectly safe to sell them fictitious deeds of property. These they treasured. One of them read:

Know all men by these presents that a naught is a naught and a figure is a figure; all for the white man and none for the nigger. And whereas Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so I have lifted this old nigger out of four dollars and six bits.

Another ran:

This is to certify that old Uncle Moss is to have ten acres in the land of Nod.

Of course, all this added to the difficulties of the government and made the position of the planters pathetic. Their homes were in ruins, their country desolated, and, now that peace had come at last, this new and appalling danger stared them in the face.

In sections through which the trail of war had led, houses, bridges, barns had been burned, as they had on the Hoyt plantation; the roads were neglected and often impassable; fences were rotting down; and hundreds of fine old mansions where plenty and hospitality had reigned were stripped of their finery, even of their necessities. Most startling of all and hardest for the Southerners to comprehend was the horde of irresponsible negroes who were roaming over the land, taunting their former masters, insulting their former mistresses, and revisiting the grief-stricken and impoverished homes of their old owners to pilfer and assert their new rights by every sort of viciousness and excess. Lucas himself was brutally beaten by one of these men because he called the fellow Sam, as he had always done, instead of "Honorable Mr. Samuel."

When we think of the wide-spread scorn of the negro in the South it is well to remember these things.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(From a remarkable but little-known portrait, taken February 23, 1861, in Brady's studio, Washington, under the supervision of George H. Story, Curator Emeritus of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose portrait of Lincoln, painted from life, is in the National Gallery, Washington.)

THE END OF SLAVERY

It was in this sorry time of disorder and uncertainty and apprehension that the stricken South's best friend was shot down by the assassin, and the Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, was called upon to guide the wrecked ship of state through the troubled waters.

If the country had been searched from end to end, it would have been difficult to find a man less fitted for this perplexing task.



BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

(From a sketch by Theodore R. Davis, in *Harper's Weekly*, June 3, 1865)

When Andrew was a little boy a fortune-teller told him that it would be his lot in life to govern men. It was a singularly unhappy prophecy, for Andrew Johnson was so far from governing men that he was unable to govern even his own temper, which is the very first thing a man ought to be able to govern. During his term as President much of his time was spent in quarreling with men, and instead of binding up the nation's wounds, as Mr. Lincoln had said must be done, he was continually irritating those wounds.

Mr. Johnson took the oath of office on the day that the martyred

President died, assuming responsibilities only less momentous than those Mr. Lincoln himself had borne.

The new President was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on December 29, 1808. His parents were so poor that they did not send him to school at all. The Johnsons belonged to that class of people in the South who were, and still are, known as "poor whites." The South was made up of three classes—the planters, the negroes, and the poor whites. The lot of the poor whites had always been so pitiable and often so despicable that they have been shunned and looked down upon even by the negroes. They were ignorant and shiftless.

Many of the first settlers in the South were sent to the New World as apprentices. Others came as indentured servants. This meant that, having no money with which to emigrate, they sold themselves into service for a period of years. Some who sought the New World were vagabonds and beggars and even criminals, and came, not to win religious freedom or new opportunity, but to escape the hand of justice. A few such people emigrated to New England as well, but there they did not encounter a class of aristocrats and patricians to shun them and hold them down, and they became absorbed into the busy life of the thriving Northern colonies. That is why one never hears of poor whites in Massachusetts and New York.

These people were naturally lazy and had no ambition to rise. There were no schools for them to attend, as there were in the North. The only hard work they saw done was being done by negroes, and they saw that the rich planters, in many instances, looked upon hard work as disgraceful. They could not be rich planters and they would not work with or like the negroes, so they wandered off here and there into unfrequented districts, often among the mountains, built miserable shanties, and dragged out an aimless existence, drinking raw whisky, smoking corn-cob pipes, and raising large families of hapless and wretched children. Their lives were very sordid and must have been dreary enough.

Even now, in the secluded mountain districts of the South, one will often come upon a wretched hovel with a gaunt man and still gaunter woman, and a dozen or so of peaked children lolling about. The man's trousers are usually held up by one strand of

THE END OF SLAVERY

suspender. These are poor whites—the descendants of the early immigrants who had not the means or the brains or the energy to become planters. They were, and still are, among the most ignorant and shiftless people to be found among civilized nations. They do not live, they simply exist, and the tales told by Uncle Sam's census-



ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP IN GREENVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE,
WHERE AS A YOUNG MAN HE LABORED AT HIS TRADE

takers, whose business has taken them among these people, indicate a degree of ignorance which it would be difficult for the alert, wide-awake Northern boy to comprehend.

It seems incredible that any famous man could have sprung from this class, but this has been true in more than one instance, and Andrew Johnson, the "Reconstruction President," was of the poor whites.

When Andrew was ten years old he was apprenticed to a tailor, and any one who at that time had prophesied that he would some day become President of the United States would probably have been regarded as a lunatic.

Among the visitors to the tailor shop where he worked was a kind-hearted old gentleman who used to read to the men and boys

while waiting for his clothes to be repaired. Andrew listened eagerly to all he heard, and in this way he acquired the notion that there were better things in life than ruffling linen stocks and sewing on buttons. He could not read, but he resolved to learn. This was the beginning of his eventful and not altogether discreditable career.

When he reached manhood he removed to Tennessee, and there he did the wisest thing which he did in all his life by marrying a splendid woman who encouraged his ambition and helped him in his studies. Even in after years, whenever he wrote a particularly good letter or made a good speech people nodded their heads and said it was the handiwork of Mrs. Johnson. Very likely it was, for Andrew Johnson was never much of a scholar, and his epistles would only have been marked "fair" in a present-day school examination.

There must have been certain qualities in him, however, to inspire liking and confidence. The citizens believed in him and he was twice elected alderman, twice mayor, was sent three times to the state legislature, and in 1843 was elected to Congress. There he remained for ten years, and was then chosen Governor of Tennessee, and in 1857 he became a United States Senator.

Andrew Johnson believed in slavery, but he had not been in favor of secession. He had no particular objection to a man's raising his hand against a negro, but he denounced those who raised their hands against the Union.

It was this rugged, stubborn, and often mistaken man who was called upon to pilot the reunited nation through those stormy months of reconstruction. No doubt he possessed some sterling qualities, and if his convictions had been always right he might have made an ideal President, since he had always the courage of his convictions.

After the death of Mr. Lincoln the people of the South shook their heads ruefully, and not without cause for apprehension. For they knew that the new President was not their friend.

"He is of the poor whites," they said, "and hates us because we were rich landowners."

The people of the South were ruined—helpless.

The first question to be decided was as to the position of the states lately in rebellion. Should they be restored to their full rights?

THE END OF SLAVERY

Should their old constitutions be allowed to stand? Should they be allowed to resume just the same positions in the Union that they had held before the war? That would not do, for then they might make better preparations and some day secede again. They might re-establish slavery. There was really nothing to prevent them from doing this. The glorious Emancipation Proclamation was simply a war measure. It could not have been issued in time of peace. It freed the slaves, but it did not forbid slavery. The planters might purchase new slaves in place of the ones who had been freed.

There was only one way in which the slavery question could be settled once and for all, and that was by an amendment to the national Constitution. Then there could be no more wars and no more disputes over the subject. So in December, 1865, the famous Thirteenth Amendment, having been adopted by three-fourths of the states of the Union, became the law of the land. It declares that

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or in any place subject to their jurisdiction.

If this little clause had been included by the original framers of the Constitution, what heart-rending scenes, what sorrow and suffering and bloodshed and bitterness and ruin would have been averted! How many thousands of lives would have been spared! The patriots of '76 who had fought so gallantly for liberty had for-



MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON

From an engraving by John C. Buttree. Before her marriage to Andrew Johnson, in 1826, she was Elizabeth McCardle, and she is credited with having taught Johnson writing and ordinary arithmetic. Andrew Johnson was only four years old when his father died, and at the age of ten he was bound out to a tailor. He learned to read between his labors. He removed to East Tennessee in 1826, where he worked at his trade and where he was married.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

gotten or ignored the rights of the black man. And the nation paid more dearly by a hundredfold for the black man's liberty than it did for its own independence. The heroes of the Revolution, if they thought of the negro at all, doubtless thought that he was not worth much and would never be of much account in the world. Yet he caused one of the fiercest wars in human history. The omission of that little provision from the Constitution was the most expensive and dangerous mistake our honored forefathers made. It came perilously near to disrupting the Union which they had made such noble sacrifice to establish.

And even now that the dreadful conflict was over, there was still suffering and bloodshed ahead and a reign of terror rivaling the most sanguinary battles of the cruel war.

CHAPTER II

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT

ALTHOUGH President Johnson had risen and made his way in the world, he retained some of the characteristics of the poor whites from whom he had sprung. The aristocratic Southerners were correct in fearing that he would not be fair toward them. He cherished a bitter personal hatred against them, not so much because they had rebelled as because they were aristocrats and had been rich and powerful. He charged them with having brought on the war, and began to talk about hanging and imprisoning the leaders.

It was a very poor time to talk about hanging and imprisoning, and such talk was not at all calculated to "bind up the nation's wounds." If he had carried out Mr. Lincoln's noble words of "malice toward none and charity for all," it would have been vastly better for the country.

After a little while he seemed disposed to shower favors upon the instigators of the war and to show little concern for the welfare and future of the freedmen.

His plan, which he called his policy, was to appoint temporary governors for the states lately in rebellion. These governors called conventions. When the conventions met they declared all the secession ordinances void, and ratified the Thirteenth Amendment. Thus the rebellious states came back into the Union.

The most troublesome question was, of course, as to the position of the negroes. The Southern people did not believe that the negroes would work except when compelled to do so. So the new governments passed laws to compel them to work or go to jail, where they would be forced to labor.

To the Northern people this looked very much like slavery in a new guise, and they were not going to allow the old institution to masquerade in any form whatever. No doubt a man should work,

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and he will be the sufferer if he does not do so, but it would be just as wrong to send a man to jail simply because he will not work as because he will not play—since this is a free country.



WILLIAM F. HOLDEN

Appointed Provisional Governor of North Carolina



WILLIAM L. SHARKEY

Appointed Provisional Governor of Mississippi



BENJAMIN F. PERRY

Appointed Provisional Governor of South Carolina

THREE TEMPORARY GOVERNORS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Such sinister attempts to deprive the poor negroes of their newly acquired freedom were viewed with great displeasure and suspicion in the North, and the victorious Northerners resolved to be on their guard against such mischievous legislation.



ANDREW JOHNSON

For a while Congress refused to admit any members from the states which had been in rebellion.

This was the beginning of the unhappy quarrel between Congress and the President. Congress wished to go slowly in giving the rebellious states all their former rights, while the President insisted that they should be admitted at once on the same status as those states which had not been engaged in secession.

To keep out the eighty-five members who had been refused admission, Congress imposed a test oath which each new member was required to take and which excluded all who had been connected in any way with the Confederate government. The Republicans had a two-thirds vote in Congress, which enabled them to pass any bill they chose, whether the President approved of it or not.

Above all things, Congress was resolved to protect the freedmen in all their rights. And the first and most important right which a freedman should have, so Congress believed, was the right to vote. Of course, the South looked with apprehension upon any plan which conferred the voting power upon upward of a million people, but Congress went straight ahead with its plan. This was to place the late Confederate States under military governors. These military governors were to call conventions to form, or to re-establish, state governments.

The negroes, and not the leading Confederates, had the power to vote for delegates to these conventions.

The momentous bill which gave to the former slaves the right to vote was called the Civil Rights bill. When it was presented to the President, he disapproved of it. He said that it would not be safe to give this new right to such multitudes of ignorant people, and he predicted that unscrupulous men in the North would swarm south and take advantage of the ignorance of the blacks. And this, as we have seen, is exactly what did happen.

The scoundrels called carpet-baggers flocked into the South as if it were a newly discovered gold region. It was said that all the worldly effects of these worthies were carried in their carpet-bags. But if they took little with them into the South, they carried plenty away when they left. There is nothing more contemptible than to use the votes of ignorant and easily influenced people for one's own selfish ends. And of all the dishonest politicians who had done



THE NEW MILITARY COMMANDERS, 1867

(From *Harper's Weekly*, April 6). Left to right: Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, Major-General John Pope, Major-General George H. Thomas, General U. S. Grant, Brevet Major-General John M. Schofield, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, Brevet Major-General E. O. C. Ord. These officers were detailed by General Grant after appointment by President Johnson, on March 13, 1867, to enforce the new military bill for the government of the insurrectionary states. The putting into effect of this order marked the abandonment of the reconstruction scheme, begun by President Johnson during the recess of Congress of 1865.

this, none have been more notoriously unscrupulous than these Northern carpet-baggers.

The bill which afforded them their opportunity was passed over the President's head. If Mr. Johnson was foresighted in predicting the rise of the carpet-baggers, he was certainly not wise in his policy for re-establishing the rebellious states at once in all their former rights and privileges. The majority in Congress believed that this should be done in a cautious and well-planned manner, so that no loophole might be left for future differences which might lead to new rebellions.

The President could not stand being overruled by Congress, and a quarrel was thus brought about which forms a very unhappy chapter in our history. Mr. Johnson, who had not a very broad mind, seemed to regard every measure which Congress adopted as having been prompted by personal spite against himself. It made him very angry that he could not have his own way, which, of course, he could not, since the majority in Congress was not favorably disposed to his policies.

He made a trip through the states, delivering angry speeches and denouncing those who disagreed with him.

The people of the country contemplated their President's vulgar exhibitions of temper with feelings of shame and humiliation. He appeared to have lost all sense of the dignity of his high office and ranted like any vulgar street preacher, imputing the most dishonest motives to those who disagreed with him. All this was in sad contrast to the patient, kindly, patriotic demeanor of Mr. Lincoln.

One of the acts passed by Congress forbade the President to dismiss any members of his Cabinet without the consent of the Senate. The President insisted that the Constitution gave him the right to do this. Secretary-of-War Stanton, who had resigned at the President's request, was succeeded by General Grant. Congress replaced Mr. Stanton in office. Then the President dismissed him. This time Mr. Stanton refused to go and remained at his office night and day with a military guard. The President appointed General Thomas to take Mr. Stanton's place. General Thomas made demands for the office and Mr. Stanton ignored them. It was really a test struggle between Congress and the President. For a



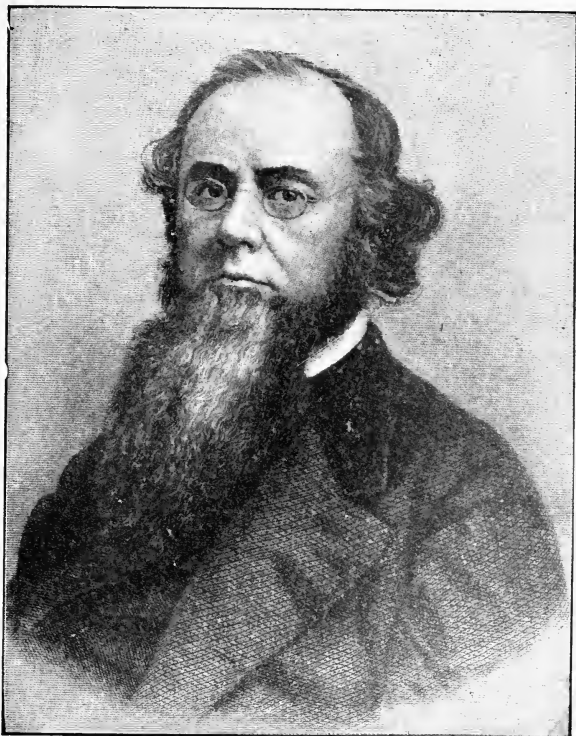
SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL

Who introduced the First Civil Rights Bill in 1866, which was intended to give the negro the rights of a citizen before the law. From the original negative by Brady, now in collection of Frederick H. Meserve, New York City.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT

while it was feared that the President would send troops to enforce his order, but he did not go to that extremity.

Of course, such a condition of things could not continue. The majority in Congress believed that the President had no right to remove his Secretary of War, while the President stubbornly held to the position that the Constitution gave him the right to do so.



EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON

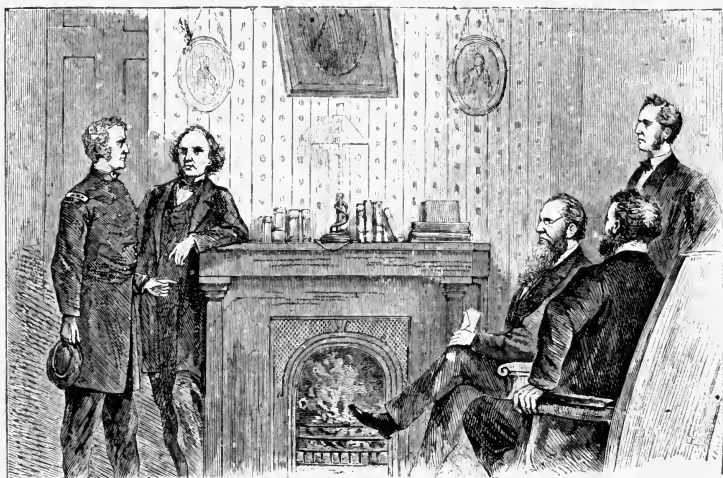
On the 24th of February, 1868, the House of Representatives passed a resolution to impeach the President. This was simply to accuse him of the commission of high crimes and misdemeanors. In such a case the trial must be conducted by the Senate, whose members sit as judges.

A committee was appointed to prepare the articles of impeach-

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

ment, which, in the main, charged the President with violating the law in his removal of Secretary Stanton. There were other charges, but this was the chief one.

When a President is impeached, the Constitution provides that his trial shall take place before the Senate sitting as a court, his accuser being the House of Representatives.

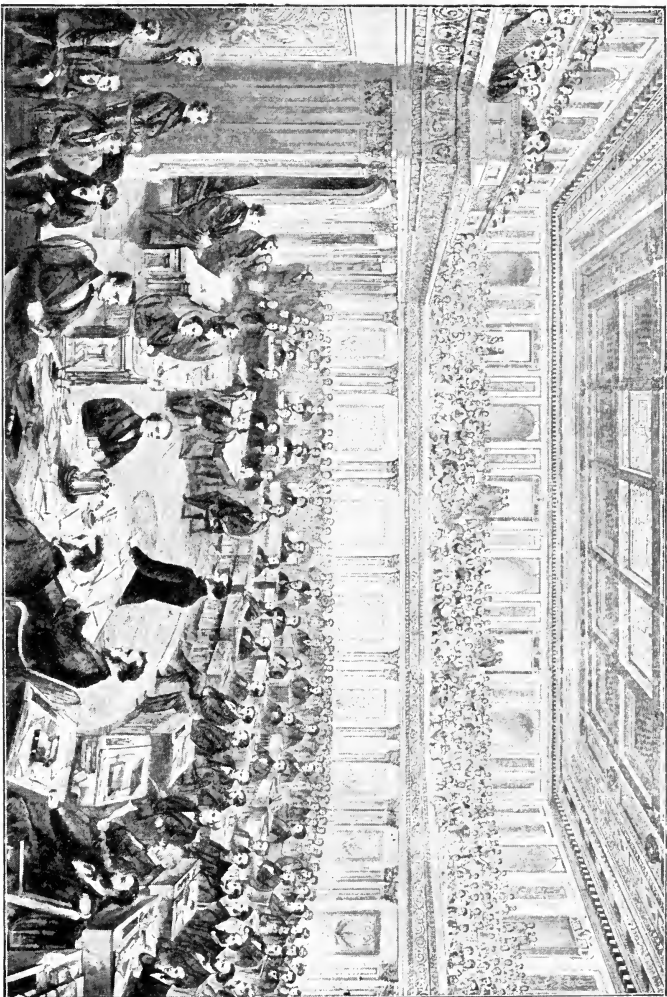


GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS DEMANDING THE WAR OFFICE OF SECRETARY STANTON, IN 1868, UPON AN ORDER FROM PRESIDENT JOHNSON

In an order dated February 21, 1868, President Johnson removed Secretary Stanton and empowered General Lorenzo Thomas to act as secretary of war *ad interim*, but as Secretary Stanton refused to vacate the office, he did not assume the secretaryship. President Johnson's conduct concerning Stanton led immediately to his impeachment.

The famous impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson occupied thirty-two days, with Chief-Justice Chase, of the Supreme Court, presiding. In order to remove a President a vote of two-thirds of the full court is necessary. In President Johnson's trial thirty-five Senators voted for conviction and nineteen for acquittal. One more vote would have been sufficient to convict him. Ten days later the same vote was given on the other charges, whereupon a verdict of acquittal was ordered.

The United States was saved the disgrace of having its President removed from office. But the quarrel between Mr. Johnson and Congress continued, the President disapproving of nearly every

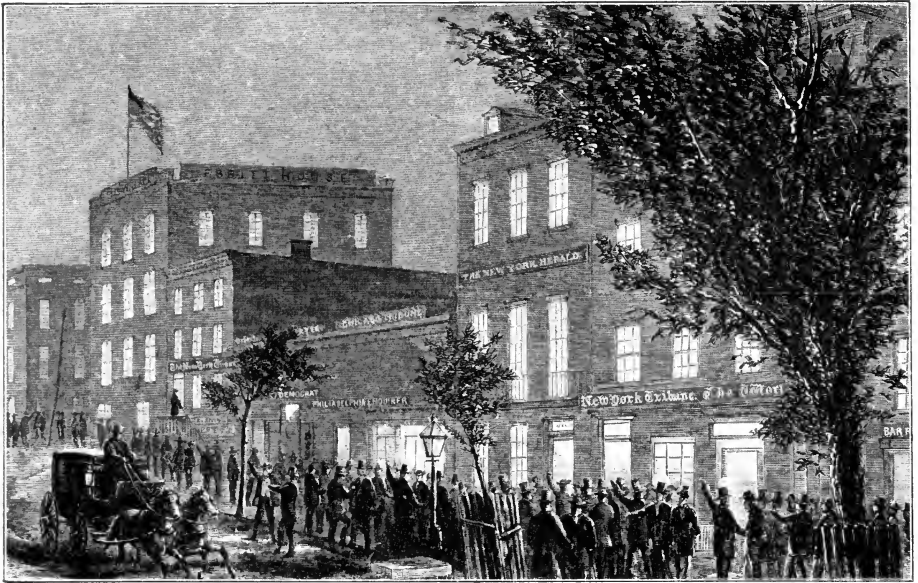


THE SENATE AS A COURT OF IMPEACHMENT FOR THE TRIAL OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON
(From a sketch made at the time for *Harper's Weekly*, by Theodore R. Davis)

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT

measure which Congress adopted looking to the re-establishment of orderly government in the South.

At last the turbulent days of the Johnson administration drew to a close, and with the election of a new President the vulgar spectacle of spite and anger and stubbornness in that high office was to end. The combative and vindictive Andrew Johnson stood a better chance of being struck by lightning than of being re-elected. If he had been sometimes on the right side in his wranglings with Congress, he was always in the wrong place and enforced his opinions in the



NEWSPAPER ROW, WASHINGTON, THE NIGHT AFTER THE TRIAL

(From a sketch made at the time for *Harper's Weekly*, by Theodore R. Davis)

wrong way. As we have already said, he had the courage of his convictions, mistaken as those convictions often were; but he made the mistake, which he ought to have learned the folly of in his boyhood, of shaking his fist and calling names, which never accomplishes any good in the world.

He lived in retirement for a number of years after his term in office was ended, but in 1875 was elected United States Senator.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

His reappearance in public life was for but a brief period, however, for he died on the thirty-first day of July, in that same year.

Let us now follow more carefully the exciting events which were taking place in the South as a consequence of the war's ending and the freeing of the slaves.

3



THE PRESIDENT'S JOY AT
THE RESULT OF THE IM-
PEACHMENT TRIAL

(From a cartoon by Thomas Nast)

CHAPTER III

THE MYSTERIOUS KU-KLAX KLAN

ONE day, during Andrew Johnson's administration, Lucas Hoyt was on his way home through the desolated plantation of his father. Lucas had always known that some day this goodly dominion would be his own, that he would be the master of its several hundred slaves. He knew that when he was grown up Mammy Hannah would be no more, but Mammy Hannah's grandchildren—the little pickaninnies who danced so hard that it shook their teeth and disheveled their hair—these would be his. They would be able to gather the cotton then. He would visit the cabins himself twice a week, just as his father always did, and listen to complaints and settle quarrels.

But now that dream had vanished. Lucas knew now that instead of four million slaves there were four million free black citizens, and that if the work of the old plantation was to go on it must be with hired labor. It was hard for him to accustom himself to this idea.

As he passed through the gateway, into the grounds of the manor-house, he noticed two negroes leaning against the fence. One of them was Sam, whom Lucas and his sister had used to call "Slow Sam," because he was never known to hurry. In the old days before the war Sam had always rather gloried in the title, which had clung to him and had been adopted by everybody on the plantation.

To-day he was arrayed in so many gorgeous colors that a peacock would have seemed to be in deep mourning compared with him, and as for pride, a peacock would have been humility itself by comparison.

"Hello, Slow Sam!" said Lucas, pleasantly.

"Yo' call *me* Slow Sam?" said the former slave, with a menacing look.

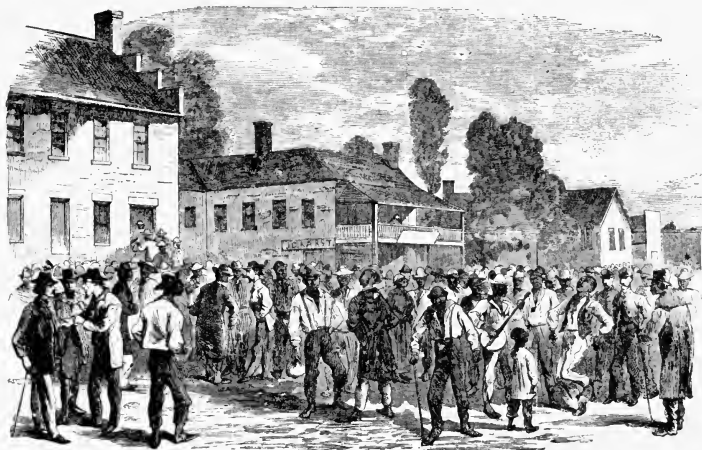
THE MYSTERIOUS KU-KLUX KLAN

"Yes," said Lucas. "Don't you remember, Sam?"

"Yo' call me Hono'ble Mister Sam'l now! Yo' white trash!"

At that Lucas could not refrain from laughing aloud, the idea was so ridiculous.

He was presently to learn that his familiar greeting was no way for a boy to address a member of the new state legislature, for the "Honorable Mr. Samuel" forthwith knocked him down.



REGISTRATION IN THE SOUTH. SCENE AT ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

(From a drawing by A. W. Thompson, published in *Harper's Weekly*, September 28, 1867, made from an actual scene in the little mountain town of Asheville, North Carolina. The illustration represents a registration scene familiar in 1867 in any part of the South)

Lucas was carried into the house unconscious, and that evening, as he lay upon a sofa, his head still throbbing from the negro's brutal blow, friends from neighboring plantations assembled at the Hoyt mansion to discuss this new menace of the former slaves, intoxicated as they were with their new freedom.

Slow Sam had been a good-enough slave, but as a free citizen and public official he was nothing less than a brute.

You must understand that by this time the unscrupulous and ambitious carpet-baggers had swarmed into the stricken region like so many locusts. They had secured the support of the ignorant blacks, by extravagant promises, by misrepresentation and falsehood. They saw to it that negroes were elected to the state legis-

latures in order that they themselves might be sent to Congress. Negroes who could not write their names made laws for their former masters, while the former masters trembled in their wrecked homes, wondering what horror might next fall upon them.

The negro legislatures were scenes of the wildest disorder. The "honorable" members sprawled in the benches with their feet upon other benches, laughed, joked, smoked pipes, and voted thousands of dollars for their own enrichment. One of these dignified bodies adjourned pell-mell to attend a circus!

Of course, with such legislatures as these it was impossible for the whites to get fair treatment. Most of the laws which were passed were hurtful to them. It was natural that the blacks who were not so fortunate as to be elected to public office should adopt an independent and even threatening demeanor toward the white men, since, with black judges on the bench and black juries to try cases and black legislatures to make laws, the whites were helpless.

What should be done?

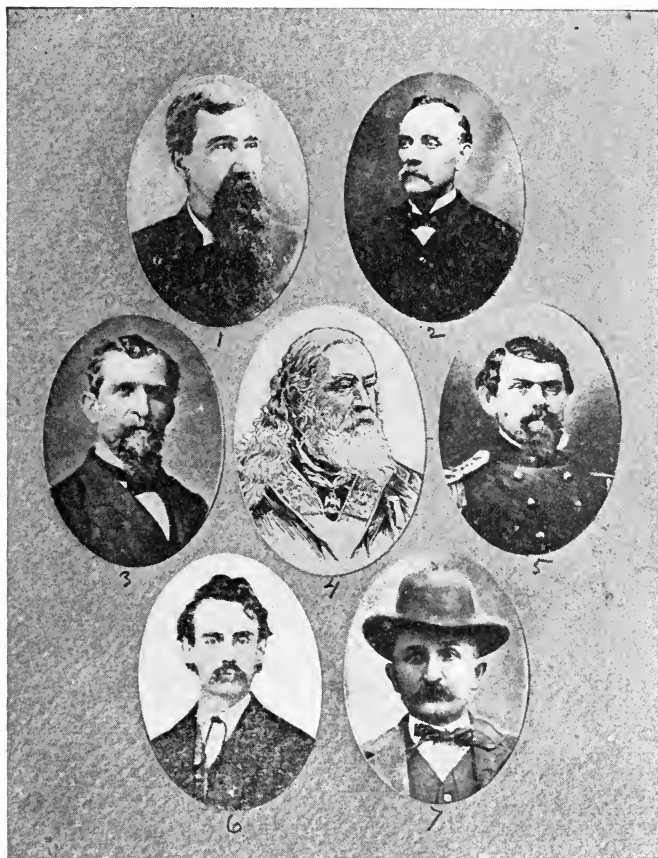
It was this condition of fear and apprehension on the part of the whites which gave birth to several secret organizations throughout the South, the aims of which were to repress the aggressive blacks and to visit punishment upon them. One of these secret organizations, known as the Ku-Klux Klan, was started by a few young men in Tennessee, and it is famous in the history of Reconstruction times because of its weird, mysterious, and romantic character. Its members dressed themselves in ghostly white robes and carried flaming crosses, to the great dismay and terror of the superstitious negroes, who were at first terror-stricken by these spectral forms which galloped after them, and for a while constituted a law unto themselves.

This organization was recruited from the sons of the planters—young men who had fought nobly for the lost cause and who were still ready to fight for their homes and their rights against this growing peril.

But the Ku-Klux itself came to be a great peril and a distinct evil, for it existed without any warrant of law. Its members elected themselves to be detectives, judges, juries, and sometimes executioners, and a great deal of cruelty and injustice was the result. Its brief history is full of interest and excitement, and many harrow-

THE MYSTERIOUS KU-KLUX KLAN

ing tales were connected with it. We shall follow some of these in the same spirit in which we follow the adventures of pirates, bearing always in mind that however exciting and inspiring such adventure



SOME OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN

(From Lester and Wilson's "Ku-Klux Klan"). 1. D. L. Wilson, one of the authors of "Ku-Klux Klan"; 2. Major J. R. Crowe, one of the founders; 3. Capt. John C. Lester, one of the founders; 4. Gen. Albert Pike, Chief Judicial Officer; 5. Gen. W. J. Hardee; 6. Calvin Jones, one of the founders; 7. Ryland Randolph.

may be, the law is not to be taken into one's own hands; that one evil can never be effaced by another evil, and that the mysterious and doughty "Klanners" were quite as lawless as Robin Hood and his merry men, or Captain Kidd and his redoubtable crew.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Most of the offenders who were apprehended by the Ku-Klux were given some sort of a trial, but these were held always in secret and it is to be feared that the ceremonial and procedure of such a trial were more calculated to terrorize the culprit than to safeguard his rights. No doubt, many an honest and industrious negro fell under



THE LAW OFFICE OF JUDGE THOMAS M. JONES, PULASKI, TENNESSEE, IN WHICH THE
KU-KLUX KLAN WAS FOUNDED

From sketch by Miss Cora R. Jones. Reproduced through the courtesy of Prof. W. L. Fleming, of the University of Louisiana, editor of Lester and Wilson's "Ku-Klux Klan"

its relentless sway, but that is always the case when a number of men unite to take the law in their own hands.

The Ku-Klux was also used to intimidate the negroes in the free exercise of their rights, to prevent them from voting, and this was not the least pernicious of its activities.

Whenever a negro was guilty (and sometimes when he was only suspected of being guilty) of any crime, the matter was thus summarily taken out of the hands of black, and usually corrupt, officials, and dealt with by the ghostly Klan, whose very name had come to be a terror among the freedmen.

THE MYSTERIOUS KU-KLUX KLAN

Sometimes the activities of the Klan rose almost to regimental dignity and efficiency, as when they would ride, five hundred strong, into a town to rescue its white inhabitants from infuriated blacks. Too often it overdid its work by barbarous vengeance and needless cruelty, and too often the punishments which it inflicted were quite as cruel as the crimes for which it punished.

It is a great pity that the vengeance of the Klan could not have been more often visited upon the scoundrelly carpet-baggers than upon their ignorant victims, for they were the cause of nearly all the mischief. But it would have been difficult to frighten a carpet-bagger with a flaming torch and a white garment. You cannot frighten Yankee politicians so easily.

Let us now glance at this romantic, though lawless, organization as it looked to the eyes of a boy who lived in those troubled times.

CHAPTER IV

A BOY IN RECONSTRUCTION TIMES

IT is said that Satan still some mischief finds for idle hands to do; and a man who has nothing to do but vote can hardly be said to be very busy. The trouble with the lately freed slaves was that they regarded voting as such an important matter that they gave their entire attention to it and did nothing else. The case of the negro women was much better, since they had no ambition to vote, as women have now, and most of them attended to their humble duties very much as they had done before.

As for the men, they found that even the task of framing laws was not nearly so difficult as obeying them, and was infinitely easier and more enjoyable than gathering cotton.

So it happened that one afternoon, in the little town of Bradleigh, in North Carolina, a number of black men were assembled at a street corner when the former overseer of a neighboring plantation drove by. Among the negroes was one who had been a slave on this plantation; and among his companions was one who was now a constable. This constable, noticing the overseer, advised his friend to step forward and demand wages for his services of the last twenty years.

There can be no question that he, like every other man, should always have received wages for his labor; but that question was now settled, slavery was at an end, and to step forward demanding a considerable sum of money at such a time and in such a place had rather the appearance of highway robbery than of a just demand.

The overseer struck the fellow with his whip, whereat the entire group of negroes fell upon him and he died that evening from the effects of the injuries he received.

When the white men undertook to arrest the negroes who had participated in this affair more assaults and two other murders were

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committed. The negroes rose in a very frenzy against the planters, demanding fabulous sums for their past services and shooting or striking down those who refused to pay. It was a night of horror in the little town.

It happened that among those who witnessed these scenes was a boy of about Lucas's age, by the name of LeRoy Canby. LeRoy



TWO MEMBERS OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN

knew that the nearest plantation was eleven miles distant, but he realized that the town was in the hands of the blacks, and he knew that unless some one acted, and acted quickly, this carnival of riot and murder would end in wholesale massacre.

Running to a near-by stable, he "requisitioned" a horse. He had heard his brothers, who had worn the gray uniforms and fought

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under General Lee, talk of "requisitioning" horses for the army, which appeared to mean taking them without permission because of the public need. And if this were not a public need, he thought, then what was?

If there is one thing that a Southern boy knows how to do it is to ride a horse. Through the country LeRoy sped, like General Sheridan on his famous ride.

Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,

as he urged his horse on through dark woodlands, past croplless fields and demolished homesteads and deserted cabins. Suddenly he was brought to a halt by a ruined bridge which had spanned the river. He remembered well when the Union soldiers had torn down this bridge, but he had forgotten about it and in his haste had taken the wrong road.

There were no Boy Scouts of America in those days, but LeRoy was a good scout, for all of that. He had no respect for obstacles—save as things to be overcome. There were no "gold crosses" and "Silver Wolf" awards for the courageous and resourceful boy then, but the good scout maxim that "where there's a will there's a way" was implanted in the mind of this little Confederate, and, snapping the halter into the bit-ring, he scrambled out upon the wreckage. The horse was at a disadvantage on the sloping bank, and was soon pulled, willy-nilly, into the water. A little more pulling in the right direction and the animal started to swim across. LeRoy plunged into the river, keeping fast hold of the halter, and soon both horse and boy clambered up the opposite bank.

On they sped through the night, LeRoy's eyes fixed upon a flickering light in the distance, which he knew to be in the house he sought.

The "stunt" which LeRoy Canby had performed, when he stood wet and panting before the door of the planter's home that night and excitedly told his errand, would have raised him out of the tender-foot class before any local council in all this wide land in these later days of Boy Scouting. For he had done the good turn and had been resourceful (which is the Scout law in a nutshell), indomitable little rebel that he was!

In a very few minutes there emerged from the house a white-

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shrouded man, who lighted a great cross and held it aloft as he mounted a waiting horse.

LeRoy, half frightened in spite of himself, accompanied this sinister figure, and they rode away into the darkness together.



COSTUMES OF KU-KLUX KLAN WORN IN MISSISSIPPI AND
WEST ALABAMA

(From Lester and Wilson's "Ku-Klux Klan" through the courtesy of
Prof. W. L. Fleming, of the University of Louisiana)

They paused at a neighboring plantation, where another white-robed figure joined them, then cantered on silently through the night, their flaming crosses held aloft. As they rode their number grew; now there were a dozen of them, then fifty, then a hundred. One of them sent LeRoy, trembling, up a hill to plant on its summit a fiery cross which could be seen for miles round about the country.

At every cross-roads ghostly figures awaited them. There was

very little talking, but when one did speak to another he called him "brother." They all spoke in the same even tone of voice. This was so that each, as far as might be, should be unknown to the others.

The night was well advanced and riot and bloodshed held the little town; the victims of the infuriated blacks lay about in the street, while terror-stricken women and screaming children crouched and trembled behind locked doors, when some one pointed to a stream of light in the far distance, which seemed to be moving toward the stricken town. It was long, like a comet, and undulated as it moved over hill and through dale, winding like a fiery serpent.

"The Ku-Klux! The Ku-Klux!" some one shouted.

Presently the moving stream of fire came near enough so that white figures could be seen beneath it—an endless cavalcade, winding and turning, but coming ever toward the harried town. Sometimes it disappeared in some patch of woodland, bursting forth again in lurid glare as it came nearer and nearer to the town.

Then the distant patter of hoofs could be heard.

The negroes knew well enough what it all meant. It was an army of ghosts—ghosts of the planters who had been killed in the war, the spirits of those who had fallen at the hands of Grant and Sherman.

That was the many fortune-tellers' theory of the mysterious Ku-Klux, and if there were some among the blacks who knew or suspected its human character, their fear was not lessened thereby.

Now the steady patter of the horses' hoofs came nearer, nearer, and negroes who were afraid of no man stood petrified with terror or ran frantically from the scene.

Then suddenly the foremost riders of the ghostly cavalcade burst upon the town and reined their horses amid the fighting and tumult. And never did any triumph of the great war, or heroic deed of blue or gray, call forth greater plaudits than went up on that dreadful night when the invincible Ku-Klux Klan came to the rescue of the little town of Bradleigh.

It was not the fashion of the Klansmen to fight, except upon urgent need; their victims were usually disciplined or punished in secret and with awe-inspiring ceremonial.

LeRoy Canby accompanied them as they stalked from house to house, dragging forth the terrified negroes and marching them off,

each between two white-robed Klansmen, to a fate of which no one ever learned.

Most of the freedmen who were guilty of murder or assault on that night of horror were never seen or heard of again; and when, the next day, curious people inquired of the planters' sons what had been done with this or that culprit, the young men only shook their heads as if the Ku-Klux Klan and its doings were as much of a mystery to them as to the credulous blacks.

The passing of a group of Klansmen was quite an event in those troubled Reconstruction times, and every hurrying cavalcade, bent on its errand of rescue or punishment, had its train of young followers, just as the less romantic fire-engine has to-day.

The boys whose manhood was to be spent in a reunited nation and who were in good time to see the negroes fallen into their proper places and living humbly and amicably among their white brethren, witnessed many stirring scenes in those days following the war, when desperate perils necessitated desperate remedies.

LeRoy was a systematic boy, and he kept a diary which was a good turn to posterity, for in its crude way it gives a better picture of that troubled time than a sober historian could hope to do.

LeRoy's diary tells how he and his companions used to sit on the fences and guess at the identity of the Klansmen as they cantered by. The ghostly riders vouchsafed them no satisfaction in their guessing, for never a mask was raised until LeRoy hit upon a plan for determining whether a certain spectral rider was, in fact, "Worry."

We are to suppose that Martha Winton was a young lady very much in "Worry's" thoughts (whoever "Worry" was), for as the shrouded figure rode by, our young friend called lustily from the fence, "Oh, there's Martha Winton beckoning from the window!" whereat the solemn rider removed his mask and looked for a brief moment at a neighboring house, while LeRoy and his companions "started and ran for it."

On another occasion he and his friends heard that "Hemway's Harry" had been taken into the woods at midnight by the Ku-Klux, and left there, tied to a tree. The boys searched the woods and found the wretched victim bound hand and foot and nearly dead with fright. They untied the ropes which bound him and,

after sending him away, retied them in the way they had found them, and then industriously chewed them in two places so as to create the impression that Hemway's Harry had liberated himself by his own white teeth. The "Klanners never found out," and again we are reminded of what an exceptional Boy Scout LeRoy would have made, with his brilliant qualities of prowess and originality and resourcefulness.

There, indeed, was a *good turn*¹ worthy of any day in the week!

The Bronsons, who lived "around the hill" from LeRoy's home, had been very fortunate with their freedmen. Most of the former slaves on the Bronson plantation had remained in their comfortable cabins and were working each day in the employ of the kindly master, who had accepted the inevitable with a good grace and was striving to regain his place in the world after the shattering blow of the war and the abolition of slavery.

Though lately a Confederate, Mr. Bronson was now a far more worthy citizen of the nation than the dishonest carpet-baggers who had no thought of anything but their own selfish ends.

Every evening these former slaves sat in their humble doorways and watched the pickaninnies dance and sing as the sun went down; no serpent of ambition had entered this little community; no seductive, hollow promise of political glory had lured the well-nourished young men away from their childhood home, and each had more possessions of his own than could have been accommodated in a Northern carpet bag.

They were "free niggers" and they knew when they were well off.

But one day it was given out among them that a grand political meeting was to be held just outside the bounds of the plantation. The carpet-baggers were on a rampage for votes.

One of the Bronson freedmen, wishing to do honor to so notable an occasion, confidentially asked one of LeRoy's friends if he could get him a sash of some gaudy color. The boy did not procure the sash for him, but instead told young Canby what was in the wind, and the two resolved that the "Klanners" should know of it.

It was not easy to induce a "Klanner" to admit that he was a "Klanner," but the two boys overcame this difficulty by tactfully

¹ It is a Scout's bounden duty to do one good turn each day.

asking one of the young men to notify the "Klanners" if he should happen to know any of them.

It was not long before the boys were delighted at receiving a message that their services would be needed in certain plans which were under way. The message, which was signed with a flaring red cross, instructed them to meet a certain unknown personage at a particular time and place that night.

It is not every boy who has the good fortune to receive such a missive as this, and you may be sure that the pair waited anxiously for the appointed hour. No doubt they felt that they were to be drawn, head over ears, into a series of mysterious adventures which would sufficiently discount any of the exploits of their older brothers who had fought under General Lee.



CARPET-BAGGERS LISTENING TO A KU-KLUX REPORT

(From a cartoon in "The Loil Legislature," a pamphlet by Capt. B. H. Screws, of Montgomery, here reproduced through the courtesy of Prof. W. L. Fleming, of the University of Louisiana, editor of Lester and Wilson's "Ku-Klux Klan." The Alabama Reconstruction Legislature was the first to make an investigation of Ku-Klux Klan, and Sibley and Coon, shown in the cartoon, were two carpet-baggers active in the investigation)

When they reached the meeting-place they found awaiting them a white-clad figure whose voice was strange to them. The apparition greeted them very cordially, however, and not at all in the cold and unresponsive manner which is usually associated with ghosts.

The boys were very much puzzled to know who the shrouded figure was, but they did not venture to ask, and presently they were told of the task which they were expected to perform. It must have reminded them of the tales of the old Salem witchcraft

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days to be held in conference with this spectral stranger in the night, and to listen to the directions which he gave them.

They were to go to the Bronson plantation the following evening, make the rounds of all the blacks, and inform them that it was the particular wish of the "spirits" that they shun these new and wicked allurements of the white men from the North. While they were doing this they were to point ominously to a spot in the background where this particular "spirit" itself would be standing, waiting for the verdict of the blacks. If the boys indicated a refusal, the "spirit" was to stalk ominously forward for further parley.

In this way the rule of the Ku-Klux never to hold converse with its victims could be followed. Each of the boys carried a miniature charred cross which was to be his talisman and badge as intermediary between the negroes and the "spirits" in this delicate political matter.

Several times it was necessary to direct the attention of some hesitating or rebellious black to the ghostly figure standing silently apart in the darkness, but whether through superstition or actual physical fear, the boys left the plantation with the unanimous promise of the community not to attend the meeting or be drawn into the intricate and wicked mazes of political life.

It was in vain that the wandering "statesmen" from the North sought to offset the effects of the impression which had thus been made on the credulous minds of the negroes. Not a single freedman from the Bronson plantation attended the great meeting.

This was one of the good things done by the Ku-Klux, and though in the nature of a hoax, it was harmless withal and probably beneficial to the blacks. Among the crimes and cruelties perpetrated by this organization, some things, like this one, speak in its defense.

The Ku-Klux was organized as a desperate remedy for an evil which was bringing peril to many white men, but, like all organizations which assume to take the law in their own hands, it frequently wreaked its vengeance on the innocent and inflicted punishments quite out of proportion to the crimes for which it punished.

Yet all such evils are sure to right themselves soon or late. While these exciting scenes were being enacted and the nights were lurid with the torches of the resolute Klansmen, the Southern



"Hang, ours, hang! Their complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to their hanging! If they be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern society—the carpet-bagger and scallawag—if found in Dixie's Land after the break of day on the 4th of March next.

The genus carpet-bagger is a man with a lank head of dry hair, a lank stomach and long legs; club knees and splay feet, dried legs and lank jaws, with eyes like a fish and mouth like a shark. Add to this a habit of sneaking and dodging about in unknown places—habiting with negroes in dark dens and back streets—a look like a hound and the smell of a polecat.

Words are wanting to do full justice to the genus scallawag. He is a cur with a contracted head, downward look, slinking and uneasy gait; sleeps in the woods, like old Crossland, at the bare idea of a Ku-Klux raid.

Our scallawag is the local leper of the community. Unlike the carpet-bagger, he is native, which is so much the worse. Once he was respected in his circle; his head was level, and he would look his neighbor in the face. Now, possessed of the itch of office and the salt rheum of Radicalism, he is a mangy dog, slinking through the alleys, haunting the Governor's office, denning with tobacco juice the steps of the Capitol, stretching his lazy carcass in the sun on the Square, or the benches of the Mayor's Court.

He waiteth for the troubling of the political waters, to the end that he may step in and be healed of the itch by the ointment of office. For office he 'bums' as a toper 'bums' for the satisfying dram. For office, yet in prospective, he hath bartered respectability; hath abandoned business, and ceased to labor with his hands, but employs his feet kicking out boot heels against lump-poet and cotton-catt, while discussing the question of

THE FATE OF THE CARPET-BAGGER AND THE SCALAWAG

Cartoon by Ryland Randolph in the *Independent Monitor*, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, September 1, 1868; reproduced from Lester and Wilson's "Ku-Klux Klan" through the courtesy of the editor, Prof. W. L. Fleming, of the University of Louisiana.

states were, one by one, conforming to the requirements of the national Congress and taking their places again in the Union—harried by the carpet-bag wretches, staggering under poverty and ruin, but cleansed at least from the blight of slavery.

It was hardly to be expected that the white people of the South should remain passive and meek under the unspeakable carpet-bag governments and outrageous domination of the blacks. The Ku-Klux Klan was one of the ways in which they united for protection; but in time it became so intoxicated with its own success and committed so many excesses and outrages in terrorizing the negroes, that the better elements among the white men began to see that the remedy was becoming worse than the disease. They felt compelled to rise in revolt against it, and it was finally suppressed by the United States military authority, not, however, before it had served its purpose.

Despite all the turbulence and angry feeling, the work of reconciliation went on. Rich men from the North entered the promising fields of the former Confederacy and spent and invested their money there. Former Union and Confederate leaders, as well as privates, respected one another as brave men always do, and became warm friends. While many of the former went South, hundreds of the latter made their homes in the North, where they were welcomed and assisted to get upon their feet.

And so, while politicians were wrangling and carpet-baggers skulking over the harried land like vultures, the fraternal mingling of former soldiers and the friendly exchange of visits between Union and Confederate posts brought about the good feeling which was necessary and, in the fullness of time, true reconciliation. Union soldiers married Southern girls, and Confederate soldiers married Northern girls, and all this helped.

It is impossible to make people feel kindly toward one another by law, but it is a fact which many boys know that a gallant fight often brings about mutual admiration and lasting respect.

Perhaps the thing that helped most of all was the realization by intelligent negroes that before a person sets himself to enacting laws he must learn to obey them, and that it is best for an "honorable" legislator to know how to read and write.

By the year 1870 the carpet-baggers had all left the South. In

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the troubled days of reconstruction, they were the only ones who did no fighting, their only knapsacks being their dilapidated and much-derided carpet bags.

By that time, also, the terrible Ku-Klux Klan was no more. The boys of the South missed it sorely. Following in the wake of its flaming crosses and ghostly robes, LeRoy Canby had passed some of the most exciting hours of his young life. How often had he and his companions, dangling their legs from the fence corner, waited for the cavalcade of resolute night-riders to pass by on some dark errand of rescue or reprisal! How often had they stood respectfully on the outskirts of its councils while the life of some wretched negro hung in the balance!

The Klansmen were men of dauntless courage and of iron nerve, and they were moved by a towering resolve. They were often hasty, often mistaken, and sometimes cruel. Their "justice" was too often stained with innocent blood. But they were so much better than the carpet-baggers that they seemed like angels by comparison. The end of the Ku-Klux Klan was regretted by many an adventurous boy in the Southland, but what boy had enjoyed any adventures at the hands of the rascally carpet-baggers?

To follow the Klansmen on one of their night raids opened up all sorts of delectable possibilities; but to follow a carpet-bagger was about as interesting as following a grocery-wagon.

CHAPTER V

THE STORY OF MAXIMILIAN

ABOUT thirty years before our great Civil War broke out, away back in the days of Andrew Jackson (known as "Old Hickory"), there was born in Austria a child who was given the name of Ferdinand Joseph Maximilian. He was of noble lineage and his elder brother was heir to the Austrian throne.

You may wonder what connection this child could possibly have had with the stirring events following our great war, and indeed he had no connection, yet it was by reason of the ending of that war that his noble life came to an end and he, and the events in which he figured, were in a sense a part of American history.

Maximilian grew to be a splendid boy. Wherever he went people admired him for his noble bearing, his courage, his courtesy, his modesty, and his high sense of duty, which fine quality was in the end to prove his ruin.

Though a prince, he was without arrogance. It is told of him that in his school-days he would not fight with another boy until he had assembled half a dozen of his friends in consultation, just as a ruler will assemble his advisers to consult with them as to the merits of his cause. He was always on his guard to deny himself any of the advantages which his noble birth might give him. To people in a humbler walk of life than himself he was a model of courtesy and consideration.

When Maximilian was grown to young manhood he entered the Austrian navy and visited many of the countries of Europe. In 1857 he married Charlotte (or Carlotta), a daughter of the Belgian king, and she became sadly involved in the terrible fate which awaited her gallant young husband.

About the time that our Civil War began it happened (as it has happened so many times since) that there was trouble in Mexico.



ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN

Set up as Emperor of Mexico by the French, his resolution to stand by his throne even after the French were forced to withdraw, cost him his life. Beaten by Juarez, he was court-martialed, condemned, and shot.

One trouble in Mexico is pretty much like another, but we must glance at this particular one in order to see how Maximilian's fate was bound up in it.

A man by the name of Benito Juarez was the Mexican President. He had ridden into power on a revolutionary wave, as Mexican presidents are apt to do. He had triumphed over the clerical party (that is, the clergymen and the Church element), and he had confiscated Church property right and left. Also he had refused to pay the debts which Mexico owed in Europe.

The priests did not care a great deal whether he paid these debts or not, but they wanted their Church property back; and the nations of Europe did not care a great deal whether or not the Mexican clergy regained their property, but they wanted their money—particularly France.

As for Maximilian, he was very happy with his sweet young wife, and probably cared nothing about the matter one way or the other.

The Mexican clergy said to France: "Our faith has been trampled upon! Will you not help us to recover our property?" And France said, "We will—very gladly!"

France knew all about the Monroe Doctrine. Away back in 1822, when James Monroe was President of the United States, there had been trouble between Spain and her American provinces. These provinces had declared their independence, and Spain could not reconquer them. Our own famous Declaration of Independence had proved contagious. It was then that President Monroe said:

We should consider any attempt on the part of European powers to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety . . . and should regard it as a manifestation of unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

This meant simply that the bickerings and intrigues and sharp practices and tyranny and despotism of Europe should not find a foothold in the Western World. It meant that this new idea of free government should have a fair trial and that any province in the Western Hemisphere which was so fortunate as to wriggle free from a despotic parent should have an opportunity of remaining so. It meant simply that the hungry nations of Europe should mind their own business and keep their hands off the Western World.

France knew what it meant; but her very wise and far-sighted

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statesmen said, "It will be all right for us to take a hand in this Mexican business now, because the United States has troubles of its own and won't bother us." They believed, in fact, that the United States would soon be divided into two independent nations.

So France sent over an army, and with the help of the poor clergy it captured the City of Mexico. Then the French general called together what he called an "Assembly of Notables," and said to them:

"We do not want a republic here; republics are a failure. Look at the United States of America—it is going to be all split into pieces. A monarchy is the only kind of government which will stand the wear and tear; so let us start all over again with a monarchy."

The people threw their hats in the air and said, "A monarchy is the only thing, but who shall we have for a king?"

"That is easy," said the French general. "I know a man named Maximilian who knows all about how to be a king."

When the people heard about Maximilian they decided that he would make a very exceptional monarch, and one well worthy to wear the new Mexican crown. So a deputation was appointed to offer it to him. There are not many men who, like General Washington, can find it in their hearts to refuse a crown, but Maximilian hesitated. He knew about the Monroe Doctrine and he was by no means certain that the United States was going to be divided. Nevertheless, he felt that a nation should not have to go without a monarch if it really wanted one. He asked how the Mexican population felt about it. The French told him that the Mexicans were anxious for him to become their ruler, that they were wearied of republican government, that the United States was powerless to



EMPERESS CARLOTTA

Wife of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who was executed by Juarez in 1867.

interfere, that he would have the French army to help him, and that he owed it to humanity to accept; in short, that he ought to make the great sacrifice of being king for the sake of the poor, harried Mexican people.

So Maximilian's scruples were overcome. He accepted the invitation prompted by his high sense of duty, and on the supposition that the people of Mexico, one and all, wished him as their king.

He signed a family pact renouncing his rights as an Austrian prince, and the following day he solemnly accepted the crown of Mexico and shortly thereafter set sail for his new dominions, arriving at Vera Cruz, with his queen, on May 29, 1863.

The French troops and the elated Mexican clergy gave him a rousing welcome, but he soon found that he and they could not agree. For a time all went well and King Maximilian labored hard to establish peace and prosperity in his kingdom. He was a good king because he was a good man, and he thought of his people first and of himself last. But presently they began to ask him to do things which he could not in honor do. He began to see why they preferred a monarchy to a republic; he found that the priests were not so concerned about their faith as about their loss of power; and he came to believe that the enemies of the clergy, whom the French had defeated, were perhaps not so bad, after all.

Before very long it became apparent why France had exhibited such solicitude for Mexico in her troubles. The French began to demand money. The royal treasury of Mexico could not be made to supply their demands, and the French Emperor, Louis Napoleón (or Napoleon III), became sulky. Then the former Mexican President Juarez, seeing his opportunity, gathered his followers about him and again raised the standard of revolt and began to harass the French army.

Poor King Maximilian's lot was not an enviable one. He had done all he could to bring about peace and prosperity in Mexico; his reign had been wise and just, and now the only reward he had for his pains was to see the French, who had induced him to go to Mexico, dissatisfied, the followers of Juarez denouncing and threatening him, and the clergy demanding favors which they had no right to ask and which Maximilian was not the man to grant.

Yet he stuck nobly to his post amid all these gathering storm-clouds.

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One day when Maximilian was seated in his palace a messenger entered and handed him a despatch, which read:

General Lee has surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox.

King Maximilian read this despatch several times and was greatly perturbed. He had felt for some time that the United States was



NAPOLEON III

Who, long dreaming of conquest in the South and believing that the United States would be powerless to interfere while the war for the Union was being fought, set up a kingdom in Mexico for the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, whom he later abandoned to his fate.

not going to be “broken into pieces,” that General Grant was seeing to that, but he had not expected that the end of the war would come so soon. He remembered the Monroe Doctrine, and he

wondered what the United States government would do, now that it could afford a minute to glance across the border.

The poor king's lot was a hard one and he knew not which way to turn. What would France do? What would the triumphant Union do about this little game of monarchy which the French were playing under its very nose?

When the French Emperor received word of General Lee's surrender, he also was greatly agitated. He said to his advisers: "We had better get out of Mexico. This idea about the United States being broken in pieces was all a mistake."

When Maximilian heard rumors of what the French Emperor contemplated doing he saw that his predicament would presently be grave. To be sure, he might give up his crown and go back to Austria, but he was too brave and had too high a sense of duty to do that. His loyal wife made a trip to Europe, and went frantically from court to court, trying to enlist support for her noble husband, but all in vain. Since the victory of General Grant the whole of Europe seemed suddenly to have acquired a profound respect for the Monroe Doctrine.

Poor Queen Charlotte saw that her brave husband was in great peril. The French were about to desert him, no one else seemed willing to help him, and the Mexicans were rising against him.

The good Maximilian makes a noble figure in history as we see him standing resolutely at the post which his public spirit had caused him to accept, with the clouds thickening all about him. Poor Queen Charlotte's reason gave way under the strain, and when the whole sad tragedy was ended she became a hopeless lunatic.

Very soon the thing which every one was expecting took place. The United States intimated to the French Emperor that it would be a good idea for him to withdraw his troops from Mexico. The French Emperor thought that it would be an excellent plan, and he replied that it was just what he had intended doing. For a time Belgium and Austria had some idea of coming to the rescue of the deserted and menaced Mexican monarchy, but Uncle Sam said he thought it would be better for them not to do so, and they decided to refrain.

Thus King Maximilian was left alone among the treacherous Mexicans. He could have sailed with the French troops, but he

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felt bound as a man of honor to remain and share the fate of his few loyal followers. The United States had no objection to Maximilian's remaining king so long as no foreign power maintained troops in



BENITO PABLO JUAREZ

Juarez, a Zapoteca Indian, was elected President of Mexico in June, 1861. Then came the French usurpation and the short-lived empire of Maximilian. Juarez defeated the forces of the Emperor, whom he caused to be executed in 1867.

Mexico, but Maximilian could not continue his kingship without such outside support.

There was nothing for him to do but to place himself at the head of his Mexican followers. With about ten thousand men he made a brave defense of Queretaro against the "Liberal" army under

a man by the name of Escobedo. On the night of May 14, 1867, one of his own men, General Lopez, betrayed him. This wretch, whom Maximilian had believed to be his dearest friend, gave over to Escobedo the strongest position in Maximilian's encampment, that where the monarch himself slept.

Maximilian was conscientious enough and brave enough to face every danger and difficulty for the sake of duty, but he could not overcome Mexican treachery. He was so honest and such a gallant soldier that he could not comprehend treachery.

He was made a prisoner and, together with two of his generals, ordered to be tried by court martial. The court which tried them consisted of a president, aged twenty-three, and six other members between the ages of eighteen and twenty. The trial was a mere farce and would have been denounced as an outrage in any other country than Mexico. The three prisoners were condemned to die.

Early in the morning of June 19, 1867, the victims were removed in carriages to the place of execution. Four soldiers were detailed for each prisoner and it was arranged that all should be shot at the same time.

"I forgive all," said the noble Maximilian, "as I hope to be forgiven, and I trust that the shedding of my blood will be for the good of Mexico."

He placed his hand on his breast to show the soldiers where to fire, and opened his arms. "I am ready," he said, in a calm and steady voice.

The soldiers fired at once. One of the generals died immediately. Maximilian was wounded by the four balls; but he did not die until three more attempts were made to end his sufferings.

The Mexican Indians who were present at the execution wept aloud and, rushing forward, wiped up every drop of blood which fell.

Thus came to an end the attempt to establish an empire in Mexico.

The unhappy fate of the good Maximilian furnishes two morals. One is, of course, never to trust a Mexican; and the other is that it is better not to lay plans for the founding of monarchies and empires in the Western World on the supposition that the United States is going to be "broken into pieces." For this may not happen, after all.

CHAPTER VI

SOME TRIUMPHS OF PEACE

ABOUT twenty years before the exciting events we have been following something happened which was destined to bear fruit in the troublous times after the close of our great war.

One fine day in the summer of 1842 a little sailing-boat glided over the waters of New York Harbor from Governor's Island in toward Castle Garden. It carried two men, and one of them was no less a personage than the famous inventor of the telegraph, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse.¹

"It will mean a revolution!" he said to his companion.

He was referring to an experiment which he had just made, and which did, indeed, mean a revolution, although this did not come about until the greater revolution of the Civil War had taken place.

Underneath them in the waters of New York Harbor stretched a thin cable by means of which Professor Morse had just received on the island a telegraphic message which had been sent through the water from the mainland. No wonder he felt elated. He had conquered space on land. Was he now indeed to set the trackless miles of ocean at defiance?

"We will flash our messages to Europe," he said.

The discovery which he had made was indeed a momentous one, for it demonstrated that telegraphic communication could be sent through the water as well as over the land. But the great inventor, in his enthusiasm, did not realize the difficulties which beset the laying of a cable across the Atlantic.

For who could say what subterranean mountains and valleys were there? The length of the cable might have to be more than twice the distance across if it were to conform to the unknown contour of the ocean's bed.

¹ See *Building the Nation*.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

So the discovery that messages could be sent through the waters bore no very practical results for many years. Nevertheless, that thrilling experience of Professor Morse's when the message was

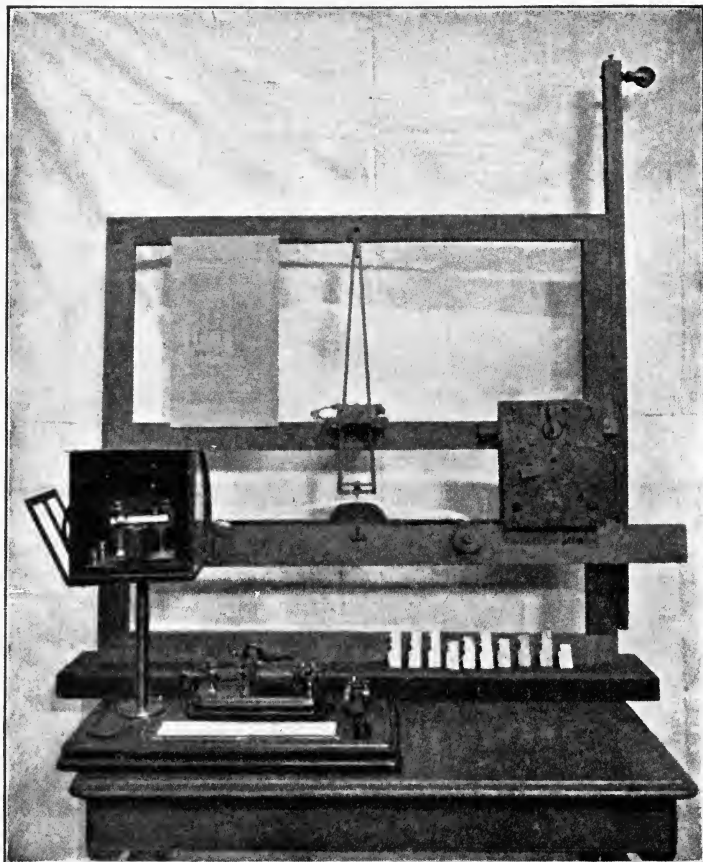


Photo by Claudy

MORSE'S FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT

A pen was attached to the pendulum and drawn across the strip of paper by the action of the electromagnet. The lead type shown in the lower right-hand corner was used in making electrical contact when sending a message. The modern instrument shown in the lower left-hand corner is the one that sent a message around the world in 1896.

flashed to him through the waters of New York Harbor, did not pass out of his mind, and in good time another discovery was made which made possible the fulfilment of his long-cherished dream.



SAMUEL FINLEY MORSE
Inventor of the telegraph

SOME TRIUMPHS OF PEACE

In the year 1853 a man named Maury discovered that the bed of the Atlantic Ocean between Ireland and Newfoundland formed a kind of plateau covered with soft ooze. There were no mountains or valleys or subterranean caverns here. It was like a great, muddy desert.

This was an important discovery, and was made only after thousands of soundings had been taken. It tallied, however, with the theory of scientists that once upon a time, ages and ages ago, this very area had been dry land, and that by this route human beings may first have found their way to the Western Hemisphere. In any event, if the ocean should gradually dry up, if the ebb of tide should continue long enough, this submerged level tract would be the first portion of the ocean's bed to appear to view, just as the mud flats appear when the tide ebbs in some of our familiar tide-water rivers.

This discovery, taken in conjunction with Professor Morse's little demonstration in New York Harbor, caused great excitement, and a company was immediately formed with a no less epoch-making enterprise in view than to connect the Western and Eastern Hemispheres by telegraphic wire.

In those days there was a benevolent old Quaker in New York by the name of Samuel Willetts. One of the agents of the new company went to ask Mr. Willetts if he would contribute some money



CYRUS W. FIELD

Pioneer in the development of the transatlantic cable, by whose efforts was formed the company which finally succeeded in laying, in 1866, the first transatlantic cable. For his achievement he received a medal from Congress and the thanks of the nation.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

to this new enterprise. The old Quaker smiled good-humoredly and patted the agent gently on his shoulder.

"Friend, thee is crazy," he said. "I would hardly think thee guilty of greater nonsense if thee talked of flying-machines or of machines that could talk."

Yet there is scarce a boy to-day who has not seen both of these marvels which the old Quaker considered impossibilities.

As soon as a sufficient amount of money was collected the work of making a cable was begun, and in the year 1857 it was completed. The manufacturing was done in England. The completed cable was twenty-five hundred miles in length. It consisted of seven fine copper wires twisted tightly together. Outside of this were three layers of gutta-percha, and outside of this again was a jacket of stout hempen yarn, saturated with pitch, tar, beeswax, and linseed oil. The whole cable was only a little more than half an inch thick and it weighed one ton a mile.

Now began one of the most momentous undertakings in the history of civilization, and one which, for patience and perseverance, has no rival.

Two vessels, the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*—the former lent by the United States, and the latter by England—were detailed to perform the difficult task of laying this cable across the Atlantic Ocean. Each vessel took twelve hundred and fifty miles of the cable and steamed forth from the west coast of Ireland in August, 1857. The *Niagara* paid out her portion of the cable as she went. On the fourth day it was decided not to pay the cable out quite so rapidly as they had been doing, and it snapped. A little group of the *Niagara's* people, standing at the stern rail, watched the wriggling end of cable hover for a second at the surface, then disappear in two thousand fathoms of water, two hundred and eighty miles from the coast of Ireland.

It was a discouraged, almost hopeless party that brought the two ships back to England. The first attempt to lay the Atlantic cable had been a dubious failure.

By the next spring nine hundred additional miles of cable had been made and the resolute men were ready to try again. This time the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara* proceeded together to mid-ocean, each vessel carrying half the cable. Here the two halves were

SOME TRIUMPHS OF PEACE

spliced and one ship started westward, the other eastward, each paying out the cable as it went. Then one day a breakage occurred and one hundred and forty-four miles of cable went to the bottom, wholly severed from the rest. The *Agamemnon* returned to England for improved appliances, and a month was lost.

Then the two ships, having again spliced their ends of cable in mid-ocean, separated, and each reached its destination without further mishap.

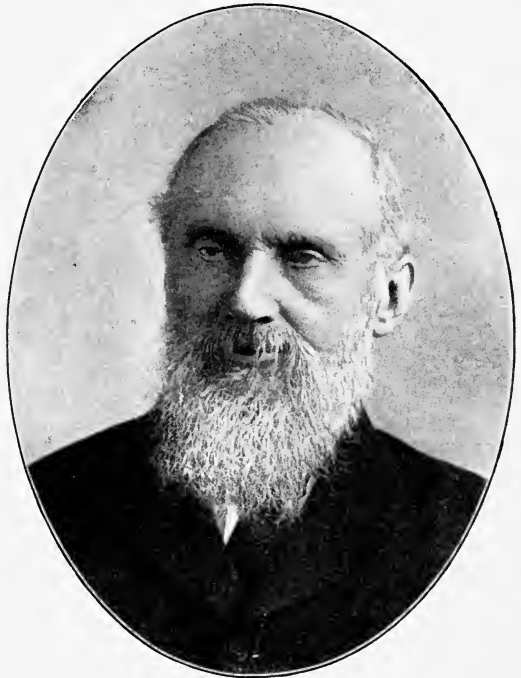
On August 6, 1858, the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara* sent messages of congratulation to each other through the whole length of the cable. Soon afterward Queen Victoria sent her greetings to the President of the United States, and it seemed as if the tremendous and discouraging task of establishing communication across the Atlantic Ocean had been accomplished at last.

Three hundred messages were sent. Then suddenly the signals ceased. The cable was useless.

It was a discouraging sequel to such resolute endeavor, but the men who were interested in the great project did not despair.

"The salt water must have affected the cable," they said. "We will make another cable, thicker and of better material than the old one."

So more money was raised and a new cable was made. This was an inch and an eighth in thickness when completed, and was thought to be proof against any destructive qualities of the salt



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WILLIAM THOMSON (LORD KELVIN)

To whose researches in the transmission of electric currents in submarine cables was largely due the successful operation of the Atlantic cable and for which, in 1866, he was knighted.

water and capable of standing any strain at all likely to be placed upon it.

But the very strength of this cable made it heavy and its great weight presented a new difficulty. It weighed more than four thousand tons. It was resolved that this time the entire cable should be paid out by one ship and that there should be no splicing in mid-ocean.

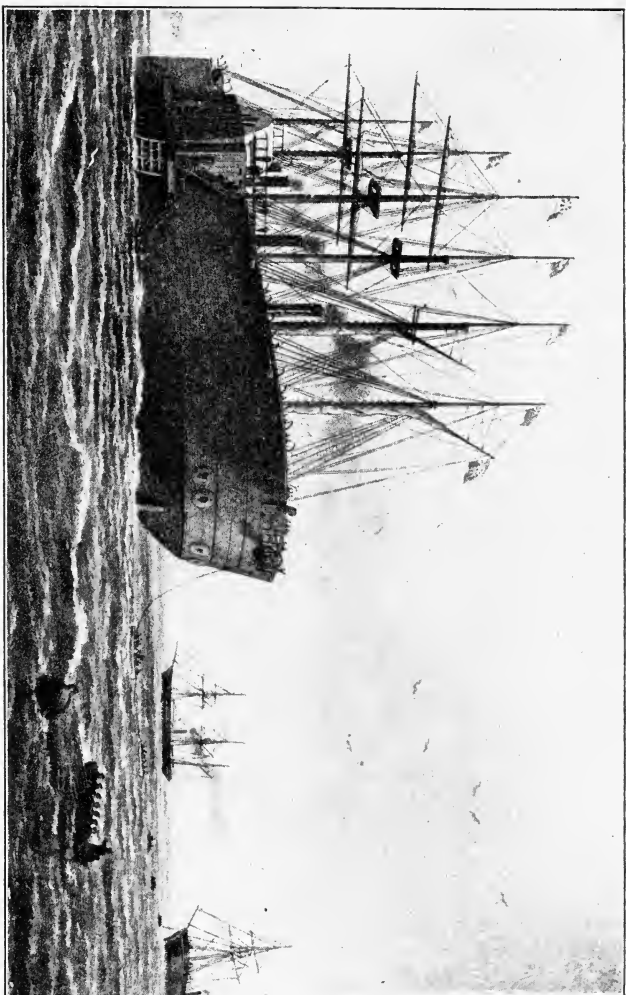
There was at that time an American ship six hundred and eighty feet in length, known as the *Great Eastern*, and she was detailed to carry out the entire cable and lay it. Three enormous iron tanks were built in the fore, middle, and after holds, and in these the cable was deposited, in three vast coils.

On July 23, 1865, the *Great Eastern* started from the west coast of Ireland with her burden, and the world awaited in anxious expectation the result of this third attempt to lay a telegraphic cable through the Atlantic. The resolute men who had the mighty task in hand had learned some lessons by their former failures, and this time every precaution was taken to guard against mishap. One end of the great cable was joined to a yet stouter cable which was drawn up to a telegraphic station on shore, and the electrical condition of the coils was tested continually throughout the progress of the voyage. Extreme precautions were taken against injury, but several times, in spite of the utmost care, fragments of wire pierced the gutta-percha covering and destroyed the insulation, and the damage had to be carefully repaired.

On the 2d of August, despite every care, the cable snapped from overstraining, and the end sank to the bottom in two thousand fathoms of water, more than one thousand miles from the coast of Ireland.

What to do? Give up? The men on the *Great Eastern* were quite as indomitable as the silent, resolute soldier who had so recently brought the great war to an end, and they were as patient as the martyred President who had guided the nation through that dangerous and troubled time.

You would not suppose that any one would place much hope in grappling in two thousand fathoms of water, but that is exactly what they did. A five-armed grapnel was suspended from a wire rope five miles long, and when it reached the bottom of the ocean it was dragged, zigzag, across the line of cable.



THE 'GREAT EASTERN', LAYING THE ATLANTIC CABLE, 1866

Back and forth the *Great Eastern* steamed, crossing and re-crossing the line of the sunken cable. The grapnel was broken and repaired or replaced, the wire rope was lost and other lengths substituted, until there were no more grapnels and no more rope. At last the *Great Eastern* returned to England.

By this time there were four thousand tons of cable lying useless at the bottom of the ocean.

But the men who had launched the mighty enterprise and their goodly company of active helpers did not despair. More money was raised and still another cable made, and in July, 1866, the *Great Eastern* again steamed forth. This time she was accompanied by three smaller vessels which were to assist in the work.

"This time you will succeed," said an old fishwife of Valentia. The superstitious sailors regarded this as a good augury, and, sure enough, this time the stupendous task was accomplished without mishap.

On July 13, 1866, the people of Heart's Content, in Newfoundland, saw the great ship steaming triumphantly into their harbor, with her flags flying gaily in the breeze. Behind her lay an unbroken line of cable across the Atlantic Ocean; and this time no discouraging sequel followed.

The men who thus established telegraphic communication between the hemispheres were heroes, one and all—each in his own way. Some of them were just plain business men, and others just plain sailors and mechanics, but they were resolute and undaunted and said to themselves, "There is no such word as fail."

It was not so difficult to cross the ocean after the venturesome Columbus had once performed that great feat, and many cables, to and from many places, now cross the ocean, and cross each other in crossing the sea. But the feat performed by the undaunted company aboard the clumsy old *Great Eastern* was one of the great triumphs of that time.

Professor Samuel Morse lived to see his dream come true. What a feeling of elation must have been his when he listened, as he did, to the monotonous, jerky dots and dashes which came to him out of the mysterious depths of the ocean, flashed along that submerged plateau where once, who knows, people may have trudged along with their beasts of burden, ages and ages ago!

SOME TRIUMPHS OF PEACE

Truly, the first message flashed across the cable might appropriately have been:

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

It was on May 10, 1869, not long after the great task of laying the Atlantic cable had been accomplished, that a large company



THE MEETING OF THE EAST AND WEST

Scene between Ogden, Utah, and Promontory Point, near the point where the last tie was laid, in 1869, by Colonel King.

of people stood beside newly laid railroad tracks at Promontory Point in Utah.

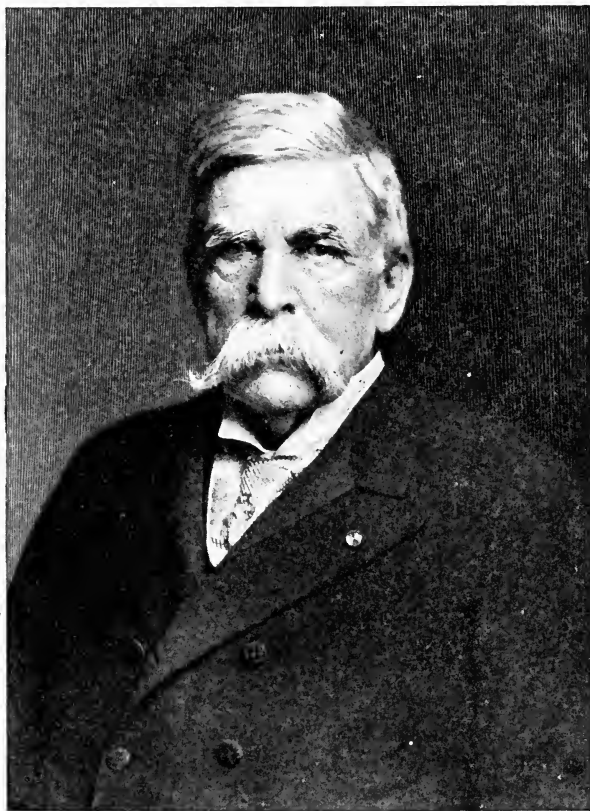
They were watching men who swung heavy sledges. Before them lay a huge piece of wood, highly polished, and its ends bound with silver bands. Standing in this piece of glossy timber were three spikes, one at each end and one in the middle. One was of solid gold and had been sent from California, another was of silver and had been sent from Nebraska, while the third was composed of gold and silver and iron, and had been sent from Arizona.

When these precious spikes were driven home into the polished timber by Governor Leland Stanford of California and Thomas

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Durant, and the sledges were laid aside, the crowd broke forth into loud cheering.

Then with the speed of the electric current it was flashed over the country and under the Atlantic that another great feat had been performed—another great dream realized.



GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

Chief engineer of the Union Pacific during its construction.

The Union Pacific Railroad, which had begun to build westward from Omaha in 1864, and the Central Pacific, coming from the Golden Gate, had met. Our whole wide continent was at last spanned by two unbroken lines of steel.

For the piece of polished timber was the last tie to be laid in the first railroad ever built across the continent. From the Pacific coast and from Omaha men had been working tirelessly for many years, building the great road, and now at last the two com-

panies of workmen had met in this pleasant Utah valley and the two lines of steel were joined amid the cheers of the multitude.

The work of building that great railway had been one of many obstacles and many adventures, and its completion was looked upon as a national triumph. In the long task of laying those countless ties and those miles of steel rail nine mountain ranges had been crossed.

SOME TRIUMPHS OF PEACE

Since that time other roads have been laid across the continent, but they do not dim the glory of that first triumph, any more than the laying of subsequent ocean cables dims the glory of the *Great Eastern's* work.

These two things—the laying of a cable under the Atlantic and the completion of a railway across the continent—mark the beginning of a new era for the United States.

During our great Civil War all of the exciting news from the front had to be sent to Europe by mail, and as for traveling in our own land, when the people in the Eastern states wished to get to the Pacific coast they went by ship to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and took passage up the Pacific coast. There was a ramshackle, half-completed railroad part way across the Isthmus in those days, which ran

through jungle and morass, and by the help of this and the native canoes travelers managed to cross that pestilent region. This little railroad, the tracks of which were half submerged for six months of the year, was in time to play an important part in that mammoth enterprise which shadows even the laying of the Atlantic cable and the completion of the first transcontinental railroad—the building of the Panama Canal, the wonderful story of which will be told in another chapter.



THOMAS C. DURANT

Builder of the Union Pacific Railroad.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

One pleasant Sunday afternoon in the year 1909 a little group of American young men and boys, who were working for Uncle Sam hewing out the mighty Culebra Cut, took a stroll into the jungle, and there came upon a little heap of crumbling bones and near it a bag of gold dust. Scarce a year had passed when another of the Canal force discovered a little pile of the precious dust and the rotted remnants of a canvas sack. Near by were several bleached and crumbling bones.

What did it mean?

It meant simply that many of the venturesome people who had been lured to California away back in 1849, when gold was discovered there, had taken this long way home with their burdens of the precious metal, rather than submit themselves to the tedious, jolting prairie-wagon and the danger of attack from the hostile Indians of the unsettled West. Here on the Isthmus they had dropped down, stricken with the deadly Chagres fever, and had died in their tracks. Worn and spent with the hardships they had suffered, they were easy victims to the terrible jungle fever.

Americans do not have to journey through the Panamanian jungle now to get to California, and even if they did take that route they need have no fear of the Chagres fever. But how the jungle was conquered and the fever throttled is part of another and very wonderful story.

CHAPTER VII

SUBDUING THE RED MEN

THERE was not much doubt as to who should follow Andrew Johnson as President of the reunited nation. Who but the great soldier to whom the people looked with admiration and gratitude should be honored with the highest office the nation had to give?

So in 1868 the people at the polls expressed their gratitude and confidence by electing General Ulysses S. Grant to the Presidency of the United States. He held the high office for two terms.

General Grant's boyhood and great military career are recounted in other volumes of this series, and his career as President is of small interest compared with his earlier history. He was at his greatest as a soldier, though his qualities of simplicity, sincerity, patriotism, and rugged honesty were conspicuous throughout his Presidential terms and endeared him even more, if that were possible, to the people of the country.

It was during General Grant's administration that the slow, hard task of reconstruction was completed. There had been errors and crimes on both sides. For a long while Virginia held out against the terms prescribed by Congress, but her Senators and Representatives were admitted to their seats in 1870, those of Mississippi were admitted in the following month, and those of Texas a month later.

Thus, for the first time in many years, all of the states were fully represented in Congress, and the complete re-establishment of the Union may be said to have been accomplished.

But even still the fighting in the land was not over. On that day in 1869 when the last tie of the great railroad was laid a group of Indians stood apart from the cheering throng and watched with stolid faces the evidences of advancing civilization.



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT ON HIS FAVORITE CHARGER

SUBDUING THE RED MEN

"Him bad," said one of them. "Make long trail for big devils—him make much noise and clouds—him bad."

This stolid, disapproving onlooker expressed the thought and feeling of nearly all the Indians in the great West. They did not like the march of civilization across the continent.

There was, in those days, a class of men in Washington who were very much like the carpet-baggers in character. These men secured



CHEYENNES RECONNOITERING THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE UNION PACIFIC

the passage of laws which would enable them to cheat the Indians, and then they sent their agents out among the red men to oust them from their homes, to sell them worthless merchandise for fabulous prices, and to swindle them in a dozen ingenious ways. The sanctimonious, long-nosed Puritan who, away back in 1630, sold a pop-gun to an Indian chief for nine hundred acres of land, set the pace for this kind of trading.

The Modoc Indians lived in a fertile country south of the present state of Oregon. They had only a few hundred warriors and could not make much of a stir in the world. At about the time of the close of the Civil War the government told them that it would be much better if they would move up into southern Oregon, where

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

a reservation had been set apart for them. Some of them went up and looked at the reservation and did not like it.

"This is not much better than a desert," they said. "We would rather remain where we are."

However, they finally went. There were other tribes near them and they quarreled with these tribes. Among the Modocs was a

warrior known as Captain Jack, sometimes called "Scar-faced Charlie." Captain Jack could not forget his old home; he was always thinking of the fertile lands to the south. One day he said to his people:

"Up here we quarrel with our neighbors; if we must quarrel, let us quarrel with the white men."

So the Modocs left the reservation in a body and began a career of depredation against the whites. Late in the year 1872 they attacked a little com-



CHIMNEY ROCK, WYOMING

Famous landmark for emigrants and travelers across the continent.

munity of settlers and murdered eleven citizens. Captain Jack, who led the foray, had four scalps to his personal credit when the bloody work was done.

The United States government was soon compelled to send an armed force against them.

In the upper part of California was a desolate region of rock and lava-beds—a perilous place for those not familiar with it. Here,

SUBDUING THE RED MEN

intrenched among quicksands and lava-beds, the Modocs took refuge, with Captain Jack at their head.

A dozen attempts to reach and dislodge them proved in vain. So the government appointed a commission to confer with them. Captain Jack listened to what the commissioners had to say and



MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY

announced that he and his people would surrender their arms and go back to the reservation.

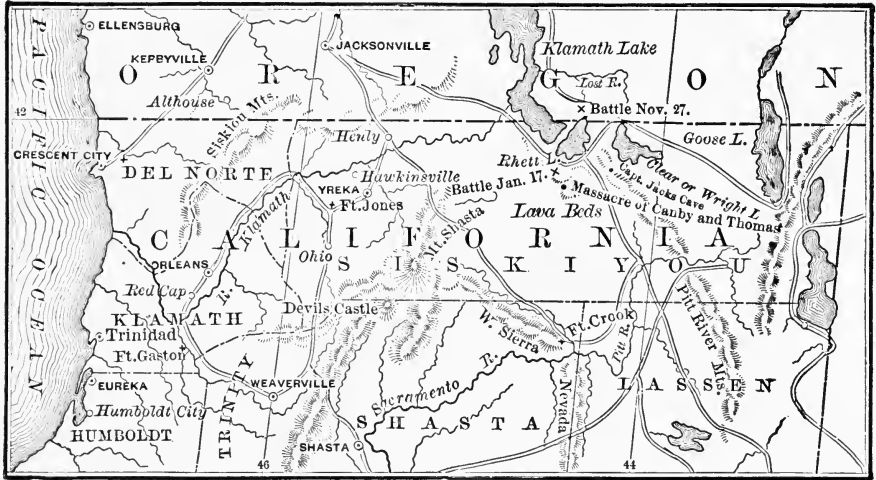
That night, however, as he was resting among the lava-beds, the Captain changed his mind and sent word to the commissioners that he would *not* surrender and that he would not go back to the reservation.

So the Modocs remained safely ensconced in their desert and the United States officials knew not what to do. It was not very com-

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

fortable for the Modocs, but it was comfort itself as compared with the position of the settlers thereabouts, who lived in continual apprehension of being scalped.

It is much more satisfactory to "confer" with Indians than to pursue them in a treacherous region of lava and quicksand, so the



MAP OF THE MODOC COUNTRY

government decided to see what might be accomplished by another conference.

This was to be conducted by a peace commission composed of General Canby, Reverend Doctor Thomas, and others.

They found Captain Jack and his Modocs very insolent in their bearing and showing unmistakable signs of hostile feeling. At length, on the 11th of April, 1873, while they were engaged in a council with the Indians, General Canby and Doctor Thomas were treacherously murdered by several of the savages, who stole upon them in a most cowardly manner.

This treachery caused the government to make the most vigorous war upon the Modocs, and they were driven from their lava-beds and completely subdued.

The redoubtable Captain Jack was deserted by most of his followers and was finally captured, together with several of the participants in the cowardly murder of the commissioners.



WILLIAM CLARK



MERIWETHER LEWIS

The two famous explorers under whose command was made (1804-06) the historic expedition up the Missouri River to its sources, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

They were tried by court martial and six of them were condemned to death. The Captain and three of his companions were hanged at Fort Klamath in Oregon.

The remaining members of the broken tribe returned meekly to the reservation which Uncle Sam had set aside for them, and if they continued to quarrel with their neighbors, they at least caused no further trouble to the white men.

Out in Dakota and Wyoming lie the Black Hills, and here the fierce and warlike Sioux Indians had their home. The region had been set aside by our government as a reservation for this powerful tribe, and there the Sioux was monarch. They could muster ten thousand warriors if the need arose, and each Sioux brave, it was said, was as two of any other tribe. They were sometimes known as the Dacotahs, and it was from this tribe that the state of Dakota derived its name.

Their reservation was the territory where they had always lived, for Uncle Sam had thought it wise not to request them to pick up and move.

Here among the Black Hills, in 1804, the adventurous Lewis and Clark, in their famous journey of exploration from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia River, had come upon the Sioux Indians and had deemed it the part of wisdom to be ingratiating and circumspect with this redoubtable red nation of the West.

During the year 1874 rumors reached Washington that all was not well among the Black Hills. Travelers who were supposed to have passed that way did not return and vague accounts of outrages and threatened outrages were told. These rumors became at last so dark and numerous that President Grant resolved to send a military force into the region under some one who should examine and report on the state of affairs there.

Who should this be?

There was at that time a gallant soldier who had fought bravely in the Civil War and who, by all the rules of probability, ought to have been killed six or seven times. This was Gen. George A. Custer. A great many good Confederate bullets had been wasted in vain efforts to shoot him, and he had heard the buzzing in his ears many

SUBDUING THE RED MEN

times. He was prodigiously brave, appallingly reckless, and loved danger for its own sake.

He was the Mad Anthony Wayne of the Civil War. He had long hair, a flowing mustache, and a distinguished and nonchalant bearing.

Who but General Custer should be sent to investigate conditions among the rugged and lonesome Black Hills?

When the general reached the country of the Sioux he was charmed with the beauty of the region. Whatever dark intentions the savages may have had, their outward demeanor now was peaceful and hospitable.

General Custer was of an impulsive and enthusiastic temperament, and he sent back glowing accounts of the beauty and fertility of the locality he was visiting. He pictured it as teeming with many-colored floral splendors and abounding in precious metals. These tempting pictures of the Black Hill country caused many men, particularly frontiersmen and prospectors, to open their eyes.

It is very little that frontiersmen and prospectors care about floral splendors, but as to precious metals, that is another matter. Presently a migratory band of frontiersmen and fortune-seekers and adventure-seekers was headed for the Black Hills and soon overran the Sioux domain, seeking homes and fortunes.

Wherever the astonished Sioux turned he perceived some aggressive stranger turning up the earth or chopping down the trees,



GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER

and the red men feared that very soon another trail would be laid for more "big devils" with more noise and smoke. They feared that unless they rose against these aggressions their fair domain was doomed.

Their suspicions were well founded, for near the close of 1874 a bill was introduced into Congress which provided that about half their reservation should be taken away from the Sioux.

"Pretty soon it will be the other half," they thought.

In the spring of 1875 the government sent a Mr. Jenny out to the Black Hills to make an inspection and a survey of the region. Mr. Jenny was a geologist and his only weapons were a little hammer, with which he intended chipping pieces from the rocks, and a box in which to bring home his samples. He was going to delve into the earth, and peel the bark from trees, and root around generally to see what was what in the Black Hills.

The Sioux did not take to Mr. Jenny. Neither were they very cordial to the six companies of cavalry and two of infantry which accompanied him.

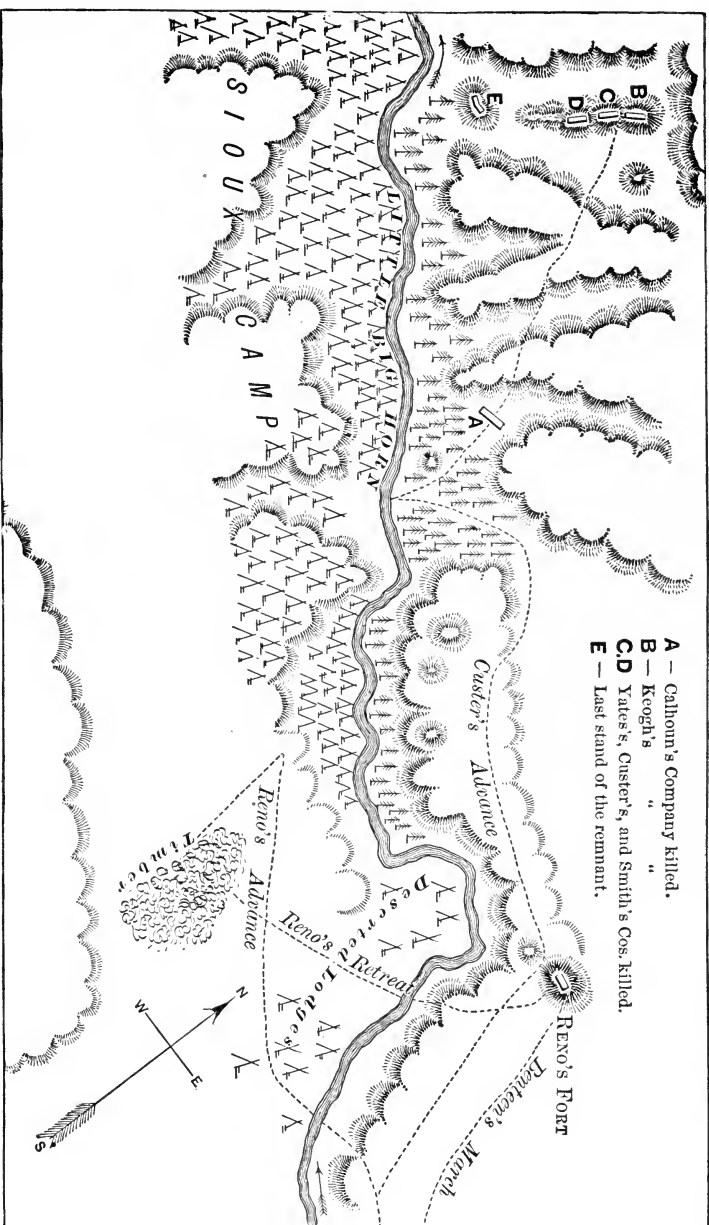
Wherever the poor savages turned, there were men looking through mysterious instruments, and stretching tapes along the ground, and driving pegs into the earth, and chipping rocks.

The Indians watched these activities with great apprehension, and at length they began to show unmistakable signs of growing discontent. It soon became evident that they were preparing for war, and early in 1876 a stronger military force was sent into the region to watch the movements of the savages.

The trouble began in the usual way—a murder, a denial of guilt, another murder, a treacherous night attack—until a definite campaign was organized against them.

The military force was separated into three divisions. The plan was for these three columns to make a simultaneous movement—one from the Department of the Platte, led by General Crooke; one from the Department of Dakota, under General Terry; and a third from the Territory of Montana, under General Gibbon.

General Gibbon was to move with his column down the Valley of the Yellowstone to prevent the Indians from escaping northward. In connection with this move General Custer was to push across the country from the Missouri to the Yellowstone and drive the



- A — Calkoun's Company killed.
- B — Keogh's "
- CD — Yates's, Custer's, and Smith's Cos. killed.
- E — Last stand of the remnant.

PLAN OF CUSTER'S FIGHT ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

Indians toward General Gibbon. Meanwhile, General Crooke was to scout the Black Hills and drive out any of the hostile Sioux that might be found there. General Terry, who was in command of the whole movement, accompanied General Custer. He was a brave and experienced officer. He and his staff joined General Custer at Fort Abraham Lincoln, in South Dakota, and from there they proceeded to the Yellowstone River.

On their arrival in this vicinity, early in June, 1876, they found that the Indians were in that region in large numbers. The savages were well provided with munitions of war and ready for desperate fighting.

General Terry despatched scouts in every direction to reconnoiter and report. They brought back word that the Sioux, with their great movable village, were in the meshes of the net prepared for them. They were encamped near the waters of the Big and Little Big Horn, Powder, and Tongue Rivers and Rosebud Creek.

The several divisions began to move cautiously, in order to draw the mesh closer about the red men and hem them in. On the 17th of June General Crooke had a sharp fight with a large body of Sioux and was obliged to retreat.

The two divisions under General Gibbon and General Terry met at the mouth of the Rosebud Creek. Here a conference was held.

With this large body was General Custer, commanding the whole Seventh Regiment of cavalry, composed of twelve companies. He was ordered to make the attack.

Custer and Gibbon advanced to the vicinity of the Big Horn River. General Custer arrived first and, looking over the distant plain, he discovered there an immense Indian encampment.

He had been directed to await the arrival of General Gibbon, who was to co-operate with him in the attack. If he had done so all might have been well. But as the gallant soldier looked out over that vast plain he thought that the Indians were making preparations to move away.

What was he to do? How anxiously he listened for the approach of General Gibbon's troops, and with what suspense and excitement he watched the distant preparations for departure, no one will ever know.

SUBDUING THE RED MEN

General Custer did what he believed to be his duty. He directed his subordinate, Major Reno, to attack the Indians at one point with seven companies of cavalry, while he dashed forward with five companies (about three hundred men) to attack them at another point.

Down there among the warriors on that great plain was a skilful and educated Indian known as Sitting Bull. He was cautious and wily—one of the ablest leaders, one of the most commanding spirits, that had ever arisen among the race of red men.

Forth to this great encampment rode the gallant Custer with his little band.

All that is known of what followed was learned from the Indians themselves. It is known that the impetuous Custer dashed directly among the thousands of warriors and that his men fought with desperate heroism. The struggle must have been terrific. To every white man there were five Indians. When the carnage of that dreadful massacre was over not a single white man lived to tell the tale. Doubtless many of them had been tortured and murdered after they were captured, for their bodies were horribly mutilated.

Major Reno started out, but retreated. He held his position at the lower end of the encampment on the bluffs of the Little Big Horn River until reinforcements arrived. It was a bloody but unqualified victory for the Indians, and the name of Sitting Bull became famous in the land. The great Indian became a hero to the savages, a terror to the white men, and so remained until his own tragic fate overtook him.

The body of General Custer was afterward found and fully identified. It was taken back to Fort Abraham Lincoln, in Dakota, where provision was made for its conveyance to West Point for interment. There it was received by a guard of honor, and after appropriate ceremonies the brave general was laid to rest at last.

CHAPTER VIII

SITTING BULL DANCES AND PAYS THE PIPER

THE career of Sitting Bull was not ended. He was yet to show that he was ingenious in many ways and that slaughtering was by no means his only accomplishment. His subsequent career takes us a little ahead of our story, but it may as well be told in this place.

As you may suppose, the massacre of General Custer and his gallant followers caused not only consternation, but great indignation, throughout the country. It began to be realized that the Sioux Indians were a power to be reckoned with and that there was a great moving spirit among them. It was determined, therefore, that a large military force should be sent immediately into the region of the Black Hills, for the purpose of utterly crushing the power of the Sioux.

There was no doubt in the mind of Sitting Bull that the United States government was very much in earnest, and he did not wish to dim the glory of his victory by a subsequent defeat. He, therefore, made a flank move into the British possessions across the Canadian border, where he and his followers remained until the summer of 1881.

It was in the year 1890, when Benjamin Harrison was President, that dancing accomplished the ruin of Sitting Bull. It seems scarcely credible that the redoubtable genius of the Custer massacre should have found his fate in the "light fantastic," and it brings us to one of the most interesting as well as one of the most dangerous episodes in the story of our country's trouble with the Indians.

At this time the renowned chieftain, notwithstanding that his behavior of late had been very *good*, maintained his chiefly residence in the *Bad* Lands of Dakota. He was older by twenty-four years than he was at the time of his famous bloody exploit, but when he

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learned that there was a great revival of "ghost-dancing" among his beloved people his old heart beat high with joy. There was also a wily look in his old eye which was not immediately recognized.

The revival of ghost-dancing was indeed such as to outrival any dancing craze among the white people of our own day. The whole world of red men, and red women, too, seemed to have gone dancing mad.

It had been many years since the good old ghost-dance had been seen, and, as the old chief sat before his royal residence and witnessed the cavortings of his people and listened to the unearthly din, he must have felt very much as an aged Southern planter feels who watches wistfully the graceful figures of the old Virginia Reel.



SITTING BULL

One day a number of young warriors, dressed in white shirts, appeared among the people of their tribe and engaged in the most outlandish gymnastics, declaring all the while that the Messiah was about to revisit the earth, drive out the white men, and restore the beloved hunting-grounds to the faithful Indians. Immediately the craze began to spread. The Apaches; the Nez Percé ("Pierced Nose"—so christened by the French from their habit of wearing nose rings), even the sordid and sober Goshoots and all the rest

of the tribes, took it up until every council-place was a veritable *dansant*.

As the young braves danced they accompanied their frantic gesturings with the most fantastic and alluring promises, which were eagerly accepted by the red men.

One day Sitting Bull suggested that it would be a good idea for the dancing warriors to carry firearms and munitions—just for old times' sake. He intimated that a dash of war-paint would make the dance more realistic. He conjured the dancers to be frank and explicit in their prophesyings. He suggested that the Messiah might need aid in bringing about the millennium.

Soon the ghost-dancing had become war-dancing and developed into a campaign of "preparedness."

It was at this point, when the frantic whirl had reached its height, that the United States Secretary of War determined that the dancing craze must be curbed, else an insurrection of all the red men in the country might result.

Already they had begun to neglect their duty of reporting at Uncle Sam's agencies, and soon the smoke of burning homesteads told that the work of pillage and slaughter had begun again.

The Indians, the country over, had danced themselves into a perfect frenzy of hatred for the white men. The Sioux, in particular, were frantic for war and reprisal against their paler brethren. The subtle influence of Sitting Bull was felt throughout the land. The wily old warrior had used the superstition of the old mystic ghost-dance to whip his nation into line for war.

The United States government was thoroughly alarmed, for the threatened uprising was not local, but country-wide, and included the most peaceful tribes. So Gen. Nelson A. Miles was sent out to the Sioux country to check the dancing.

The condition which he found existing among the Indians was astonishing. While some were prepared for war and brandishing their tomahawks in hatred of the whites, others were so utterly exhausted with dancing that they were physical wrecks. At a place called Lower Brule they were picked up from the ground like June bugs on a spring morning after their mad career around an arc-light. These were easily arrested. The wigwams were filled with languid and panting warriors—the pathetic victims of too much dancing.

SITTING BULL DANCES AND PAYS THE PIPER

But many of the whirling braves were not so easily dealt with and would not peaceably lay down their arms. General Brooke quickly surrounded the trouble-makers and a grand powwow was held at Pine Ridge, but the braves refused to stop dancing. They escaped into the Bad Lands and continued whirling round and round and round, while General Brooke surrounded their retreat with a cordon of military.

The Indians refused to return, dared the whites to fight, and went on dancing.

Upon this General Miles ordered the arrest of Sitting Bull.

Connected with the general's expedition were three Indians who had forsaken their red brethren and were helping the white men. They were Bull Head, Shave Head, and Stone Foot. It is easy to conjecture why Stone Foot was not a victim of the dancing craze, but there is no hint in the names of Bull Head and Shave Head to suggest the reason of their disaffection.

Sitting Bull's camp was about fifty miles above Fort Yates, in North Dakota. The old chief was just ready to start out for the scene of hostilities when Bull Head, Shave Head, and Stone Foot marched in upon him, followed by the United States cavalry.

Sitting Bull had a son named Crowfoot who inherited his father's warlike disposition and hatred of the palefaces. He was one of the most furious of the dancers. The old chief, finding himself at the mercy of the soldiers, would have yielded peaceably, but the boy taunted him with cowardice and reminded him of his former glory. This the old warrior could not bear, and in a twinkling he was on fire, his loyal followers about him.

Immediately a confused skirmish took place in which Sitting Bull, his bold son, and six warriors were killed, while six of the other side lost their lives, among them the man who had fired the shot which killed the valiant old chief himself.

The remaining members of Sitting Bull's band fled, but a number of them were later persuaded to return to the government agency at Pine Ridge. There were so many, however, who refused to come in that the peril assumed a very grave character. The war-whoops and the dancing continued.

It was determined that the only way to bring about peace was

to disarm the Indians. Then they might go on dancing to their hearts' content.

A band of malcontents was located near Wounded Knee Creek by the United States cavalry which had been searching for them. They were sullen, but made a pretense of surrendering their weapons when ordered to do so.

Emerging from their tepees, they handed over a few worthless weapons. When ordered to bring forth the remainder they suddenly wheeled about and began to fire on the soldiers. In an instant a fierce fight was in progress, the combatants standing within easy reach of one another and fighting hand to hand.

In this brief but furious battle the squaws showed that they could fight quite as well as their warriors could dance. Half a dozen of them beat a wounded officer to death before he could be rescued. Twenty-eight soldiers were killed and as many more wounded. The loss among the Indians was about the same.

The remainder of the savages fled to the Bad Lands, where they were joined by others, and a perfect carnival of war-whooping and dancing was inaugurated. It seemed likely that the fighting efficiency of the whirling braves would be considerably diminished by their incessant circlings and cavortings, for they never even paused for refreshment, and indeed many of them did drop in their tracks—martyrs to the dancing craze.

While these ominous festivities were going on in the Bad Lands trouble was brewing in another direction. Sitting Bull was dead, but his brave old spirit danced on.

Scarcely had the Seventh Regiment returned from the affray at Wounded Knee Creek when a courier dashed up to the Pine Ridge Station, announcing breathlessly that the Catholic mission a few miles distant was on fire and that the Indians were killing the pupils and teachers.

Away galloped the wearied soldiers in the direction of the Catholic mission. It was not the mission building which was burning, but a day school not far from it. Apart from the burning building stood a large force of Sioux Indians. They outnumbered the cavalry by many men, but for all that the brave soldiers attacked them. It was a hazardous thing to do, for the Sioux were so numerous that they could easily surround the whites, and they had nearly



WATCHING THE DUST OF THE HOSTILES

done so when the Ninth Cavalry, consisting entirely of negroes, dashed among the Indians from the rear and scattered them in the wildest disorder.

But the season of terror was not over, and the nights in that harried region were frightful with the cries of women and children, with wild disportings of the ghost-dance, and the maniacal shrieks of the infatuated savages.

At the government agency where converted and friendly Indians were sheltered and employed, signs of disaffection and treachery became apparent. One by one the Indians, lured by the enchantment of the ghostly dance, slunk away and returned to their old associates and to their former rites and practices. They could not resist the traditional ceremonial which had become such a potent influence in renewing hatred for the white men.

Far over the country the signal fires of the savages could be seen from Uncle Sam's posts and agencies, and recruits came all the way from British America to help them.

Among the few Indians who were still loyal to the government was a noted and gallant chief named American Horse. He never wavered in his loyalty to the whites, and even tried by argument and persuasion to bring the war-dance to an end. It is a wonder he was not murdered by his infuriated tribesmen.

Skirmish followed skirmish, and massacres on a small scale were every day reported and sometimes punished. With danger and treachery on every hand, General Miles displayed not only great courage, but great tact.

At last the Sioux began to come slowly toward the agency to surrender their arms. It was a time for calmness and discretion. General Miles gave orders that not a gun should be fired nor any hostile demonstration made unless it became necessary to repel an actual attack on the part of the Indians.

The red men kept their promise, however, and on the fifteenth day of January, 1891, an immense cavalcade entered the agency. Some of them dragged themselves along, almost exhausted with their dancing. The officials were amazed at the numbers of the savages, for their name was legion. In the motley procession were seven hundred and thirty-two lodges, and in all there were over eleven thousand Indians. If they had broken loose in a



UNITED STATES CAVALRY IN WINTER RIG

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

body and started upon the war-trail, the consequences would have been frightful.

While the weapons turned in by the savages were few and of poor quality, General Miles was satisfied that the trouble was over, and his conviction proved to be correct.

Thus the alarming war-cloud that had so long hung over the Northwest melted and dissolved. It had started with a revival (no one knows exactly by whom) of the old savage practice of the ghost-dance. The wily old Sitting Bull had seen in this an opportunity to arouse the spirit of his people, and, though he set the whole world of Indians to dancing, he paid the piper with his own life.

CHAPTER IX

WAR WITH THE TERRIBLE APACHES

VERY different from the Nez Percé were the terrible Apaches of the Southwest, inhabiting Arizona and New Mexico. They were the most warlike and cruel Indians that have ever lived in any part of the world. Rivaling even the Sioux in bloodthirstiness, they had been for years the terror of the region they inhabited. It had been said that an Apache had nine lives, like a cat. They were as savage and merciless as tigers. Their power of endurance was miraculous. They would journey for days without food; they would travel, hour after hour, through a climate like that of the Desert of Sahara, without a drop of moisture; would climb precipitous mountains with ease, or trudge across burning sands all day without fatigue. If an Apache's pony dropped from fatigue, he would kill the animal, eat a portion of it, and continue, refreshed, upon his journey. In a word, the Apaches were marvels of hardihood and endurance.

If a party of Apache riders were hard pressed by cavalry, they would separate and continue their journey singly, meeting at some chosen point many miles away, after the discouraged troopers had abandoned the pursuit. On a night they would shoot up a village, massacre the inhabitants of a mission, or burn a ranchman's home, and the next morning repeat the same crime fifty miles away.

A very fine description of the terrible Apache is given by Captain Bourke, of our army, a man who knew them well and who helped in the difficult task of subduing them:

Physically, he is perfect; he might be a trifle taller for artistic effect, but his apparent "squattiness" is due more to great girth of chest than to diminutive stature. His muscles are hard as bone and I have seen one light a match on the sole of his foot. When Crook first took the Apache in hand he had few wants and cared for no luxuries. War was his business, his life, and victory was his dream. To attack a

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Mexican camp or isolated village, and run off a herd of cattle, mules, or sheep, he would gladly travel hundreds of miles, incurring every risk and displaying a courage which would have been extolled in a historical novel as having happened in a raid by Highlanders upon Scotchmen; but when it was *your* stock, or your friend's stock, it became quite a different matter. He wore no clothing whatever save a narrow piece of calico or buckskin about his loins, a helmet also of buckskin, plentifully crested with the plumage of the wild turkey and eagle, and long-legged moccasins, held to the waist by a string, and turned up at the toes in a shield which protected him from stones and the "cholla" cactus. If he felt thirsty he drank from the nearest brook; if there was no brook near by he went without, and, putting a stone or a twig in his mouth to induce a flow of saliva, journeyed on. When he desired to communicate with friends at home, or to put himself in correspondence with persons whose co-operation had been promised, he rubbed two sticks together, and dense signal smoke rolled to the zenith, and was answered from peaks twenty and thirty miles away. By nightfall his bivouac was pitched at a distance from water, generally on the flank of a rocky mountain along which no trail would be left, and up which no force of cavalry could hope to ascend without making noise enough to wake the dead.

This graphic picture of these terrible warriors of the Southwest will explain the dread in which they were held by all who lived within the reach of their depredations. The ranchmen, living far from the towns, shuddered at their very name, and passed the days and nights in continual apprehension. Sometimes the men of these remote and widely scattered settlements combined against the powerful foe, but their attempts to extirpate him were futile. Military forces were also sent against these tribes, but little was accomplished by them. The climate in which the dreaded Apaches seemed to thrive killed the troops right and left. The metal-work of their weapons grew so hot that it blistered their bare hands, and for days at a time they pursued their perilous campaign under a scorching sun, with the thermometer marking 120 degrees.

In 1872 President Grant summoned Gen. George Crook and said to him, "Something must be done about the Apaches."

General Crook was an old Indian campaigner, and he said that if the matter were left to him something certainly *would* be done, and he forthwith began to make his preparations to move against the troublesome Apaches.

These being completed, he ordered his several columns to converge, on December 9, 1872, toward Tonto Basin, which was one of the principal strongholds of the Apaches in Arizona. The section is inclosed by mountains and the timbered region is so elevated

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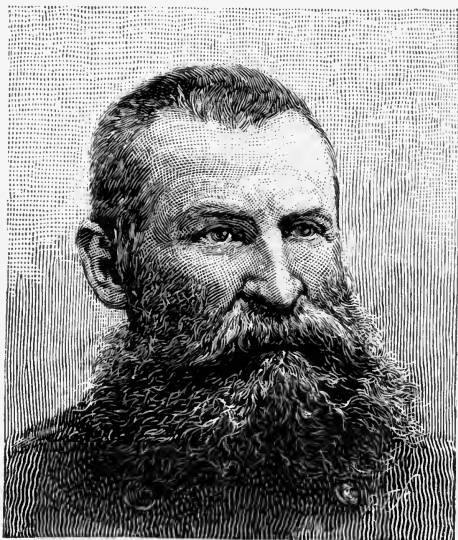
that during the winter months it is covered with snow. General Crook himself took his station at Camp Grant, one of the most unattractive posts in the country. He pursued his campaign vigorously. He had selected the best Indian-fighters to be found in the land, and they pursued and rounded up the Apaches with amazing skill and persistency. As soon as they corralled a band of the savages they impressed the best trailers among them and used them in running down other bands. The Indians were allowed no time to rest.

This new kind of warfare perplexed and confused the savages. When they had fled many miles and supposed their pursuers to be left far out of sight, as had hitherto been the case, they discovered the soldiers at their heels. It was in vain that they plunged into their favorite retreats in the mountain fastnesses, for following close behind them came, willy-nilly, the captive red trailers, obedient under the guns of General Crook's troopers.

The pursuing detachments often crossed one another's trails, frequently met, and kept within supporting distance.

The Apaches had always relied upon the darkness, and upon their hundred inaccessible haunts, for escape and safety. But they found in General Crook a foe quite as wily and resourceful as themselves. No remote fastness, no pestilent swamp or tangled woodland, served them now. The general's soldiers, following their unwilling guides, penetrated into every nook and cranny.

One seemingly inaccessible stronghold was reached by the troopers after they had pushed the pursued all through the night. As a proof of the skill of the Apache trailers, it may be said that they were often guided through the darkness by



GENERAL GEORGE CROOK

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

feeling with their feet, which told them that they were on the trail of their quarry.

In command of one of the detachments was Captain Bourke, whose description of the Apaches has been already quoted. He thus describes the scene and the incidents when, after hours of stealthy pursuit through a rough region, his command at last came upon the Indians, who believed themselves beyond reach.

Lieutenant William J. Ross, of the Twenty-first Infantry, was assigned to lead the first detachment, which contained the best shots from among the soldiers and scouts. The second detachment came under my own orders. Our pioneer party slipped down the face of the precipice without accident, following a trail from which an incautious step would have caused them to be dashed to pieces; after a couple of hundred yards this brought them face to face with the cave and not two hundred feet from it. In front of the cave was the party of raiders, just returned from their successful trip of killing and robbing in the settlement near Florence, on the Gila River. They were dancing to keep themselves warm and to express their joy over their safe return. Half a dozen or more of the squaws had arisen from their slumbers and were bending over a fire and hurriedly preparing refreshments for their victorious kinsmen. The fitful gleam of the glowing flame gave a Macbethian tinge to the weird scene and brought into bold relief the grim outlines of the cliffs, between whose steep walls, hundreds of feet below, growled the rushing current of the swift Salado.

The Indians, men and women, were in high good humor, and why should they not be? Sheltered in the bosom of these grim precipices, only the eagle, the hawk, the turkey buzzard, or the mountain sheep could venture to intrude upon them. But hark! What is that noise? Can it be the breeze of morning which sounds "click, click"? You will know in one second more, poor, deluded, red-skinned wretches, when the "bang! boom!" of rifles and carbines, reverberating like the roar of a cannon, from peak to peak, shall lay six of your number dead in the dust.

The cold, gray dawn of that chill December morning was sending its first rays above the horizon and looking down upon one of the worst bands of Apaches in Arizona, caught like wolves in a trap. They rejected with scorn our summons to surrender, and defiantly shrieked that not one of our party should escape from the cañon. We heard their death-song chanted, and then out of the cave and over the great pile of rocks which protected the entrance like a parapet swarmed the warriors. But we outnumbered them three to one, and poured in lead by the bucketful. The bullets, striking the mouth and roof of the cave, glanced among the savages in rear of the parapet, and wounded some of the women and children, whose wails filled the air.

During the heaviest part of the firing a little boy not more than four years old, absolutely naked, ran out at the side of the parapet, and stood dumfounded between the two fires. Nantaje, without a moment's pause, rushed forward, grasped the trembling infant by the arm, and escaped unhurt with him, inside our lines. A bullet, probably deflected from the rocks, had struck the boy on top of his head and plowed around to the back of his neck, leaving a welt an eighth of an inch thick,



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but not injuring him seriously. Our men suspended their firing to cheer Nantaje and welcome the new arrival; such is the inconsistency of human nature.

Again the Apaches were summoned to surrender, or, if they would not do that, to let such of their women and children as so desired pass out between the lines; again they yelled their refusal. Their end had come. The detachment led by Major Brown at the top of the precipice, to protect our retreat in case of necessity, had worked its way over to a high shelf of rock overlooking the enemy beneath, and began to tumble down great boulders, which speedily crushed the greater number of the Apaches. The Indians on the San Carlos reservation still mourn periodically for the twenty-six of their relatives who yielded up the ghost that morning. Every warrior died at his post. The women and children had hidden themselves in the inner recesses of the cave, which was of no great depth, and were captured and taken to Camp McDowell. A number of them had been struck by glancing bullets or fragments of falling rock. As soon as our pack-trains could be brought up, we mounted the captives on our horses and mules and started for the nearest military station, over fifty miles away.

This was a staggering blow to the Apaches. The particular band which suffered this defeat was one of the bloodiest that had ever terrorized the ranches of Arizona. For years it had robbed and massacred, laughing at pursuit and assured of safety in its score of inaccessible hiding-places. But the affair which Captain Bourke so vividly describes was the Waterloo of this sanguinary band. It had been virtually wiped out by the troopers, who, despite the danger and completeness of their splendid work, lost only a single man.

It was in this vigilant and dauntless manner that General Crook and his brave troopers did their work. A few days later another decisive blow was delivered at Turret Butte, and in less than a month one hundred and ten Apaches surrendered to Major Brown and accompanied him to Camp Grant.

The terrible Apaches began now to comprehend the strange white man who was pressing them with such unheard-of skill and such remorseless vigor. They began to realize that over such a fighter, who was both lion and fox combined, there was no hope of victory.

They offered, therefore, to surrender to General Crook. Despite his vigorous campaign against them, the Apaches, in their hearts, admired him and trusted him. He told them that he took no pleasure in pursuing and killing them, that if they would lay down their arms and live peaceful lives he would be their friend.

They accepted his offer, and the general proved even better than

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his word. Within a month he had all the Apaches at work digging ditches, cutting wood and hay, and planting vegetables, like so many industrious and contented farmers.

Thus one of the bitterest Indian wars in which our country has ever been engaged ended in feelings of mutual friendship and goodwill.

But trouble with the Apaches was not ended.

CHAPTER X

CHIEF GERONIMO AND THE SECOND APACHE WAR

IT has been said that two-thirds of all the quarrels in the world are caused by questions of money, and it may be added that certainly two-thirds of our country's troubles with the Indians have been caused by questions of "reservations."

The farmer who is ousted from his home in order that a railroad may be put through his land very often fails to appreciate the great advantage of a railroad. There have been very few Indians sagacious enough to appreciate the wisdom of driving them from one place to another. As a rule, it has been represented to them that they would be much better off in lands selected for them by Uncle Sam, and as a rule they have failed utterly to perceive this and have rebelled against it.

The second Apache war came about through our government's ordering the tribe to leave their former reservation, where they had lived contentedly, and go to another one at San Carlos.

There were a number of men in Washington who composed what was known as the "Indian Ring," or the "Tuscan Ring," as it was sometimes called. These men represented themselves as the friends of the Indians, just as the carpet-baggers professed to be the friends of the negroes in the South. It was usually the case that what they thought beneficial for the Indians turned out to be vastly more beneficial for the white man.

It was this Indian Ring which secured legislation by which six thousand Apaches were ordered to leave their homes. Of course, the Apaches revolted, just as the Modocs and the Nez Percés revolted, and presently the government was again plunged in a war with this sanguinary tribe.

So in 1885 General Crook again took the saddle. No doubt he felt sufficiently discouraged that all the good work he had done in



GERONIMO, CHIEF OF THE APACHES

organizing the savages into self-supporting communities, and in taking their part against the Mormons and others who would have encroached upon their rights, had gone for naught.

Among the Apaches was a famous chief named Geronimo, and another by the name of Chato. These two men were cousins and professed to hate each other. Chato offered to help the troopers in their effort to run down Geronimo. But all the while these wily cousins were together playing a very successful little game on the troopers. Chato would send word to Geronimo in which direction the pursuit lay, and Geronimo would take a different direction.

Thus Geronimo, with a band of a couple of hundred followers, was able to lead his pursuers a wild-goose chase for many days.

When this strange game of hide-and-seek began Geronimo traveled one hundred and twenty miles before making his first camp. Try as they might, the cavalry could not get within gun-shot of him, and though the chase was pressed for hundreds of miles, the elusive chief with his marauding band kept out of reach of the whites.

In the Sierra Madre Mountains were many hidden recesses, familiar to Geronimo, and here he lived for a while in comparative safety, fleeing from one fastness to another, subsisting on roots and herbs, and enduring privation and hardship with all the amazing fortitude for which his people were notorious. Often he and his band went for days without food and journeyed for days without rest.

Now the troopers would be close upon his trail; now he would be gone. They learned not to trust to the advice of the wily Chato, whose elaborate directions led them nowhere.

General Crook never despaired, and at length the chief and his band were corralled; but it was like trying to hold an eel. For just one night Geronimo remained a captive, then he disappeared. While the soldiers were discussing the question of responsibility for his escape he stole back to camp in the darkness of the following night, carried off his wife, and was beyond reach again before the troopers knew what had happened.

Our government had an agreement with Mexico by which the troopers might pursue marauding Indians beyond the Rio Grande when they were seeking to escape into Mexico.

That is exactly what Geronimo did.

CHIEF GERONIMO AND THE SECOND APACHE WAR

It was then that there appeared upon the scene a man of whom we shall hear more as our story progresses. His name was Gen. H. W. Lawton, and he was later to win fame in Cuba and in the Philippines. He was a giant in strength and stature, with endurance equal to that of an Apache. He was absolutely fearless and loved danger for its own sake. He could travel for days without sleeping, and neither pestilent swamp nor burning sand nor death-dealing germs seemed to lessen his ardor or reduce his vitality. He was a veritable marvel of energy, of physical courage and resourcefulness.

This gallant soldier took the field with the Fourth Cavalry in March, 1885, and announced that if Geronimo was not a myth he would run him down.

Geronimo's exploits made him seem, indeed, to be something of a myth, and there were those who had come to regard the vigilant quest of him as a pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp.

But General Lawton declared that he would capture the slippery Geronimo if he had to pursue him to the City of Mexico.

The resolute general was as good as his word. The fugitive crossed the Rio Grande as he had done before, but this time with Lawton close upon his heels. Then followed a hot chase of over two hundred miles. From time to time he was attacked, each time resuming his flight with fewer warriors.

At last, weakened by his losses and nearly exhausted, he was brought to bay by his invincible pursuer.

The doggedness and vitality of the amazing Apaches had met with a doggedness and vitality quite as remarkable. No ability to stand deprivation, no untiring energy, no fleetness of foot or familiarity with swampy retreats and mountain fastnesses, could save them from this grim and resolute trooper who galloped after them whithersoever they might go, seeing through every favorite ruse, undeterred by morass and thicket, pressing the pursuit ever more persistently until the weary quarry was at last brought to bay.

For three hundred miles into Mexico the chase was carried. The trail wound in and out of cañons and mountain ravines, repeatedly crossing and doubling upon itself, but with the pursuers ever drawing nearer to the dusky scourges, who at last were so worn out that when summoned to surrender they complied like so many children.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The wily Geronimo, at once the worst and the cleverest of all the Apaches, was once more a prisoner, with his band. But once before he had been a prisoner, only to escape and renew his outrages.

What to do with him? That was the question. He and his tribe bore a bitter grudge against the whites (which was not altogether unreasonable), and as long as he inhabited the Southwest the ranchmen would feel unsafe. Accordingly, he and his leading chiefs were sent to Fort Pickens in Florida, quite as weary from their long flight, no doubt, as their warlike brothers of the North became weary from dancing.

Others of the Apaches were sent to Fort Marion, in St. Augustine. Here their health became so poor that they were again removed — this time to Mount Vernon in Alabama.

There were less than five hundred of them altogether, men, women,

and children. A school was opened by our government, whither the Apache boys and girls were sent to receive instruction, and some of the brightest pupils in the well-known Indian school at Carlisle were the boys and girls whose fathers were merciless raiders in Arizona only a few years ago, and who are now peaceful and law-abiding citizens.

The terrible Apaches were completely conquered and the ranchmen on their lonely ranges at last slept in peace, assured that the



CHIEF JOSEPH, OF THE NEZ PERCÉS

CHIEF GERONIMO AND THE SECOND APACHE WAR

quiet nights would no more be made frightful with savage war-cries and murderous raids.

We have run somewhat ahead of our narrative in order to follow the Indian wars which troubled our country between the close of the great Civil War and the brief, but decisive, war with Spain.

The period is sometimes spoken of as one of peace, but we have seen from the last few chapters that there was always plenty of fighting if one only knew where to find it. What with those dreadful Modocs, Captain Jack and Scar-faced Charlie, with Joseph, the noble Nez Percé, with the galloping Geronimo and the guileful Chato, with the renowned Sitting Bull and his dancing braves, to say nothing of Stone Foot and Shave Head and Bull Head, there was adventure quite as plentiful and perilous as any which preceded or followed this period.

Our country's policy was not always formed with full regard for the rights of the red man, and by the exercise of a little more consideration of his temperament and point of view many sanguinary episodes might have been averted. But the wars, being once started, were invariably conducted by our soldiers with humanity and honor, and with sympathetic consideration for the hapless lot of the ignorant savage.

Let us now consider the great events which marked, and sometimes interrupted, our nation's progress from Reconstruction times to the beginning of a war which was nothing if not righteous and glorious, in the mind of every true American—our war with Spain.

CHAPTER XI

HAPPENINGS DURING GENERAL GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION

GENERAL GRANT was the first President to be elected after the Civil War. He was undoubtedly greater as a general than as President, but his great name, his rugged honesty, and the public gratitude which no political error or unwisdom of his could ever have dispelled, were sufficient to carry him triumphantly through two terms in the Presidential office.

During those eight years much of interest took place. The nations of Europe, which had expected to see our country broken up, beheld now the spectacle of a reunited people launched again upon its glorious career of prosperity.

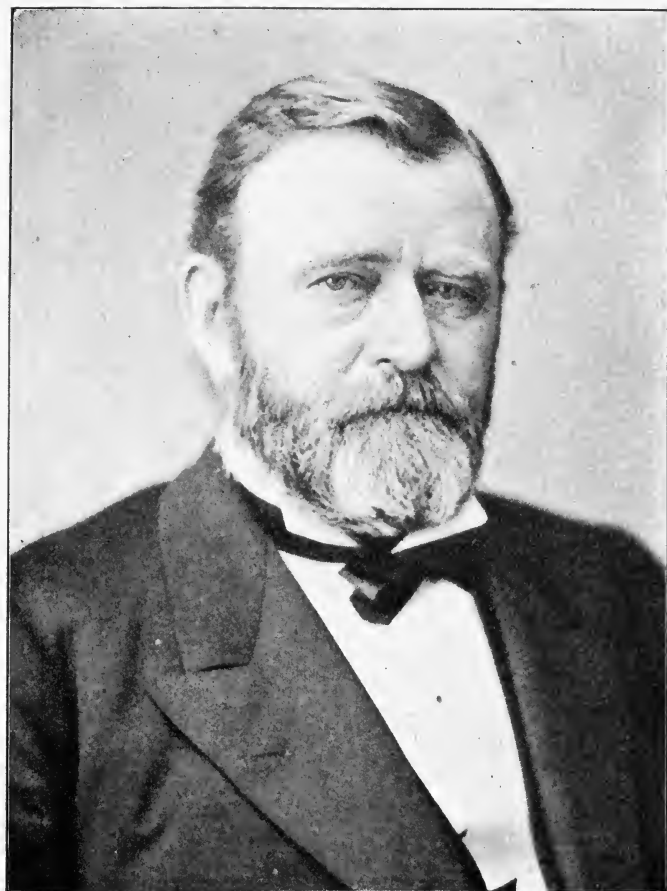
The great Civil War had been a test of the success and stability of our form of government; for if a nation can stand such a civil war it can stand anything.

So the awful conflagration, with its mighty toll of lives and money and suffering, had proved that the government which was founded by our forefathers was capable of sustaining any shock and of recovering from it.

We had fought out our own quarrel, and, now that it was over, President Grant turned his attention across the sea to England, and said:

“What have you to say for yourselves for all the help you gave to our rebellious states?”

The position of Great Britain was not very pleasant, for she had helped the South in many ways, particularly by fitting out Confederate privateers, as if the Confederacy were a regular nation. Great Britain hardly knew what to say, for she had expected that the South would be victorious. But neither our country nor Great Britain desired war, and an Arbitration Court was formed which sat in Geneva, Switzerland, in June, 1872. This court decreed that Eng-



ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT
From a photograph by Fredericks



land should pay the United States the sum of \$15,500,000 because of the damage inflicted by Confederate cruisers on Northern commerce. The amount was paid; and the moral is that it is a great mistake (as Great Britain found) to assist a nation until you are perfectly sure that it *is* a nation, for such mistakes are apt to prove both humiliating and expensive.

Since that time our country has had more than one dispute with England, but as the years have passed a more friendly feeling between the two nations has grown up.

Thus the Civil War completed the work which the War of Independence and the War of 1812 had begun and continued, for out of its suffering and bloodshed came proof and fulfilment, and a new and greater nation was born.

Let us go back a few years to the time of President Andrew Johnson. In 1867, near the close of that President's administration, a purchase was made by the United States government which, in later years, proved to be of far greater value and importance to the country than was suspected at the time, even by those most in favor of the action. This was the purchase of Alaska—that great tract of land, more than five hundred thousand miles in extent—which had formerly been known as Russian America.

This negotiation created much excitement and more or less heated discussion throughout the land, many people believing that the price of \$7,200,000 which it was proposed to pay to the Russian government for the tract was most exorbitant and unreasonable, particularly as the land was generally considered to be a cold, bleak territory without any particular value to any one. In fact, it was believed in many quarters that the scheme to buy Alaska was simply a pretext on the part of politicians (notably Secretary Seward) who wished to give to Russia some recompense for her valuable aid during the Civil War.

In later years the seal and whale fisheries and the timberlands of the Alaskan district became so valuable as to repay in themselves the purchase price many times over.

The fishery rights in Alaskan waters have given rise to complications with Great Britain from time to time, but these have been settled through extended negotiation without serious misunderstanding on either part.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

In 1896, when the seal and whale fishing in those waters was becoming less profitable through partial exhaustion of the fisheries, a new and country-wide interest in Alaska was created by the discovery there of a rich gold area along the Yukon River and later at Cape Nome on the west coast.

Following the discovery of these gold deposits by a prospecting miner named G. W. Cormack, there was an unparalleled rush to the Northwest from all parts of the United States as well as from Canada and Europe. The gold region came to be known throughout the world as the Klondike, taking its name from a river which flows through the richest area.



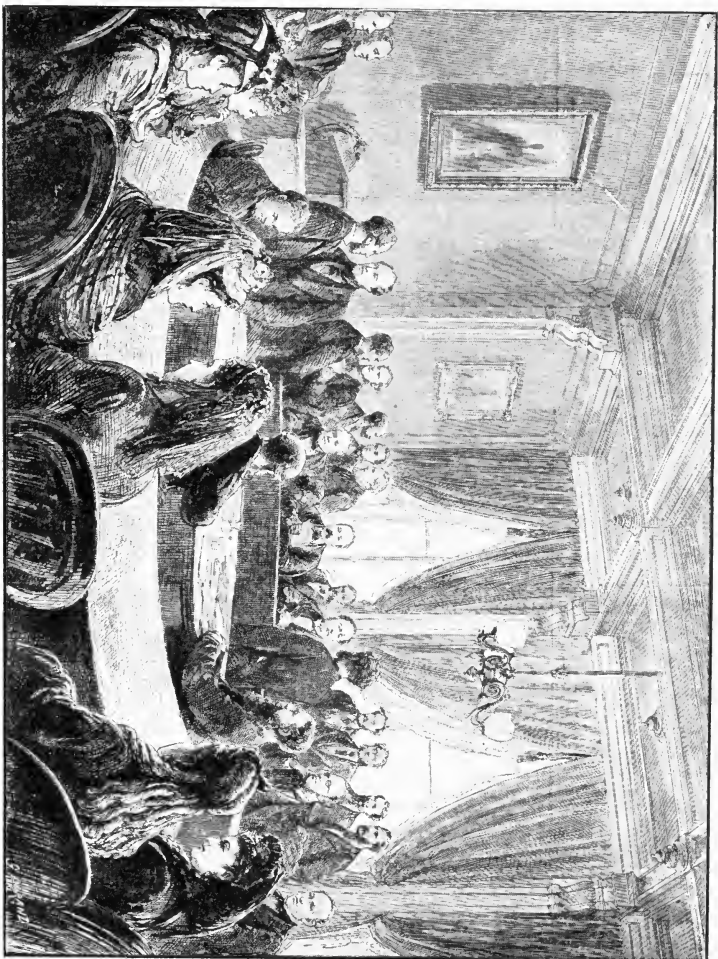
LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU

Commissioned Brigadier-General and assigned to duty in Alaska as its first American Governor in 1867.

The scenes of 1849 were in great part repeated and the Klondike was speedily transformed from a little-known and barren country into a populous, busy mining district. Communication facilities were established with the coast and at the mouth of the Klondike River sprang up the city of Dawson which very quickly grew to a population of five thousand people.

Naturally, the adventurous men and women who traveled hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of miles, lured by the hope of fortunes, were many times subjected to hardship and privation and suffering, for the climate of Alaska is exceedingly severe, the short summer being very hot and the long winters extremely cold and rough. The Yukon River is closed by ice during a large portion of the year and traveling is very difficult and often impossible. Many people, however, gathered vast fortunes in the Klondike region, while others, disappointed and with health broken, returned to their homes poorer than when they left them.

We must turn our attention now to a great catastrophe which took place on October 8, 1871. The city of Chicago (then a city of 324,000 inhabitants) was devastated by a great fire which swept



THE FINAL AWARD. THE LAST SITTING OF THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

over a district of four or five miles in extent, destroyed more than 20,000 buildings and almost one-third of all the property in the city. Two hundred and fifty lives were lost and about 200,000 people made homeless. The actual property loss was estimated at \$200,000,000.

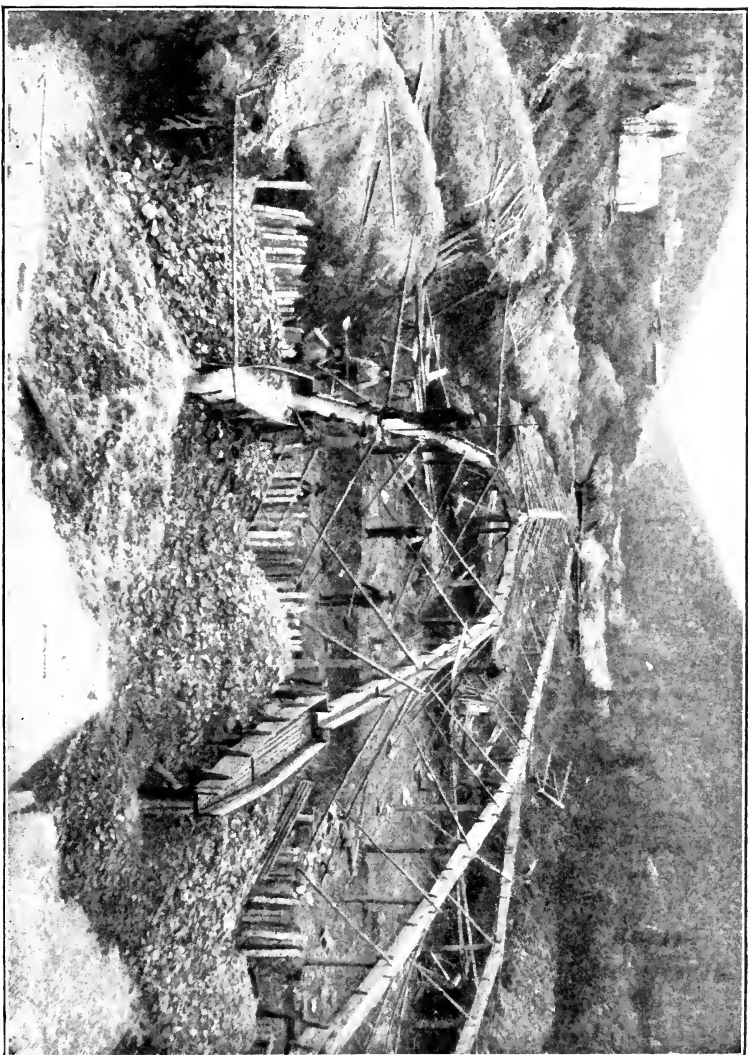
This terrible conflagration was the greatest that had ever visited our country; indeed, the greatest that had occurred in any country in modern times save for the burning of the city of Moscow. The Chicago fire, like many another far-reaching misfortune, had its beginning in a most seemingly insignificant accident. As nearly as could afterward be ascertained, a cow in some way upset an oil-lamp in a barn on De Koven Street and loose straw on the floor became ignited. A strong wind was blowing at the time which carried the flames to some wooden buildings, and then from near-by lumber-yards the fire spread over the whole business portion of the city, leaping across the Chicago River, and for a time it seemed as if the whole city were doomed.

The people fled in terror to the lakeside, where, for two days and nights, while the fire raged uncontrolled, thousands of homeless fugitives camped, without food or shelter and in many cases without even clothing to protect them from the cold blasts which came from the waters of the Lake. The scenes of suffering were almost indescribable.

The whole country was stirred to its depths by this terrible disaster. Money and supplies were sent to the afflicted city from all parts of the world, and everything possible was done to aid the sufferers.

When the flames were at last extinguished, the people of Chicago with wonderful courage and energy set to work to rebuild their city, and from the ashes of that great conflagration arose the present city of Chicago—one of the largest and most enterprising centers in the whole world.

A great many very bitter wars are fought with money, as every one knows, and in a nation's financial affairs there may be moments quite as intense and fraught with quite as much excitement and disaster as is the moment which turns the tide of battle and determines the result of a great military or naval encounter.

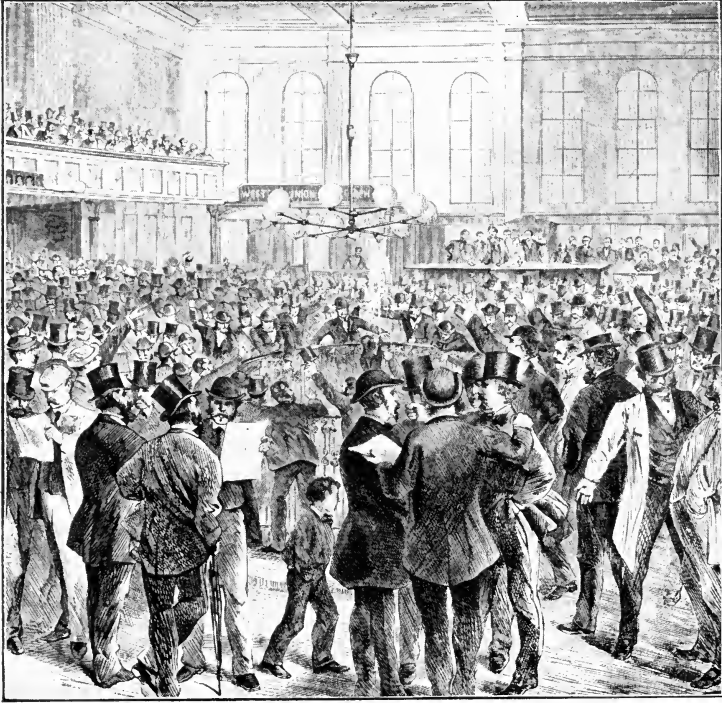


SLUICE-WASHING FOR GOLD IN THE KLONDIKE

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

It happened before the hero of Appomattox had completed his first term that a great crisis occurred, in which money was the weapon and the object.

This is known as the great financial panic of 1869, one of the most exciting things of its kind in the history of the world, and



SCENE IN THE GOLD ROOM, NEW YORK CITY, ON "BLACK FRIDAY"

caused by one of the boldest and most unscrupulous schemes which have ever been devised by greedy and heartless men.

In the autumn of that year a group of unscrupulous speculators succeeded in forming what is known as a "corner" in the gold-market. When a man, or a group of men, buys up the supply of any commodity so as to control its sale, that is what is known as a "corner." It is a kind of business strategy in which, as in military strategy, a great deal of foresight and scheming and sagacity are employed.

HAPPENINGS DURING GENERAL GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION

When a group of men succeed in "cornering" any commodity, you will see that they are in a position to do about as they please, and these unscrupulous and heartless men succeeded in forming a corner in gold. As a consequence, they brought the business interests of the great metropolis of New York to the very verge of ruin, and the effects of their calculating enterprise were felt all over the country.

You will bear in mind that during the Civil War the credit of our government declined to such an extent that at one time a dollar in gold was worth two hundred and eighty cents in paper money. That is to say, a paper dollar was not worth a dollar at all. It was the same at the time of the War of Independence, when money had depreciated so greatly in value that General Washington said it took a wagon-load of money to buy a wagon-load of provisions, and we are all familiar with the expression which had its origin then of "not worth a Continental."

But after Uncle Sam had succeeded in reasserting his authority the value of paper money began to increase, and in the fall of 1869 (the time of which we are writing) a gold dollar was worth no more than a dollar and thirty cents in paper.

Of course, you will understand that a paper dollar has no actual value; it is simply the government's promise to pay one dollar in gold, and the value of a paper dollar depends on the government's ability to keep its word. It costs about a tenth of a cent to manufacture a paper dollar.

Now at the time of which we are writing things were beginning to pick up a little with Uncle Sam. The tremendous drain of the Civil War was over, and he was beginning to see his way clear to keep his promises, which means simply that paper money began to be worth something like the amount stamped upon it.

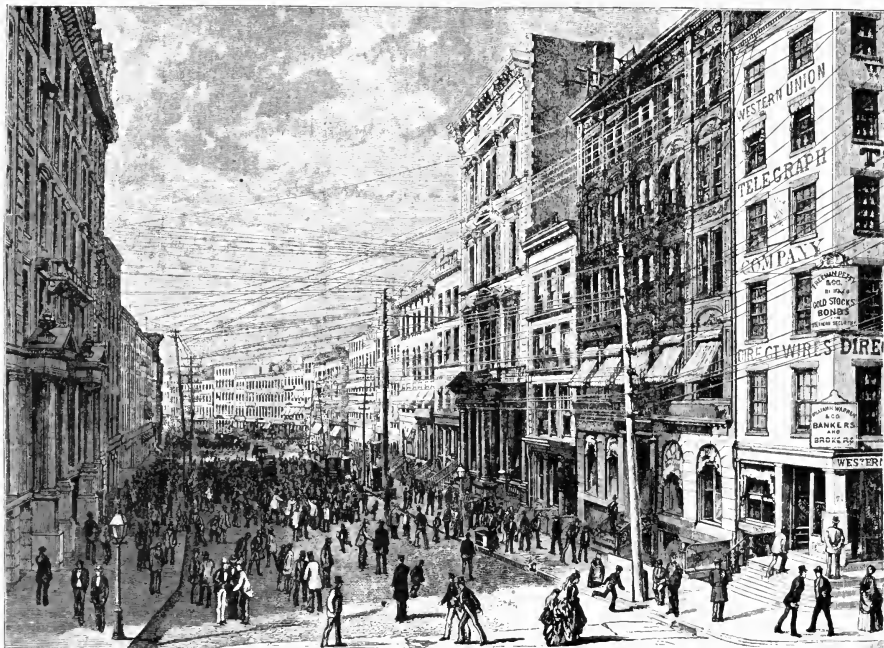
There was at that time in the banks of New York fifteen million dollars in gold coin, and in the Sub-Treasury of the United States there was one hundred million more.

Now if these speculators—these financial strategists—could manage by purchase to get control of most of this fifteen million dollars in gold, why, they would control the market. They could advance the price of gold to a fabulous figure, sell out all which they held themselves, and retire from the field victorious and rich. All about

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

them would be strewn—like soldiers on a battle-field—wrecked and half-crazed men and ruined fortunes; but what would they care for that?

In order successfully to carry out this scheme it would be necessary to prevent the Secretary of the Treasury from releasing any



WALL STREET IN THE PANIC OF 1873

With the suspension of Henry Clews & Co. and that of Howes & Macy throngs of depositors besieged both offices and the police had to be called out to maintain order. (From a drawing in *Harper's Weekly*, October 11, 1873, after a photograph by Rockwood.)

of the hundred million in his keeping. President Grant was by no means as shrewd a strategist in financial matters as in military affairs, and these clever men succeeded in convincing him that a rise in gold would be a very good thing for the country. General Grant was so honest and patriotic that he could not believe that others were selfish and dishonest, and he gave orders that none of the government's gold should be sold, save only a small portion of it for certain necessary papers.

Having thus carefully arranged all their plans, the conspirators

began buying gold. They bought faster and faster, all the while advancing the price. By the 22d of September they had succeeded in advancing it to one hundred and forty. The next day it rose to one hundred and forty-four. The members of the conspiracy now announced that they intended to advance the rate to two hundred, and it seemed likely that they would put their threat into execution the next day.

This was a day famous in the business history of our country—known as “Black Friday.” On the morning of that day the bidding in the gold room in New York began with great excitement. The conspirators advanced the price to one hundred and fifty, one fifty-five, and at last to one hundred and sixty!

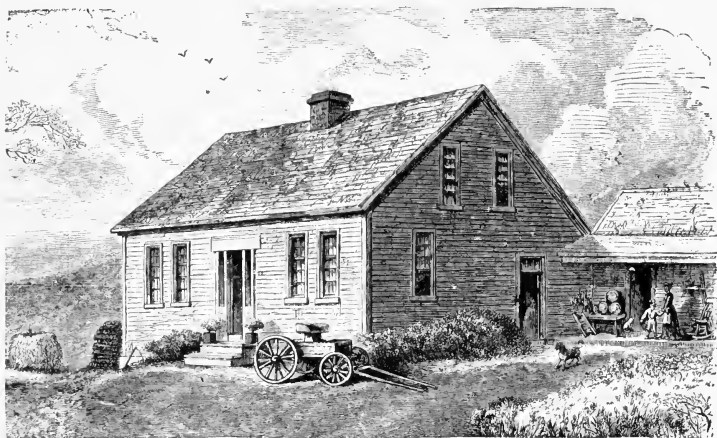
Then, suddenly, there came a despatch from Washington that the Secretary of the Treasury had ordered four million dollars in gold to be sold.

It was like the bursting of a dam and the tidings produced consternation. There followed one of the greatest panics in history. Down went the price of gold. It sank twenty per cent. in twenty minutes. The speculators were blown away in an uproar, but they had managed to accumulate, through their bold and unprincipled scheme, about eleven million dollars. It was many weeks before the business interests of the country recovered from this acute shock, and Black Friday, with its maddening scene of frantic men, shouting in uncontrollable fear and excitement, as the great bubble collapsed and the price of gold went tumbling, is one of the few really intense and dramatic episodes in the rather prosy history of business and finance.

The administration of President Grant was to see another Black Friday, which came as the crisis of another business panic, in September, 1873. Its cause is not so easy to describe as that of the panic of 1869, but the fluctuations in the value of the national currency gave rise to it. First a great banking-house failed, which caused people to become frightened and draw their money from other banking-houses and banks, and as a consequence these also failed; for, of course, a bank does not expect all its depositors to come in a body and demand their savings, any more than the captain of a great steamship expects all its thousand occupants to crowd at one side all at the same time. The boat may be safe enough, but it is best not to do that.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The frightened people, however, crowded to the banks, and this sudden onrush caused several banks to close their doors. With every new failure the people became more frantic and clamorous. Such a panic is like jealousy—it makes the stuff it feeds on.



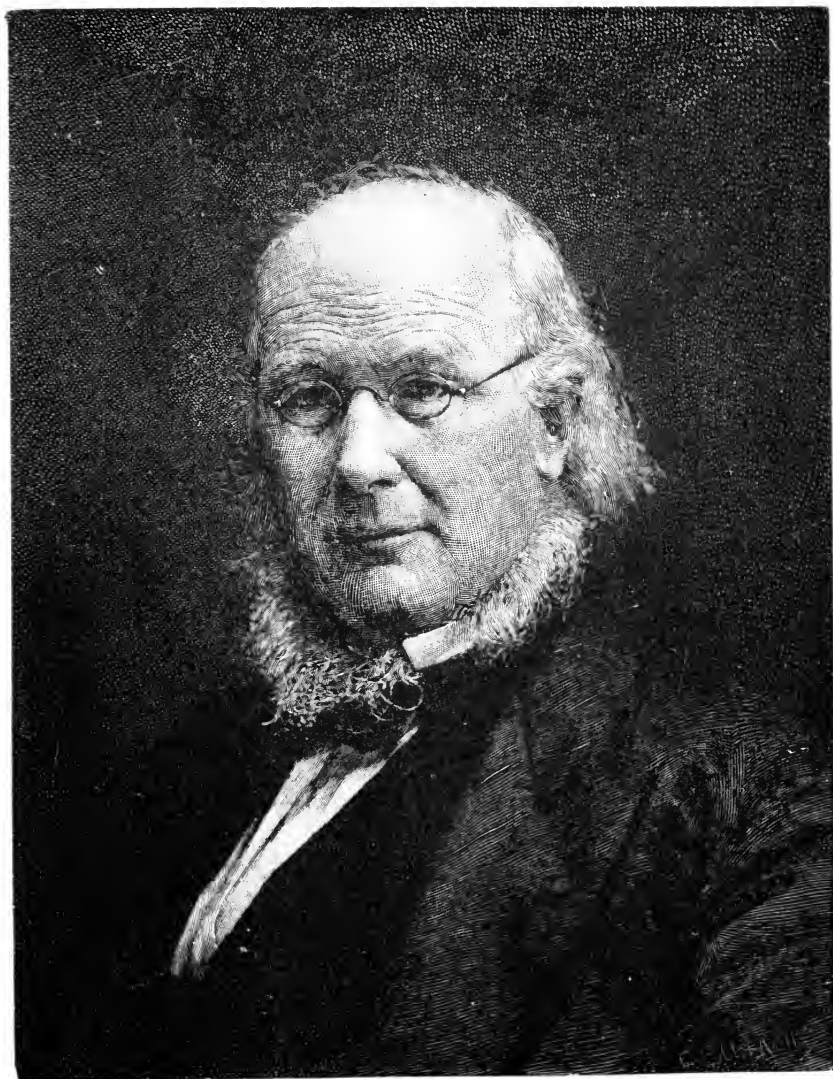
BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY, AMHERST, NEW HAMPSHIRE

As the big snowball of fear and excitement rolled up and gathered, business became utterly paralyzed.

September 19, 1873, was the second Black Friday, and it was so very black that the other one seems a mere dark brown compared with it. The scene in the New York Stock Exchange that day was one of shrieking pandemonium; hatless men rushed up and down the street—some in frantic excitement, others in utter despair. The weather was in keeping with the scene; it was dull and black and rainy.

We have narrated the story of our government's wars with the Indians, some of which occurred during President Grant's administration, and we have seen that money may also be the cause of war and ruin. Let us now glance at the political conflict which resulted in the re-election of the hero of Appomattox.

During the Civil War newspapers were by no means as numerous in our country as they are to-day, but there was one paper so famous that it was hardly less than a national institution, and that was the *New York Tribune*. Its editor, Horace Greeley, was perhaps the



HORACE GREELEY

most famous newspaper editor of America; and surely no man ever hated slavery more than he did. By some he was called the "modern Franklin," and his start in life was not altogether unlike that of the illustrious philosopher of Colonial days.

Horace Greeley was born in New Hampshire, and when he was ten years old his family removed to a farm in Vermont. He became an insatiable reader and, like Franklin, he acquired a reputation for wisdom while still a boy, so that others asked his advice, and perhaps occasionally followed it. Later, Horace drifted to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he became a journeyman printer, and in August, 1831, this ungainly young man went to New York to seek his fortune. He had a carpet-bag in his hand, ten dollars and twenty cents in his pockets, and a great many ideas in his head. For a long while he searched for work, and at last secured a position as printer—a position where the duties were so hard that no one else had been willing to accept it.

He worked hard until 1841, when he succeeded in borrowing one thousand dollars, with which he started the newspaper that later became so famous and influential.

The poor farm-boy and printer's devil became very prominent. Before and during the great war his voice, through the columns of his paper, thundered against slavery and disunion. He was very big-hearted; no man ever lived whose motives were purer and nobler or whose private life was more stainless and beautiful, but he was sometimes hasty, his opinions were not always sound, and if he was a "wise man" in many ways, he was not a statesman.

When the war was over he was very anxious that all bad feeling should cease, and he showed his magnanimity toward the South by signing the bail-bond of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis.

During President Grant's first term the great and victorious Republican party became divided against itself; some thought that General Grant was too harsh with the South; others were opposed to him for other reasons, and this dissatisfied element left the party and nominated Horace Greeley for President. The loyal Republicans said, "Grant beat Davis; Greeley freed him." The Democrats indorsed Mr. Greeley, but he was badly defeated, and the man who had uttered the famous words, "Let us have peace," was elected for a second term.

HAPPENINGS DURING GENERAL GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION

A very short time before the election, Horace Greeley, who was on a speech-making tour, was suddenly called to the bedside of his dying wife. Her death, together with his humiliating defeat, was too much for the noble and patriotic old man, and he died before the votes were officially counted.

It was said at the time that neither he nor General Grant was suited for the great office of President, because each was too great in his own particular way.

CHAPTER XII

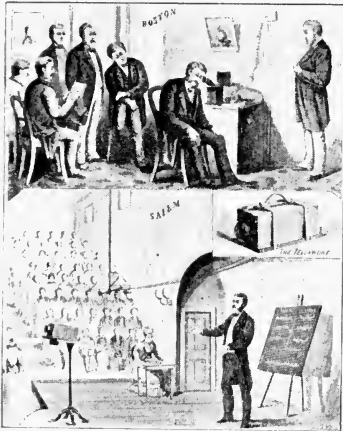
FROM HAYES TO McKINLEY

WHEN General Grant's second term was completed Rutherford B. Hayes became the nineteenth President of the United States. Like President Grant, Mr. Hayes was an old soldier, having fought in the Civil War on the Union side. He was a lawyer by profession and had been sent to Congress by his native state of Ohio, of which state he was afterward Governor for three terms. He was popular with a large share of the people, although there had been a bitter dispute over the election, and it was never quite certain that Mr. Hayes had been properly elected to the Presidency.

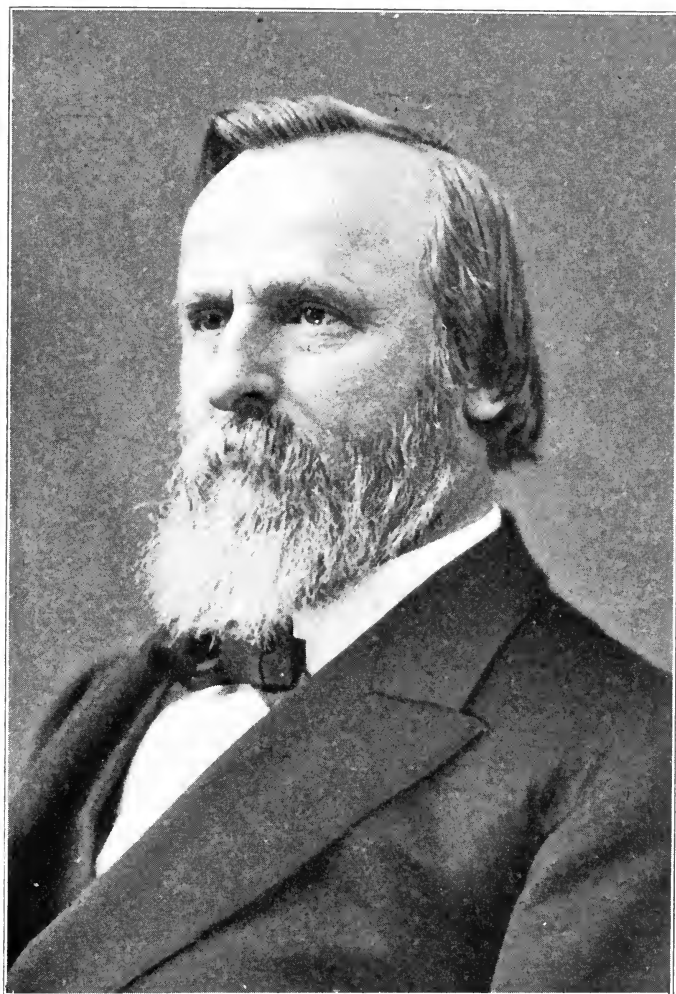
President Hayes tried hard to bring about a more friendly feeling between the North and the South, and appointed as a member of his Cabinet at least one man who had served the Confederacy through the war.

The four years of Mr. Hayes's Presidency passed rather quietly for our country. One of the important events

of that time was the installation of the first telephone for business use. This was connected from an office in the city of Boston to the home of the proprietor, three miles away. In our days, when every business office in the land, and nearly every home, is equipped with its telephone, and when it is possible for a man in New York City to carry on a conversation by wire with his friend in San Francisco, it is hardly possible for us to realize the enthusiasm and



PROFESSOR BELL, IN SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS AND MR. WATSON IN BOSTON DEMONSTRATING THE TELEPHONE BEFORE AUDIENCES IN 1877



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

wonderment which were created by this first three-mile telephone—the invention of Alexander Bell, of Boston.

One of the chief happenings during President Hayes's administration was the resumption by our government of specie payment.

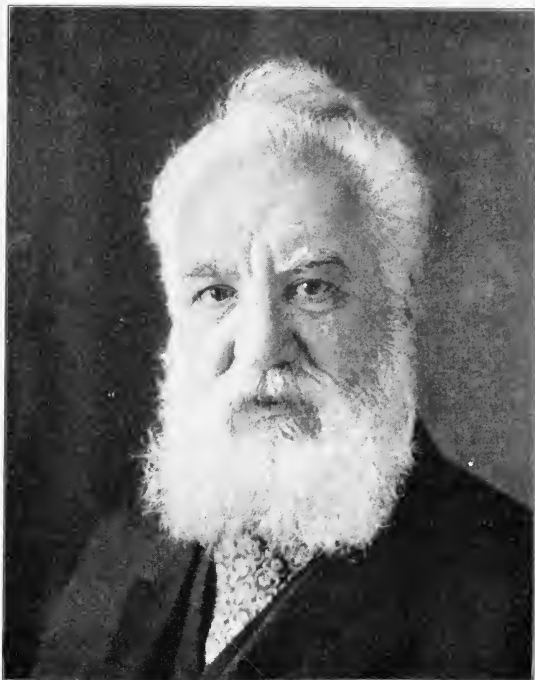
You will remember that it was explained in a former chapter how a paper dollar has no actual value and is good, not because it is really worth a dollar, but because Uncle Sam's word is worth a dollar and because he has, or *will have*, a real gold dollar to pay for every paper dollar he issues.

During the Civil War Uncle Sam was under a tremendously heavy expense; he had very little real gold to be handing out, and so he handed out the next best thing, which was promises.

There was hardly any real money in circulation during the war. Little pieces of paper, which looked like miniature dollar bills, were used in place of halves, quarters, dimes, and nickels, while postage stamps also did duty as money.

After a while, however, in 1879, when our government was well on the road to recovery from the war, specie payment was resumed, and the wholesome and altogether pleasant jingle of coins could be heard once again in trousers pockets.

The four years rolled quickly by and again it was time for the people to choose a President. General Grant had just returned from a trip around the world, during which he had visited the prin-



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ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Inventor of the telephone

cial courts of Europe and had been received with great honor everywhere. His friends now tried to give him a third term as President, and he would probably have been elected except for the wide-spread feeling among our people that no man should hold that office for more than two terms. So James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was made the next President.

Like many men who have risen to fame and power, James A. Garfield was a poor boy. His father died when he was a mere baby and he was left to the care of his mother, whose devotion he amply repaid by his tender care of her in later years. A touching picture is given of the boy James, barefooted and poorly clad, bringing to his mother his first day's earnings. His boyhood was spent in a rural district in Ohio, where he worked at times as a carpenter and at another time driving a canal-boat. His mother, however, appreciated the value of an education and saw to it that her son received all the schooling possible. He worked hard at his studies and, having passed through high-school and college, became a professor and later president of Hiram College, in Ohio.

When the Civil War broke out Garfield (then about thirty years old) at once volunteered, and served with great ability and bravery. Had he remained in the army, it is probable that his name might have come down to us along with those of Grant and Lee and other famous generals, but in 1862, while he was still in the field, he was elected to Congress. He did not wish to go, but President Lincoln, feeling that his services in the legislature would be even more valuable than in the field, particularly asked him to do so. The value of his legislative work is shown by the fact that he served as a member of Congress for seventeen years. Later he was chosen as United States Senator, but he never took his seat in the Senate, because of his election to the highest office in the land.

Garfield's career as President was short. On the 2d of July, in 1881, barely four months after he had assumed the duties of that office, he was deliberately shot as he stood in the railroad station in Washington, about to take a train for the seashore, where his sick wife was staying. Doctors were summoned and he was hastily carried back to the White House. Although he was seriously wounded, the physicians believed that he would recover, but, despite the best of care and medical attention, he grew steadily weaker



JAMES A. GARFIELD

and early in the fall he was taken to Elberon, New Jersey, in the hope that the sea air would prove of benefit to him. There he died on the 19th of September—the anniversary of the battle of Chickamauga, where he had performed one of his most valuable services. His body was taken to Cleveland and a splendid monument was erected to his memory.

Again the country was plunged into mourning, only second to that which had prevailed after the shooting of President Lincoln.

Charles Jules Guiteau, the wretch who performed this dastardly act, was a worthless fellow who had long tried to obtain a political office. His failure to secure it was the only reason ever known for his cowardly deed. He was immediately seized and imprisoned and so saved from the angry mob which would undoubtedly have lynched him if they could have gotten their hands upon him. Doubtless his mind was partially unbalanced, but he was given a fair trial and it was demonstrated that he clearly understood the wickedness of his act. On the 30th of June, 1883, he was hanged.

On the day after the death of President Garfield, Chester Alan Arthur, the Vice-President, took the oath of office in New York and hurried to Washington, there to take the post left vacant by this sad affair. Upon his arrival in Washington he again took the oath in the presence of Chief-Justice White, General Sherman, and ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes.

Mr. Arthur was a Vermont man, and, like Hayes, he was a lawyer by profession. It was while he was President that the famous Brooklyn Bridge was completed and opened to the public. It had taken thirteen years to build this bridge, which stretches its mile of length across the East River. It was the largest bridge of its kind in the world and the first bridge to connect New York City with Long Island. For years it was regarded as one of the wonders of the modern world and the visitor to New York City even to-day does not feel his visit complete until he has walked over the broad promenade of the Brooklyn Bridge. Although several other bridges now span the East River, the old structure still holds its own, its solid granite towers rising in stately grandeur against the sky, their majesty nothing dimmed by the more delicate steel bridges which have been built in later years.

Just before President Arthur gave place to Grover Cleveland,

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

in 1885, the Washington Monument was completed at the national capital. Years before the Civil War began the corner-stone of this memorial had been laid, but for thirty-seven years the monument was allowed to stand unfinished. At last, on February 21, 1885 (as nearly as possible to Washington's Birthday, which fell on Sunday that year), this monument to the Father of His Country was

dedicated. The stately column is the highest in the world. It is provided with an elevator and an iron stairway of 900 steps, by means of which the visitor may reach the top of its 555 feet.

At about this time another public memorial came to our shores, as the gift of the people of France. This was the majestic Statue of Liberty which stands at the entrance to New York Harbor and extends its welcome alike to the returning American tourist and to the immigrant or visitor who seeks our land.



FREDERICK AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI

A great French sculptor named Frederick Auguste Bartholdi conceived the idea of presenting this

monument to the people of America, who were very glad to accept the gift and set apart Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor to receive the statue. The French vessel bearing Dame Liberty reached New York in June of 1885, and was loudly cheered by the throng which had gathered in honor of its arrival.

It is interesting to know something of the size of this great statue. The raised forefinger of the goddess is more than eight feet long—higher than the tallest man; the finger-nail is twelve inches long and the nose almost four feet! Forty people may stand at one time inside the head of the figure, and the flaming torch will hold within it twelve persons.

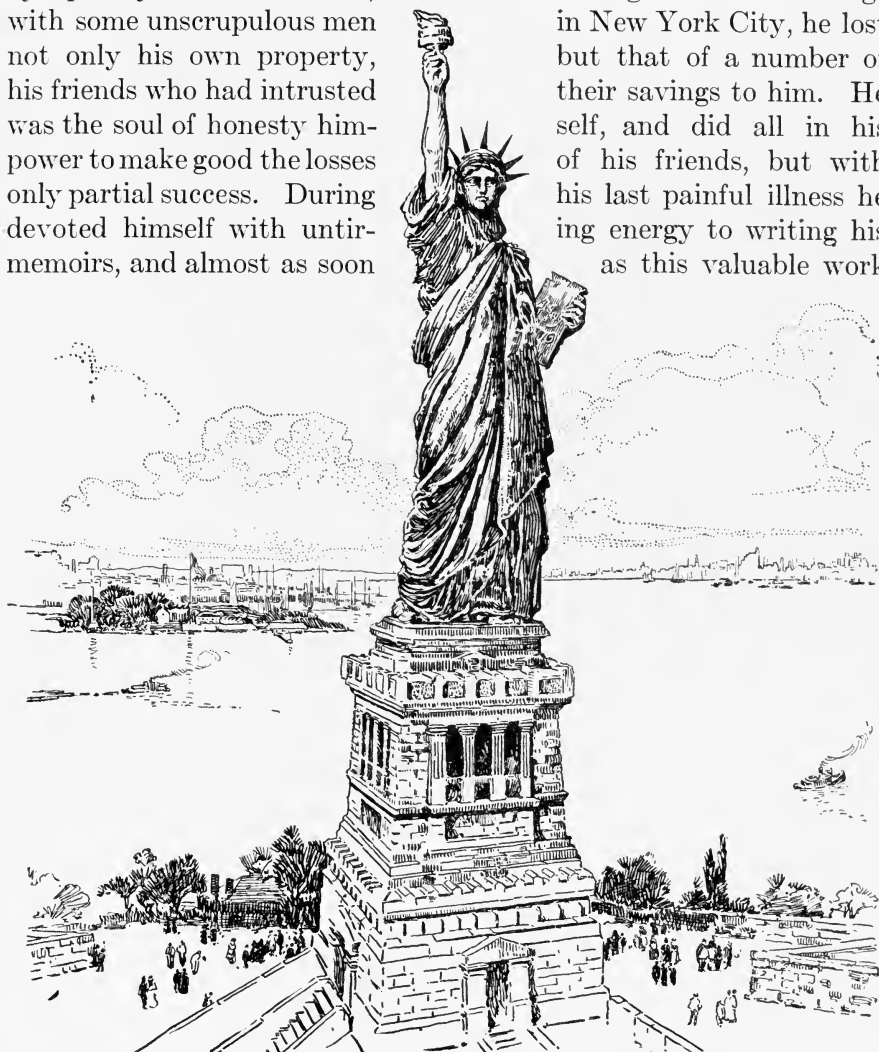
Before we pass on to other matters, let us look at one other public monument which, although it was not erected until several years



CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR

later, commemorated the death of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, which took place at about this time, to the deep grief of the entire nation. General Grant had continued to occupy a very high place in the public esteem after his return from his triumphant journey around the world, and the people of the country felt only the utmost sympathy for him when, with some unscrupulous men not only his own property, his friends who had intrusted was the soul of honesty him-power to make good the losses only partial success. During devoted himself with untir-memoirs, and almost as soon

through business dealings in New York City, he lost but that of a number of their savings to him. He self, and did all in his of his friends, but with his last painful illness he ing energy to writing his as this valuable work



BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

was finished he breathed his last, on July 22, 1885. His body was taken to the City Hall in New York, where sorrowing thousands viewed it.

The widow of the ex-President was asked to select a spot for the final resting-place of her husband, and her choice fell upon River-



GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK CITY

side Heights in the upper section of New York City. A fund of nearly half a million dollars was gladly contributed by private citizens, and the majestic structure now known throughout the country as Grant's Tomb was raised on the banks overlooking the Hudson River, where it stands in stately grandeur to be viewed by all who traverse that broad stream and to be visited each year by thousands, who thus pay their homage to this great American soldier. The simple beauty of the square granite mausoleum is typical of the simple

majesty of the man whom it commemorates. Scenes from General Grant's life are sculptured on the interior of the building. In the crypt beneath the center of the great dome which surmounts it were placed two beautiful stone caskets, and to this fitting resting-place the remains of General Grant were taken with impressive ceremonies on April 27, 1897. When Mrs. Grant died, some years later, her body was laid beside that of her husband.



BENJAMIN HARRISON

Until the year 1886 the people of our country had felt very little fear of earthquake shocks, for while in some parts of the land there were frequent earth tremors, there had never been one which did any very serious damage. But on the night of August 31st, in that year, many towns and cities in the country were thrown into consternation by a series of earthquakes. All through the South these were felt; buildings swayed and rocked, and fell crashing to the ground, while the people rushed into the streets clad only in their nightclothes. As far west as Chicago and Indianapolis and as far north as Albany, New York, the shocks were felt; but in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, they reached their height and caused terrible destruction and loss of life.

There ten separate shocks were felt, and almost immediately fires started in several places. The people ran from their falling houses and made for the open country, which seemed the only safe place. The entire city was wrecked; the streets were filled with masses of fallen bricks and masonry and tangled wires, so that they were almost impassable. For a time the town was entirely cut off from communication with the outside world, all the telegraph wires being destroyed and the steel rails of the railroads so twisted that no train could reach the city. For hours it was feared and believed elsewhere that Charleston had been totally destroyed.

The next morning there were more shocks, and when that night came fifty thousand people were in the squares and open spaces about the city, none daring to enter the few houses which were left standing. The frenzied negroes, in particular, believed that the end of the world had come.

The prospect of famine added to the general terror, but happily this was diverted, for it was still possible to reach the stricken city by sea, and supplies were quickly sent to relieve the suffering.

When Grover Cleveland's term as President expired his friends tried to re-elect him. Mr. Cleveland was the son of a clergyman and had practised law as a young man, afterward becoming Mayor of Buffalo, New York, and then Governor of New York State, and it was believed that he was admirably fitted to hold the office of President. The effort was unsuccessful, however, and Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, was elected.

The new President was the grandson of William Henry Harrison,

who had been the ninth President of the United States, and the great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His own father was an Ohio farmer, and he himself was one of the foremost lawyers in the country.

Not many months after he took up his residence in the White House the country was appalled at a terrible misfortune which fell upon the eastern part of the state of Pennsylvania. For many days heavy rains had been falling and had swollen all the rivers and streams throughout that section.

On the Conemaugh River, between Altoona and Pittsburgh, stood the populous manufacturing city of Johnstown, and up among the hills at the head of the winding valley, three hundred feet higher than the town, lay the Conemaugh Lake, three miles long and more than a mile wide. The waters of this lake were held back by a huge dam, which thus formed an enormous reservoir.

The people living in the valley below the dam had often speculated as to what would happen if it should give way; but it never had given way, and as a general thing they went calmly about their daily business, secure in the belief that as the dam never *had* burst it never *would* burst. Occasionally, when unusually heavy rains flooded the rivers, engineers would be sent up to make an examination, but they always reported that all was safe and laughed at the few cautious souls who expressed any fear of a breakage.

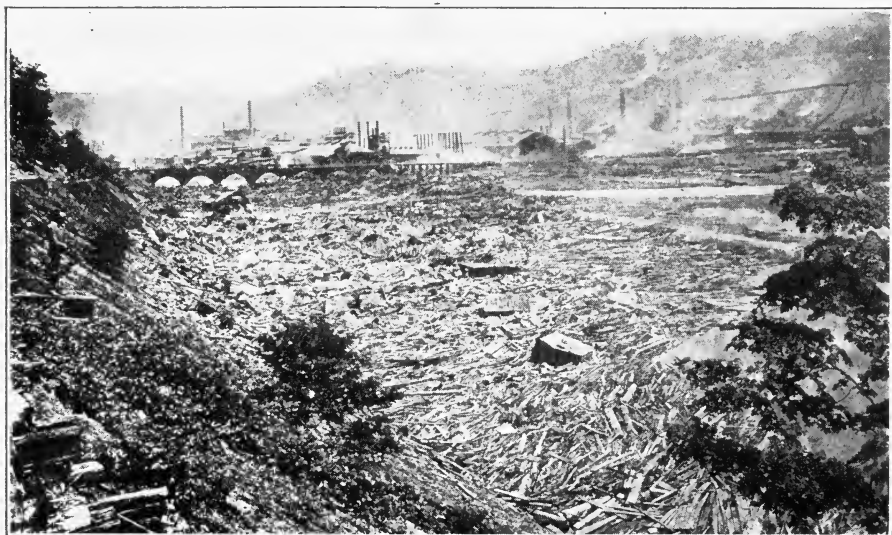
But on the 31st of May, 1889, in the middle of the afternoon, a man on horseback came galloping through the valley, crying out that the dam had broken. Some heeded the warning and fled to the mountain-side, but the majority of the people, believing it to be only a false alarm, waited to see what would happen, and lost their lives in the furious torrent that immediately came rushing down the valley.

The dam had indeed given way, the whole huge mass of masonry slipping from its fastenings and allowing the enormous body of water imprisoned behind it to descend upon the villages and towns below, in a resistless flood. Seven minutes after the bursting of the dam the great deluge was eighteen miles down the valley.

We have no words which will describe the horror that followed; houses, engines, heavy machinery, and uprooted trees were tossed about like so many corks. Sweeping through the city of Johnstown

and gathering up in its mad race thousands of tons of debris of every sort, and human lives by the hundreds, and spreading death and desolation everywhere, it thundered on until it reached the railroad bridge below the city.

One man who succeeded in reaching safety, and who helplessly watched the flood from the hillside, said afterward that he saw the



THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

General view of devastation wrought by the bursting of the huge dam at Johnstown, May 31, 1889

roundhouse of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with eighteen or twenty locomotives within it, swallowed by the flood at one moment with an immense crash.

Another man, who saw the waters approaching from a hill below Johnstown, gives the following graphic description of the sight:

"I looked up and saw something that looked like a wall of houses and trees up the valley. The next moment Johnstown seemed coming toward me. It was lifted right up, and in a minute was smashing against the bridge, and the houses were flying in splinters across the top and into the water beyond."

The bridge below the city was partly of stone, and against this solid structure the rushing torrent piled up its burden of wreckage.

In the frightful mass were buildings, locomotives, cars, fragments of iron bridge-work, furniture, household utensils, domestic animals and human bodies without number, and the whole mass was bound together by miles of tangled barbed wire. In many of the buildings there were people imprisoned, some living, some dead; the greater proportion of these were women and children who had been caught unawares, and some of whom had been too frightened to even try to save themselves. To add to the unspeakable horror, fire soon started, and scores of people were undoubtedly burned to death.

No one has ever known how many lives were lost in the Johnstown flood, the very mention of which still strikes terror to the stoutest heart. For months and even years afterward bodies were found. Strange to say, the early reports of the catastrophe were that only about two hundred had been killed; then the number rose to a thousand, but it was finally determined that at least ten thousand people must have perished, and the property loss was enormous.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the dam burst, and by half past five the flood had spent itself.

Many deeds of heroism were done, and we like to remember the noble Mrs. Ogle, who was in charge of the telegraph office at Johnstown. She was repeatedly warned to leave her station and save herself, but she stood bravely at her instrument with her daughter by her side, sounding repeated warnings to the towns and villages in the valley below. When she had reached all that she could, she sent over the wires these words, "This is my last message." It was true. Both mother and daughter were swallowed up by the flood.

All through the valley of the Conemaugh, and throughout all that section of the country to the east of the Alleghanies, the flood worked havoc. Whole villages and towns were submerged; in some cases not a vestige of habitation remained when the waters subsided, although in the larger towns the more substantial buildings still stood in a more or less ruined condition. On all sides, bridges and railroads were destroyed. The Potomac River overspread its banks from the highlands of Maryland to those of Virginia, and at Harper's Ferry the bridge was saved only by weighting it down with all the locomotives that could be gotten together.

In the city of Washington it was thought for a time that the

Washington Monument was so injured at the base that it could not be preserved. The telegraph lines were crippled and it was some time before they could be restored. Meanwhile, the few towns which had escaped destruction were almost isolated.

Our people have always responded quickly and generously in times of such terrible disaster in any section of the country, and the Johnstown calamity aroused the instant sympathy of every one. Supplies and money poured in from every direction and every means of relief was used. The city was quickly rebuilt and a large endowment fund was provided, the interest of which was each year thereafter distributed among the orphans of Johnstown.

In 1891 our country came very near to having a war with Chile. One of our battle-ships (the *Baltimore*) was stationed in the harbor of Valparaiso, and a number of the sailors on shore leave got into a quarrel with some of the natives. Of course, a crowd quickly gathered, and as Americans, for some reason, are not very popular in Chile, and as the mob was made up almost wholly of Chileans, the sailor boys fared badly. One of the minor officers of the *Baltimore* was killed and another sailor was so badly injured that he died shortly afterward. Thirty-five of the Americans were arrested, but were released after a short time, as no serious charge could be made against them.

The commander of the *Baltimore* was Captain Schley, of whom we shall hear more in connection with the Spanish-American War of 1898. The President ordered Captain Schley to make a thorough investigation of the matter, and on the strength of his report demanded from Chile an apology for the outrage against the American flag and American citizens and also the payment of a large sum of money for the benefit of the wounded sailors and the families of the two men who had been killed. The government of Chile angrily refused this demand. There was nothing left for us to do but to prepare for war, which we immediately set about doing, but when the South American country saw that we were really in earnest she decided to send a full apology and to pay the indemnity, and so, to the great relief of every one, the trouble was ended.

During this time our government was also concerned with trouble which occurred in the Samoan Islands. Samoa was ruled by native princes and was independent of foreign powers. The capital, Apia,

lies on a bay on the north coast of the principal island. Here an insurrection started and presently spread over the island.

This insurrection was begun by a native chief named Tamasese. The king of the island was Malietoa. Exactly what the quarrel was all about would be rather difficult to unravel, but so far as outsiders were concerned, it was to be viewed as a rebellion against King Malietoa, who was the lawful monarch of the island.

At that time Germany was represented in Samoa by its consul-general, Herr Knappe, and the United States was represented by Mr. H. M. Sewall. A German armed force proceeded to depose the king and to declare the rebel Tamasese the rightful sovereign. Mr. Sewall, on the other hand, followed the well-established custom of respecting the rights of the existing king, at least until the revolution should become strong enough to win its cause through its own spirit and energy.

Thus the American and German officials on the island were brought into conflict, and serious difficulties occurred between the ships of the two nations which were then in the harbor.

When news of all this reached Germany, the Imperial government sent several more ships of war to Samoa to sustain the rebel chief and to show Uncle Sam that Germany was going to say who should be King of Samoa.

Meanwhile our government took up the case on behalf of its representative, Mr. Sewall, and maintained that King Malietoa should not be robbed of his throne. Some United States war-vessels were also sent to Samoa, and there they rode at anchor—the ships of the two nations—in silent defiance.

Then, suddenly, a great foe stepped in and took a hand and stormed and blustered in a way to put Germany to shame.

On the morning of March 14, 1889, the barometer began to fall with alarming rapidity, and the next afternoon there burst over Samoa and the adjacent waters one of the most terrific hurricanes in history. The following day the German ships *Eber* and *Adler* were driven on a reef and soon afterward a British ship which lay in the harbor started headlong for the same fate. Her commander resolved upon the desperate expedient of running her out to sea in the face of the blinding storm. She got into collision with the

Olga and passed close to the *Trenton*, on board of which a fire was raging, and which was herself being forced toward the near-by reefs. Yet even in this moment of impending death the Yankee sailors on the *Trenton* greeted the desperate effort of the English ship to get to sea with rousing cheers.

"Those American cheers," said the British captain, afterward, "saved my ship, for they gave new heart to my men."

"Consider the scene," said an English writer, "and the matchless heroism and generosity of this Yankee crew. Almost sure of instant death themselves, they could see the Queen's ship fighting the hurricane and appreciate the gallantry of the effort with the generous pleasure of true mariners. We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than this cheering of the *Trenton's* men. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood,

the doomed saluting the saved. It was pluckier and more human than any cry raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle ship. It never can be forgotten—*must* never be forgotten by Englishmen!"

The heroism of the American sailors was beyond parallel. Their labors were tremendous, their sufferings unspeakable, but even in the face of death and amid the raging of the storm the band on the *Trenton* struck up "The Star-spangled Banner" as the ship, heading for the reef, rushed headlong to destruction.



HARBOR OF APIA

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Our ships, the *Trenton* and the *Vandalia*, were total wrecks, as also two of the German ships; the other German vessels, two in number, were run upon the beach, badly damaged, when the storm had abated.

Following this awful visitation of nature, the Samoan trouble became the subject of friendly conference, with the happy ending



VIEW OF WORLD'S FAIR, SHOWING PALACE OF MECHANIC ARTS BUILDING

that through Uncle Sam's insistence the Samoan king was restored to his throne.

In 1892 Grover Cleveland was again elected President, and it was during his second term that the great World's Exposition was held in Chicago in commemoration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

As a matter of fact, this should have taken place in 1892, but the preparations were so elaborate and occupied so much time that



GROVER CLEVELAND

it had to be postponed until the following year. As a part of this celebration there was held in American waters a great naval parade in which war-ships from all the leading countries of the world participated. They gathered at Hampton Roads in Virginia and steamed north to New York, where they were ranged in two lines stretching along the Hudson River. Between the two rows of ships rode the President's yacht, *Dolphin*, bearing the President and the members of his Cabinet, and as she passed each battle-ship fired a salute.

The various states of the Union had appropriated in all about six million dollars for the Exposition, and nearly all the countries of the world sent more or less elaborate and expensive exhibits. From May until October, 1893, the Exposition was open to the public in the section of Chicago known as Jackson Park, which fronted on Lake Michigan and made an ideally beautiful location. The beauty of the ten large buildings and the artistic arrangement of the entire Exposition made it memorable throughout the world. In the broad avenue known as the Midway Plaisance were shown scenes of native life from all parts of the world; Austria, Africa, the Philippine Islands, Lapland, China, Japan, Hawaii, and many little-known corners of the earth sent their representatives to make this one of the most attractive and amusing portions of the Fair.

When it again became time to elect a President in 1896, there were seven candidates in the field, but the choice fell upon William McKinley, of Ohio, who was destined to bear a heavier burden and a greater responsibility than was dreamed of at the time.

CHAPTER XIII

SOLDIER AND WAR PRESIDENT

THE man who thus became the twenty-fifth President of our Republic had carried a musket in the Civil War. He knew what fighting was and what war meant.

William McKinley was born on the 29th of January, at Niles, in Trumbull County, Ohio. His parents were people of small means, as the parents of so many famous men have been; but they entertained high hopes of their son and managed to prepare him for college. He attended Alleghany College in Meadville, Pennsylvania, but while there his health gave way and he was compelled to return to his home.

After a while he became a school-teacher at the extravagant salary of twenty-five dollars a month. Like most teachers in the country districts, he "boarded 'round," and in the evening, after the stern school day was over, the boys would assemble in the farmhouse where their teacher happened to be staying, to play games with him and listen to the stories which he told. At that time there was much talk about slavery, and young William lost no opportunity to express his indignation that such an institution should flourish in his country.

It did not fall to William's lot to abolish slavery in the United States, though he contributed his patriotism and courage to that grand end. It did fall to his lot, however, in the fullness of time, to rescue thousands from the cruel hand of oppression.

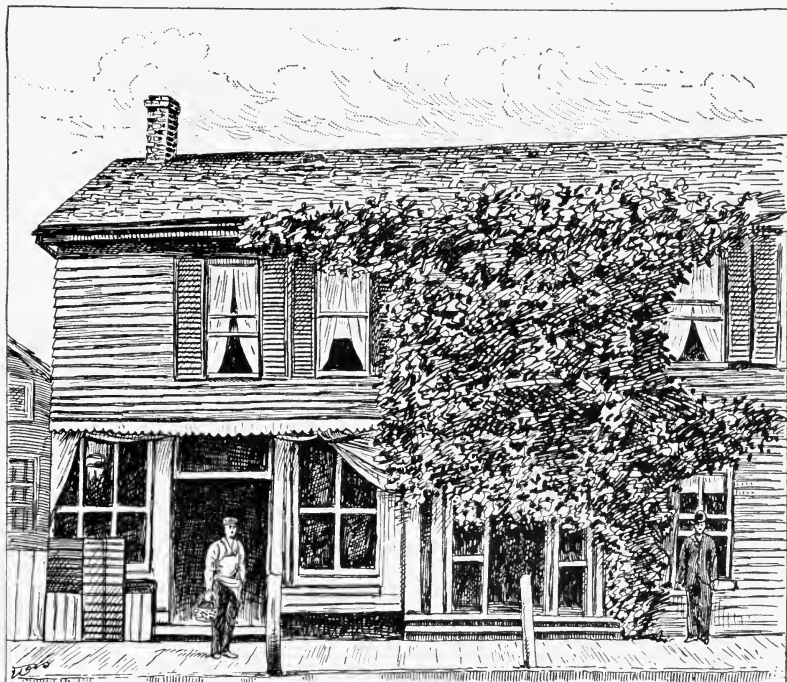
When the country was startled by the firing on our flag at Fort Sumter, William McKinley was fired with the patriotic impulse to join the army. He enlisted as a private in the regiment of which Rutherford B. Hayes was major. Thus to the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio belonged the honor of furnishing two Presidents of the United States.

SOLDIER AND WAR PRESIDENT

Young McKinley carried a musket for more than a year and then he became a sergeant.

Long afterward, when he had been raised to the highest office in the land, he said:

"I always recall those days with pleasure. Those fourteen months I served in the ranks taught me a great deal. I was but a



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, NILES, OHIO

school-boy when I went into the army, and that first year was a formative period of my life, during which I learned much of men and affairs. I have always been glad that I entered the service as a private and served those months in that capacity."

If young William's desire for fighting and adventure influenced his resolution to enlist, he was not disappointed, for scarcely had he joined the army when he found himself in the heat of battle at Carnifax Ferry in West Virginia, where the only victories in the early days of the war were won.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The work his regiment had to do was hard, hurrying back and forth through the mountains, drenched by rains, and on short rations most of the time. Young McKinley did his work so well, however, that soon he was ordered to Washington, where he joined the great Army of the Potomac under General McClellan.



HOME OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, CANTON, OHIO

It was not long before his qualities became noticeable to his superiors, and he was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant. After a while he was sent again into Virginia, where he was in the thick of the fighting and moving about continuously. One day his regiment ate breakfast in Pennsylvania, had dinner in Maryland, and took supper in Virginia!

Before the first year of the war was over he became a captain, and on recommendation of General Sheridan was brevetted major, as a recognition of his conspicuous bravery at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. The title of Major clung to him all through his later career,

SOLDIER AND WAR PRESIDENT

and many persons who had no knowledge of his splendid war record called him Major McKinley.

When peace finally came, Major McKinley found himself a seasoned veteran at the advanced age of twenty-two. He had fought through one of the greatest wars in history, winning honors and advancement, and had still his whole life before him.

What should he do? He was poor and it was very necessary that he earn a living. He decided to study law, and here again his application and aptitude served him well, for in the year 1867 he was graduated with high honors from the Albany Law School.

He began to practise law in Canton, Ohio, and soon was considered one of the leading lawyers, not only of his city, but of his state.

He took a great interest in public affairs. Like the young Lincoln, he was fond of talking politics and people liked to hear him talk. He was invited to deliver addresses here and there, and soon was nominated for the office of district attorney in the county where he lived. He was a Republican, and all the wisecracks said, "He stands no chance," because the office had invariably gone to a Democrat.

But if there was one thing young Mr. McKinley liked better than another, it was undertaking something in which the chances were against him, and to everybody's surprise he was elected.

People now began to watch Major McKinley with interest. He had a way of succeeding, no matter what he happened to be doing, and he "took the hills," as a motorist would say, with great success.

In 1876 he was elected to Congress, and was re-elected for five terms. During his long career there Mr. McKinley was noted for his grasp of national questions, and particularly his interest in tariff



MR. MCKINLEY IN CONGRESS

Exhibiting a ten-dollar "all-wool" Boston-made suit of clothes, while debating on the Mills Tariff Bill, May, 1888.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

legislation. It was in 1890 that he brought about the passage of the tariff measure which came to be known the world over as the "McKinley Bill."

That same year defeat brought to an end his long career in Congress, but higher honors awaited him. He was elected Governor of the State of Ohio, and his administration of that office attracted the attention of the whole country. So successful and splendid was his career as Governor that in 1896 he was nominated by the Republicans for President.

Thus it befell that the young private of 1864 found himself elected to the highest office in the land, and called upon to perform duties and to bear responsibilities of which he himself did not dream.

Let us now glance at the story of the beautiful island of Cuba, which has been called "The Smile of the Sea," but which had very little cause for smiling at about the time that William McKinley became President of the United States.

CHAPTER XIV

“THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLE”

THE first mistake which was ever made in connection with the island of Cuba was made by Christopher Columbus when he sailed along its coast and thought it was the mainland; but whether it was the mainland or not, it undoubtedly belonged to Spain, for “findings were keepings” and everything in sight belonged to Spain in those old days.

That first mistake was as nothing, however, compared with the series of stupendous blunders which followed it.

From the time of Christopher Columbus to the time of William McKinley the island of Cuba belonged to Spain; and throughout this whole time it was the victim of the grossest kind of misrule. Tyranny, oppression, slaughter, robbery, treachery were practised as no one but a Spaniard knows how to practise them, until, in the year 1898, the United States put an end to them forever.

Every boy who has read this series of books knows that in the fifteenth century Spain was mistress of the seas, and one of the most powerful nations of the world. If she had treated properly all the lands which she discovered she would be a world power to-day. As a “mother country” she was from the very beginning both cruel and foolish.

For years the chief pastime of Spaniards in the new world was torturing and killing the harmless natives.

The Indians of the West Indies and of Central America were kind, hospitable, and gentle. With the single exception of the Aztecs of Mexico, they were peaceful even to the extent of meekness. It is a pity that the early Spanish explorers could not have encountered some of the warlike tribes of the North, who would the better have matched them in treachery and prowess; but their field lay

among the amiable savages of the tropics, whose friendship and confidence they repaid with the most frightful cruelties.

We are here concerned only with the hapless island of Cuba, but Spain's explorations in the Western World were all marked by the same wanton cruelty. The conduct of the cruel Cortez in Mexico; of the unspeakable wretch, Pizarro, in Peru; of Balboa (not so bad, but quite bad enough) on the Isthmus of Panama; of Ojeda and Nicuesa and all the rest of them—was so heartless and treacherous and bloody as to make the career of the pirates who came along later seem kindness itself by comparison.

Spain's notion of being a mother country was to tax her possessions and to enforce her exactions by the sword.

In the course of time, what with butchering and transporting, there came to be more Spaniards in Cuba than there were natives; and to these the mother country was just as merciless and exacting.

After a while the carnival of misrule began to bear fruit. One by one Spain's American possessions revolted and wriggled out of her clutch; but Cuba remained.

Through all Cuba was faithful. So loyal was this "Smile of the Sea" in the face of greed and heartless oppression that she came to be called "The Ever-faithful Isle." Year in and year out the oppressed Cubans poured princely revenues into the bottomless coffers of their greedy mother.

That was just what Spain wanted—gold; and for years and years that was all the Cubans seemed to be living for, just to supply Spain with gold—and to be browbeaten and hunted and tortured by Spanish soldiers.

In the year 1808 something happened which caused "The Smile of the Sea" to change into a little frown, and that was the beginning of real revolt in Cuba.

At that time Napoleon Bonaparte deposed the Spanish king and placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. Of course, the Spanish king was very angry and called upon all his good subjects to stand by him; and faithful Cuba stood loyal. The Spanish king, whose name was Ferdinand, told them how deeply grateful he was, how much he appreciated their loyalty, and all the things he would do for her when he regained his throne. Kings in those days were usually very free with their promises when they were in trouble.

"THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLE"

The Cubans told him not to worry, that he was their king just the same; and he told Cuba that they were his good and faithful subjects and that he would never, never forget them, and that everything would be all right—if they continued sending him over gold.

Ferdinand had a pretty hard time of it (for a king) for upward of five years, but "our good and loyal subjects of Cuba" were stanch and true, honoring and assisting him in his adversity, and counting on the happy day when he should come to his own again and reduce the taxes and curb his cruel soldiery, and show his gratitude to "The Ever-faithful Isle."

Then came the shock for Cuba. King Ferdinand regained his possessions and deliberately ignored every single promise he had made them. It was a rude awakening for "The Ever-faithful Isle."

At such times and in such circumstances there are always some wise and brave men who begin to express their views among the people. By kings they are usually called "sedition-breeders." Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry were called sedition-breeders by King George.

But the people call such men *patriots*, and now patriots began to make themselves heard in Cuba. Patriots have a way of asking questions which are very hard for kings to answer, and when King



FERDINAND VII, KING OF SPAIN

Ferdinand heard of these questions he was beset with kingly wrath. He intimated that all men who persisted in talking about his former promises should be regarded as traitors, as if any one could possibly be more of a traitor than he was himself.

It is the Spanish way to do things in secret; and the Cubans, after all, were of Spanish blood. So, instead of standing on their rights, as the patriots of Massachusetts and Virginia had done, they began intriguing and forming secret societies. The object of these was to advance a project to make Cuba an independent republic, and their reasons were the broken promises and violated pledges of their king. But the deepest reason lay in the long years of misrule and cruelty of which they had been the victims. The king's broken promises were really no great cause for shock and indignation, since kings, and especially Spanish kings, have broken their promises from time immemorial, but the senseless betrayal of King Ferdinand was the last straw, and now "The Ever-faithful Isle" began to whisper of liberty and human rights, and such things which have always jarred the sensitive nerves of kings.

But the trouble with Cuba was that the Cubans themselves were Spanish or partly Spanish, and even in their honest zeal for liberty they could not altogether overcome a passion for treachery for its own sweet sake. They were not always true to one another, as the sturdy Puritans of Massachusetts and the honest Virginia planters were, and this unhappy weakness was always getting in their way.

In 1823, after a great many secret meetings had been held, it was resolved that a revolt should be started with the object of establishing a Cuban republic. A certain night was set for a general uprising; there was to be a brief, decisive clash of arms—and Cuba was to be free.

And perhaps she would have been if a traitor had not notified the authorities. Before the momentous night arrived the leaders of the movement were arrested; some were put to death; it was said that many were tortured; and that was the end for the time being of poor Cuba's dream of freedom. Naturally, this did not incline Spain to treat her any better, though it would scarcely have been possible to treat her any worse.

The spirit of liberty was stronger than the spirit of treachery,

"THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLE"

however, and soon another organization was formed, known as the Black Eagle Society. This had its headquarters in Mexico, and among its members were many citizens of the United States. Everything seemed to be progressing famously when one of the Black Eagles betrayed the cause, the leaders were arrested and imprisoned, and Spain was left in the control of the island.

Of course, Cuba's dream of freedom was a subject of lively interest in the United States. Not only were our people interested in the island because it was a near neighbor, but also because it was struggling for liberty and independence.

From time to time a filibustering expedition from our country was landed in Cuba and attempts were made by American citizens to assist the island in her project. These always did more harm than good, for they simply added to the turmoil and made Spain very angry at the

United States; and as she could not very well punish the United States for what a few of its citizens did, she punished the Cubans.

The time now came when revolts in Cuba were so numerous that it was difficult to distinguish one from another; the turmoil of insurrection was almost continuous and secret societies were as plentiful as flowers in spring.

At about the time that our Civil War was ending a revolution occurred in Spain and Queen Isabella, the Spanish sovereign, was driven into exile. This Queen Isabella was not nearly so good a queen as the other Isabella who shared the Spanish throne when Columbus made his wonderful voyage of discovery.

Straightway she began to talk about her good and loyal subjects



ISABELLA II, QUEEN OF SPAIN, 1833-68

of the island of Cuba, and to express the conviction that those dearly beloved people would stand by her.

But those dearly beloved people had had one lesson in this sort of thing, and they would place no more faith in the maudlin protestations of humiliated sovereigns. The people of the Faithful Isle were so far from standing by Queen Isabella that they conceived her exile to furnish them a very good opportunity for successful revolt.

"Why should we stand by her?" they said. "We are forever being persecuted and sent into exile, but no one ever stands by us. We are kept from public meetings, sent to prison without trials for crimes we did not commit. Our island is full of hungry officials from Spain, who are spying on us and stealing the product of our labor. We are not allowed to have schools for fear we will learn something about government. Wherever we turn, there are soldiers to browbeat us and vessels waiting to take our money to Spain. If we do not starve to death it is because we have a rich and fertile soil, and it is no thanks to the Queen."

And it is a plain fact that if the people of Cuba had been living in Massachusetts under Spain's rule they would have literally starved to death.

It happened at that time that there lived in Bayamo, in Cuba, a lawyer by the name of Carlos M. de Cespedes.

"This is the moment to strike," said he. "Let us raise the standard of revolt! Let us be free!"

He placed himself at the head of a handful of patriots, which soon swelled to thousands, and in April, 1869, a republican constitution was adopted, slavery declared abolished, and Cespedes elected President of the new republic.

But if you are going to revolt and start a republic, you need more than patriotism. You need guns and swords and ammunition, and no amount of shouting will take the place of these. When the first joyous cries of "Free Cuba!" began to die away, and the patriots had announced that they would die for liberty, it became apparent that this was just what they probably would be compelled to do, since they had nothing to fight with.

It was just for that reason, because they had no suitable equipment, that the Cubans adopted that form of warfare which later

"THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLE"

became so effective and terrible in the island, known as guerrilla warfare.

This insurrection was not successful in its purpose, and indeed there was little hope at any time that it would win independence for Cuba; but it was very troublesome to Spain, for all that. In



CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES
President of the Cuban Republic, 1869

the wet and rainy season the Cubans lurked in the dank jungles and morasses, being made immune by long contact from the deadly tropical fever, which proved an ally to their cause, killing the pursuing Spaniards right and left.

For nearly ten years this war was waged, and never had such

savage fighting been known as the terrific guerrilla warfare of the infuriated Cubans.

At last Spain intimated that she was ready to make a treaty, and the guerrillas, who were weary and whose small resources were exhausted, came forth from their jungle fastnesses, ready enough to welcome peace. They had not won their liberty, but they had by no means been defeated or subdued.

There had arisen among the patriots a man by the name of Maximo Gomez, who came to be known as the "Washington of Cuba." He was then commander of the insurgents, and to him the Spanish commander made the promise that if the "rebels" would lay down their arms all of the reforms which they demanded would be granted. This promise was given with a soldier's honor, and General Gomez accepted it. On February 10, 1878, the Treaty of El Zanjón was signed and the ten years of fighting came to an end.

The treaty guaranteed that the Cubans should be represented in the Spanish Cortes (which is the same as Parliament or Congress), and that all who had taken part in the insurrection should be pardoned.

Then what did Spain do? Did she benefit by the lesson she had learned? Not in the slightest degree. She must have known that her only prospect of peace with the rebellious Cubans was in treating them fairly and in keeping her promises.

But never in the whole history of Spain did she ever benefit by a lesson. A man in England once likened her to a turtle which will walk off a table time after time, learning nothing by experience.

Instead of treating the poor Cubans with justice and consideration, Spain at once began to consider how she might break the treaty without seeming to do so. The treaty provided that the Cubans should have elections, but Spain decided that she would manage these, and she managed them so well that Spaniards were always elected. The treaty said there should be no captain-general in the island. "Very good," said Spain; "we will send a governor-general instead." And not even with a microscope could you tell the difference between a governor-general and a captain-general. Whenever a bad law was repealed, or a bad custom abolished, another law or custom just as bad was put in its place, which accomplished for Spain the same greedy and tyrannical purpose.

“THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLE”

Once again the oppressed Cubans had been fooled by trusting to Spanish honor. The reforms promised were a delusion and a snare. Schools, sewerage, decent laws, good roads, honest officials—all the things which had been promised—were denied or withheld, and the taxes were increased to help repay the Spanish government for the expense of persecuting and robbing and oppressing Spain's Cuban subjects.

As for the Cubans, they, at least, had learned their lesson, if Spain had not; and they resolved that the next war, whatever the cost, and however long it might take, should be fought to a finish.

CHAPTER XV

CUBA'S LAST REVOLUTION AGAINST SPAIN

THERE could be no doubt that the sympathy of the people of the United States had been with the poor Cubans throughout their ten-year struggle, for Spain's outrageous violations of her sacred promises had aroused a spirit of indignation in our land.

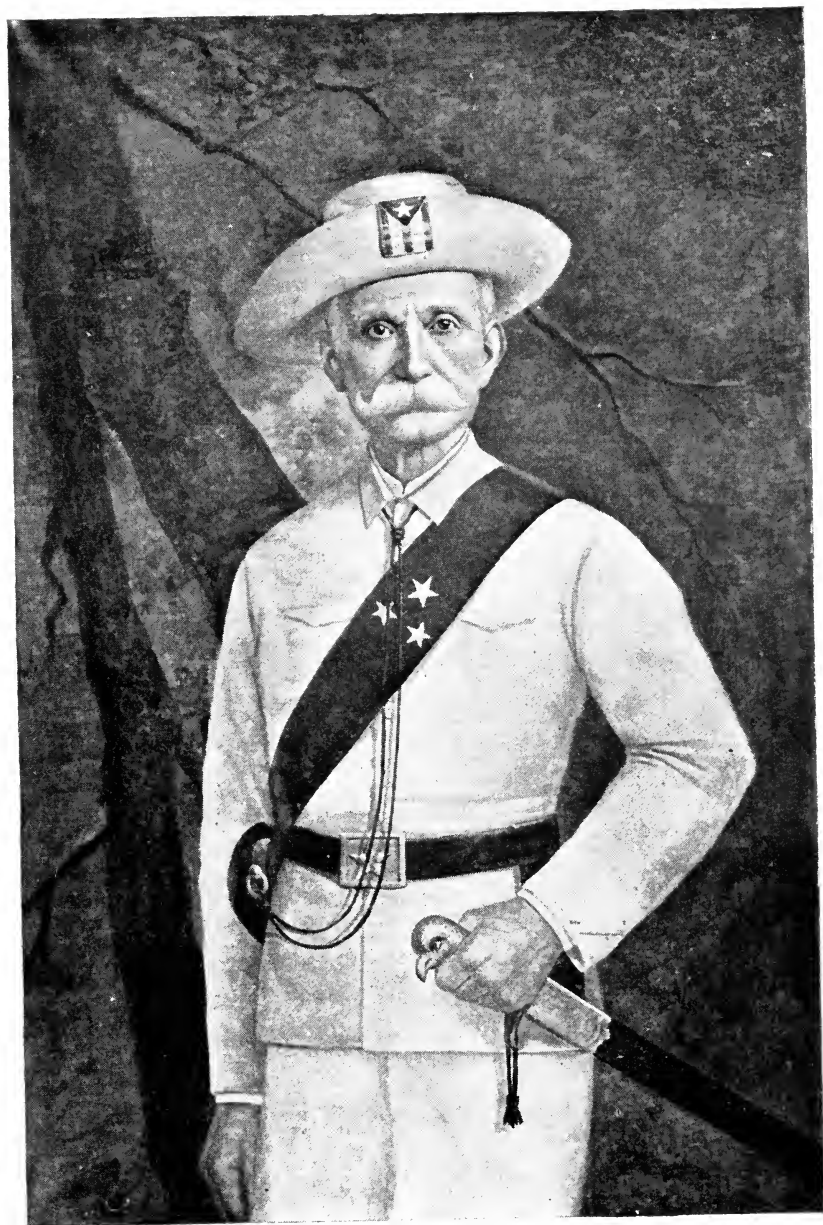
A good many people in our country fitted out filibustering expeditions to help the struggling Cubans. Some did this because they were generous and interested in the Cuban cause, and others simply because they loved adventure. There is a spice of danger in a filibustering expedition which proved very attractive to many Americans.

Of course, our government did not sanction these unlawful excursions on behalf of the Cubans, and it did what it could to prevent them; but for all our government's efforts some daring souls, fired by the heroic struggle of the Cubans, managed to land arms and ammunition in the island. It was very easy to do this, since the Spanish officials who were supposed to prevent the landing of such things were always ready to be bought off, and almost stumbled over one another in their eagerness to be bribed.

Filibustering expeditions are, of course, unlawful, and Spain was greatly shocked at their number and boldness. The sympathy which the people of our country manifested for Cuba caused great hatred of the United States throughout Spain.

Meanwhile, the leaders of the late revolt began to lay their plans for a new revolution. They were resolved that when they next made a treaty it should be as an independent nation, and that they would not again be the victims of any such sleight-of-hand as Spain had practised on them.

Whom should they choose for a leader? That was the first



MAXIMO GOMEZ
General-in-Chief, Cuban Army

question; and they decided that General Gomez was the only man who could lead them to victory in this new struggle.

Gomez was living in San Domingo, but when he received the call from his people he started for Cuba with the same alacrity that General Putnam showed when he left his plow and set forth to join the patriot army.

The man who delivered the summons to General Gomez was José Martí, who had done much to start the ball rolling, and the two set out together. They had a good deal of difficulty in escaping the Spanish patrol, whose object it was to prevent their landing on the island, for Spain was resolved to stamp out this new insurrection before it was well started.

The two patriots managed, however, to make a landing on the southern coast and succeeded in reaching a strong force of insurgents, when General Gomez assumed his duties of commander-in-chief. Recruits were gathered to the number of several thousand, and with these Gomez and Martí started for the central provinces, with the purpose of formally establishing the new government.

While on this journey Martí was led astray on the road by a treacherous guide and killed.

There was another man, at that time living in Costa Rica, who had been a leader in the ten-year struggle. His name was Antonio Maceo. He possessed great courage and was an ardent patriot. When this new revolt began he, too, was notified.

But how to get to Cuba?

The Spanish general knew that Maceo would prove an inspiration to the insurgents—that every heart would beat faster at sight of that sturdy veteran; and he was resolved that Maceo should not set foot on Cuban soil. Bodies of cavalry went galloping up and down the coast, on the alert to catch the famous rebel, while officials guarded all the seaports. It was rumored that he would arrive here, there, or somewhere else, and the Spanish soldiery hurried back and forth, pausing at every bay and offing.

Meanwhile, General Maceo, with twenty-two stanch comrades of the former war, cautiously approached the extreme eastern end of the island and made a skilful landing while this frantic game of hide-and-seek was going on.

Scarcely had the little party landed, however, when they were



ANTONIO MACEO
Lieutenant-General Cuban Army of Liberation

discovered by the Spanish cavalry, and a fierce fight followed in which several Cubans were killed.

But General Maceo's foot was planted on his beloved island and he fought with the fury of a wild beast. Escaping and eluding his enemies, he plunged into the jungle and set out to find his way to the interior, where he knew he would meet the other insurgent leaders.

For days the patriot tramped through swamp and tangled thicket and dank, pestilent jungle, and only the tropical fruit he was able to find in his wandering progress kept him from starving.

After a while he began to meet straggling bodies of patriots, all bent on eluding the Spanish soldiery until they could unite and muster their forces. One and all, they hailed the veteran with delight and rallied around him.

Spain's governor-general in Cuba at this time was a man named Calleja, and he was ordered to stamp out the rebellion. This was more easily said than done. It is difficult to punish rebels when you cannot find them, and, though there was no doubt about there being a rebellion, Calleja could not find the rebels.

The insurgent leaders knew that a conflict in the open would mean annihilation to themselves, and they pursued the guerrilla tactics which had been so successful in the former uprising. Calleja soon found that he was striking at an invisible foe.

Emerging from their jungle fastnesses, the insurgents would strike sudden hard blows, here, there, anywhere that the chance offered, and flee into the woods and mountains before the regulars could be brought against them.

This is the kind of warfare in which Indians excel, and it is necessarily cruel in the extreme. The Cubans were quite as savage in their methods as the Spaniards (which is saying a great deal), and they were fighting in a noble cause, which the Spaniards were not. They blew up bridges with dynamite, they burned the sugar-cane, destroyed the tobacco and coffee plantations, and impoverished the planters in order to shut off the revenues of Spain and deprive her forces of supplies; they spread desolation and ruin everywhere in the vain hope that the mother-country could thus be brought to a realization of the true situation.

CUBA'S LAST REVOLUTION AGAINST SPAIN

But reading the signs of the times and learning lessons from experience were not in Spain's line.

Undoubtedly, the easiest, cheapest, and most sensible thing to do would have been to treat the Cubans with fairness, but this was



ARSENIO MARTINEZ CAMPOS
Captain-General of Cuba.

just what Spain would not do. Instead, she sent thousands of soldiers over to die of fever in the Cuban jungles, and shouted "rebels" at her long-suffering children—as if being a rebel were half as bad as being a grasping, thieving, lying, treacherous mother-country.

Meanwhile the revolution spread, and Governor-General Calleja announced that if he was to stamp it out he would have to have reinforcements. Spain sent twenty-five thousand men to Cuba and soon relieved Calleja of command.

The man who was selected to take his place was Field-Marshal Campos. Campos had a scheme by which he thought he could

confound and annihilate the insurgents. He proceeded to divide Cuba into zones by means of strongly guarded military parts of the island. These were called *trochas* and were expected to offer an impassable check to insurgents. Thus the insurgents in one zone were to be inaccessible to the insurgents in the next zone. It was something like the compartments in the hull of a vessel; each body of insurgents was to be isolated, and Campos thought that each rebellious zoneful could be slaughtered or driven into the sea with perfect ease.



CAPTAIN-GENERAL DON VALERIANO WEYLER

But, also like the water-tight compartments in a ship, the field-marshal's unbreakable zone did not work out very well in times of stress. The rebels crossed the deadly lines at will, kept up their guerrilla tactics, picked off the regulars, destroyed railroad trains, shot sentinels—all the while crossing and recrossing the lines as if they were nothing more than girls' jumping-ropes.

Campos's scheme was a ridiculous failure, and he knew not what to do next. The swamps and jungles seemed alive with desperate

CUBA'S LAST REVOLUTION AGAINST SPAIN

Cubans who could not be beaten in hiding and who would not come out into the open. Inspired by the call of their sturdy veteran leaders, they flocked by the thousands to the standards. Before long, twenty thousand were lurking here and there—invisible terrors—striking their blows in darkness and retreating to their inaccessible fastnesses.

General Campos, though a Spaniard, was a good soldier and possessed some sense of military honor. He was therefore unpopular in Spain. So, early in 1896, he was recalled and a man was sent over to take his place who possessed in ample measure the Spanish requirements of perfidy and cruelty.

His name was Valeriano Weyler, and how he came to be born in the nineteenth instead of in the fifteenth century is a mystery. He would have been an ideal companion for Cortez, or Pizarro, or Nicuesa, or Mendoza, or Balboa, or any of the other worthies whose gay careers of theft and murder followed so soon after the voyages of Columbus.

General Weyler arrived in Havana in February, 1896, and it was not long before he became known throughout our country as "Butcher Weyler," which was a great injustice to a butcher, who is gentleness itself compared with the sanguinary wretch who now assumed command of the Spanish forces in poor Cuba.



GUERRILLAS DRIVING PACIFICOS INTO ONE OF THE STATIONS OF CONCENTRATION ESTABLISHED BY GENERAL WEYLER

General Weyler thought that with a more liberal flow of blood the *trochas* scheme might be made to work very well. He, therefore,

established two strong military lines across the island, and when these failed utterly to divide and weaken the insurgent legion he was very angry.

Then a new idea came to him. All through the country districts of Cuba (and most of Cuba is country) were poor planters, earning scanty livings and supporting their families as best they could. It occurred to him that if these poor planters were moved from their farms into the towns they would not be able to raise crops and supply the insurgents themselves. The insurgents, who were fighting, would starve, and the poor planters, who were not fighting, would incidentally starve as well.

These unfortunate people were called *re-concentrados*. Having lived their lives in the



CAPTAIN-GENERAL RAMON BLANCO Y ERENAS

Who was appointed Captain-General of Cuba to succeed General Weyler.

rural districts, they found it impossible to subsist in the towns. In the carrying out of this wicked mandate of General Weyler's,

CUBA'S LAST REVOLUTION AGAINST SPAIN

families were separated and the poor bewildered planters and their people were driven into the populous centers, where starvation and every kind of grief and suffering awaited them.

The scheme proved an unqualified success. It would be impossible to depict the horrors which followed. In every town and city



REDFIELD PROCTOR

Whose report of his observations of the results of Spanish rule in Cuba profoundly influenced public feeling in America.

could be seen gaunt, starving men, women, and children—persons who had never lifted a musket—staring out of hollow eyes, and lying dead or dying in the public places. Travelers encountered some who were so emaciated and exhausted that they were unable to stand or speak.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The story of the *reconcentrados* spread through the United States, causing dismay and horror which quickly developed into a feeling of rage that such conditions should exist at our very doors. The name of Weyler became odious throughout our country. The daily reports of the sufferings of the poor *reconcentrados* sent a shudder throughout the United States, and on all hands people demanded that the unspeakable crime should be checked by armed intervention.

In March, 1898, a committee from our Congress visited Cuba to see for themselves the hideous sufferings of the Cubans, of whom more than a hundred thousand had been starved to death, while hundreds were still perishing daily. One of the members of this committee was Senator Proctor, of Vermont, and on reaching home, he said:

“ . . . I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me, I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever, and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people, than all the other nations of the earth combined. God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish tyranny and oppression will have vanished from the western hemisphere.”

Senator Proctor's prayer did not go unanswered, for before another Christmas morning came Spanish tyranny and oppression in the island of Cuba had indeed ended forever.

CHAPTER XVI

“REMEMBER THE ‘MAINE’!”

THE inhuman and ferocious measures of General Weyler aroused such indignation throughout the United States that Spain began to feel that it was not safe to leave him in control. So he was recalled, and General Ramon Blanco was sent to take his place. General Weyler had caused about as much misery and suffering as it is possible for a single human being to cause. To say that he had accomplished no good would be superfluous, but he did not even accomplish anything at all for Spain. One thing, however, he did accomplish. He incurred the indignation of the people of the United States, not only against himself, but against the nation which would send such a wretch to one of her colonies.

General Blanco was not a particularly gentle man, but he was so much better than General Weyler that he seemed almost like an angel by comparison. Under his direction the war continued, and very little was gained on either side.

Meanwhile things were happening which were soon to alter the whole face of things. The recall of General Weyler did not modify the anger of the people of the United States against Spain. The results of his cruel rule were visible on every hand in the harassed island, and if there were any choice between him and his successor that choice did not represent a difference between cruelty and humanity.

It seemed fairly certain that as long as Spain owned Cuba just so long would these acts of cruelty and tyranny shock the United States. People in our country began to demand that the United States government intervene on behalf of the struggling insurgents. Others thought that if we did not intervene we, at least, should recognize the Cubans' right to rebel and set up their own government.

Governments are very cautious about recognizing revolutionary

factions in other lands, and rightly so, for if the established powers were quick to recognize a newly formed government, then every rebellious mob would be in a fair way to get itself acknowledged as an independent nation. If our country made a practice of recognizing revolutionary parties we should have many hundred ambassadors in Washington from South America alone—to say nothing of those from our tempestuous neighbor, Mexico.

So President McKinley, though he knew there was no word of defense to be said for Spain, refrained from giving the insurgents our government's formal approval of their cause. It was thought that their new government should attain a more substantial form before we accorded them recognition.

What, then, could our government do?

Matters were in this state, the Cubans struggling and fighting their desperate fight against oppression, the people of our country watching with rising anger the scenes of cruelty and horror which were daily occurring, and Spain looking with lowering mistrust and hatred upon the nation whose every sympathy was with the insurgents, when something happened which sent a shock throughout our land.

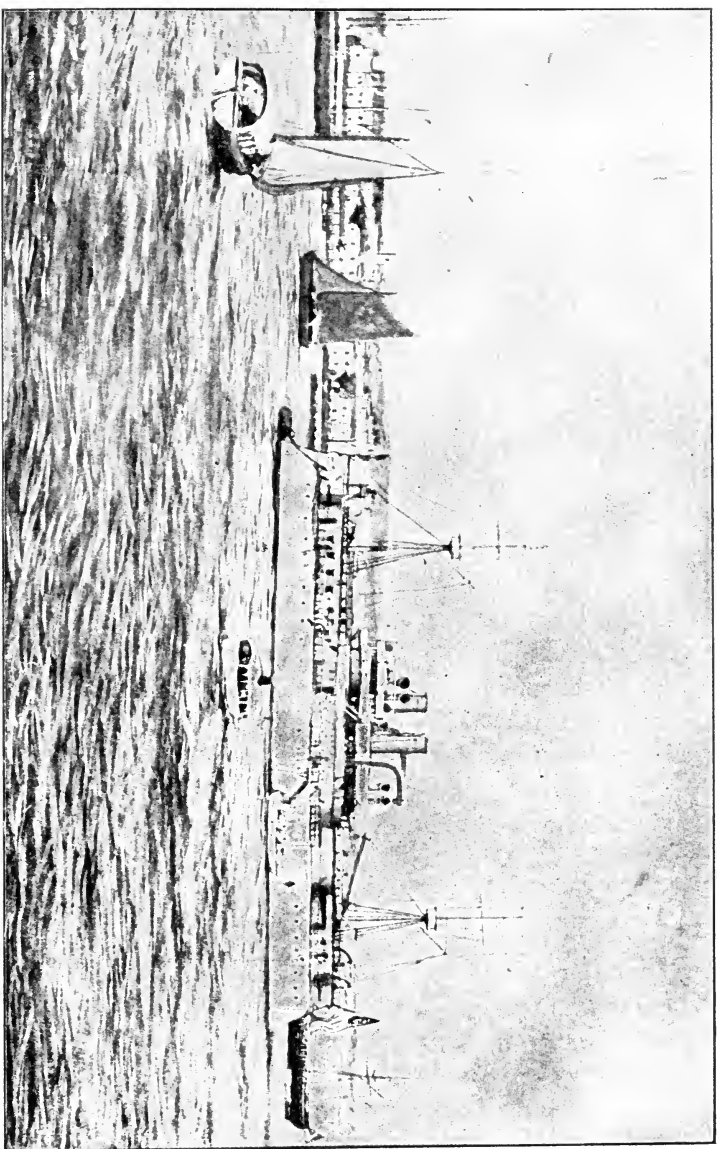
It was the night of February 15, 1898, and, despite the troubles and sufferings of poor, harassed Cuba, a spirit of festivity reigned in the city of Havana, for the carnival season had opened, and a Spaniard or a Spanish descendant will have his carnival if he dies for it the next day.

The streets of the Cuban city were ablaze with light and life. In the open places bands of music played, while crowds of masqueraders in motley garb wandered to and fro or stood watching while others danced away the sultry hours of the tropical night.

Hard by this scene of festivity lay the quiet bay, wrapped in darkness save for the riding-lights of the vessels whose dark hulls were barely distinguishable in the darkness. There, moored to buoy No. 4, in five fathoms of water, rode the United States battleship *Maine*—a friendly visitor in Havana Harbor.

All was quiet on the vessel. The buglers had sounded taps, the boatswain's mates had "piped down" for the night, the men not on duty were in their berths, and the only sign of life visible was an occasional officer or sentry pacing to and fro on his station.

It was a little before ten o'clock; the inspections of the maga-



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" AT ANCHOR IN HAVANA HARBOR

zines had been completed, and the keys had been handed to Captain Sigsbee, who was writing letters in his cabin.

Then, suddenly, the city was shaken by a terrific explosion; windows were broken, doors shaken from their bolts, and the sky out toward the bay was lit up by an intense light above which rose innumerable colored lights resembling rockets.

The battle-ship *Maine* had been utterly destroyed by an explosion. All that was left of the noble vessel was a mass of twisted iron and tangled wreckage.

"I find it impossible," said Captain Sigsbee, afterward, "to describe the sound or shock, but the impression remains of something awe-inspiring, terrorizing; of noise, rending, vibrating, all-pervading. There is nothing in the experience of any one on board to measure the explosion by."

Of the three hundred and fifty-four men and officers on board, only one hundred and one escaped death. The ship sank very quietly, bow first; many of the crew were drowned in their quarters, and the few survivors succeeded in launching only three boats.

Immediately after the explosion a Spanish war-ship lowered her boats and did all that could be done to rescue the poor sailors who were clinging to the wreckage. Great masses of bent and twisted plates and beams were thrown up in confusion amidships, the smoke-stack and foremast had fallen, a fire was raging in the wreckage, and at intervals an exploding shell sent its fragments through the air.

"This is the work of a Spanish torpedo," an American spectator exclaimed. "It marks the beginning of the end!"

Whether it was, indeed, the work of a Spanish torpedo no one ever knew, but it certainly did mark the beginning of the end.

It was a mournful funeral procession which, a few days later, marched through the streets of Havana. The officials and citizens, and even the street crowds, joined in offering reverent sympathy in the solemn ceremony.

What had caused the destruction of the *Maine*? Who was responsible?

Competent men were selected by President McKinley to investigate. Divers were sent down to examine the wreck. Evidence was taken. After three weeks, the Court of Inquiry reported that

"REMEMBER THE 'MAINE'!"

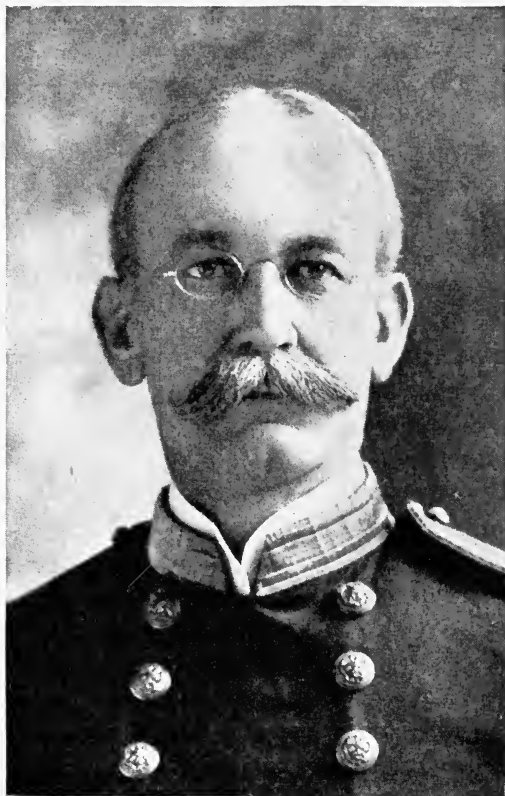
it had been established beyond question that the *Maine* was destroyed by an outside explosion or a submarine mine, though they were unable to determine who was directly responsible for the act.

Spain, of course, disclaimed all responsibility, her officials claiming that the explosion was accidental and must have resulted from carelessness on the part of Captain Sigsbee or his crew; but they probably did not believe this themselves.

The Court of Inquiry reported that "the loss of the *Maine* was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of her crew.

"That the ship was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines; and

"That no evidence has been obtainable fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons."



CHARLES D. SIGSBEE

Captain of United States battle-ship *Maine*.

Captain Sigsbee and his men were not to blame. Probably Spain was not to blame.

But Spaniards?

People in our country, indignant at the outrage, recalled how "Butcher Weyler" had been displaced at the instance of the United States, and the eye of suspicion was turned against his many official

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

friends. Could they have wreaked vengeance on the United States in this dastardly manner?

One thing was certain: the people of our country were in no mood to think kindly of Spain. They felt that a nation which would send a ferocious Weyler to spread woe and suffering in her island and to starve her poor subjects to death would do anything. "Spain hates us because we sympathize with the starving *reconcentrados*," they thought, "and she would scruple at nothing."

If Spain were indeed responsible for the destruction of the *Maine*, that would be cause enough for war, but the American people are just, and they knew that, without proof to the contrary, the Spanish government must be held guiltless.

Nevertheless, war did come, and though the destruction of the *Maine* was not the cause of it, as many boys and girls suppose, yet the noble battle-ship which lay a helpless wreck in Havana Harbor played its important part in the stirring events which we are now to follow. Guiltless as the government of Spain might be and reticent as our government might be in any expression of suspicion against any one, the people of our country, remembering the *reconcentrados* and Spain's misrule and cruelty in the fair island which is our neighbor, chose also to remember, in their growing indignation, that tangled wreckage and those dead sailor boys. And so it came about that later, in the stifling trenches at Santiago, on the slope of San Juan Hill, and on the decks of Uncle Sam's great vessels, the cry of "*Remember the 'Maine'!*" accompanied many a deadly shot and imparted courage and incentive to the soldiers and sailors whose comrades they felt sure had met their deaths at the hands of Spanish treachery in Havana Harbor.

CHAPTER XVII

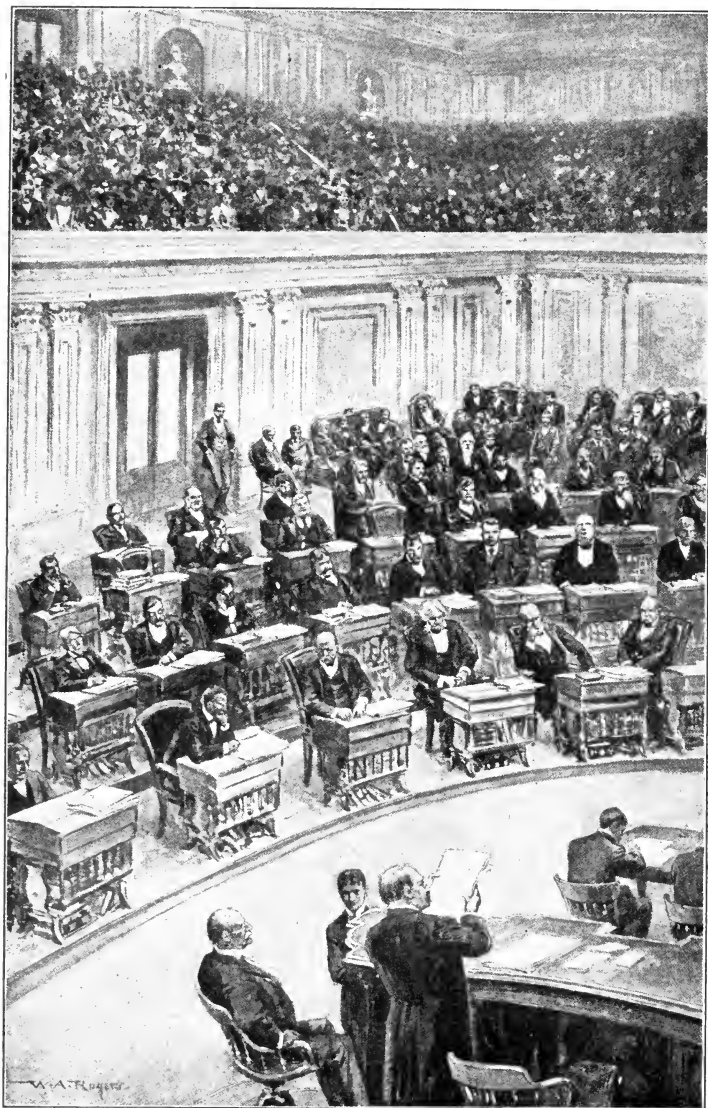
WAR!

WHEN the people of our country turned from contemplation of the *Maine* horror to the report which Senator Proctor had made of conditions in Cuba, they found nothing to modify the indignation against Spain and Spaniards. But they did find much to make them think that it was high time to recognize the independence of Cuba.

For one thing, two entire provinces were in the hands of the insurgents and were spoken of as "*Cuba Libre*" ("Free Cuba"). For another thing, the Spanish army, with all its heartless and ingenious cruelty, was accomplishing nothing in the way of subjecting the Cubans. Cruelty is always bad enough, but when nothing is accomplished by it it is not only bad, but stupid.

Spain's conduct was, indeed, nothing but wanton cruelty; and if the United States of America did not put an end to such a carnival of horror on its very door-step, then, in the opinion of many people, the United States was not quite fulfilling her great mission. The wretched people of Cuba were being helped by citizens and by benevolent organizations throughout our country, and now it began to be urged on all hands that the United States put an end to Spanish tyranny in Cuba by putting an end to Spanish rule. Meanwhile, President McKinley waited cautiously, resolved not to make a misstep and anxious to know beyond all doubt the sentiment of the whole country.

Senator Proctor had reported that the condition in Cuba was not one of peace nor yet of war, but of "desolation and distress, misery and starvation." He told how every town and village was surrounded by a *trocha*, or sort of rifle-pit, guarded by a barbed-wire fence and by loopholed blockhouses; how these formed great prison yards into which the people were driven to subsist as best they



READING PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S MESSAGE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF
THE "MAINE" IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, MARCH 25, 1898

(From a drawing by W. A. Rogers, published in *Harper's Weekly*, April 9, 1898)

WAR!

could. He told how the wretched people saw their houses burned before their eyes—how nearly half a million souls had perished.

The thought of these things was too much for the people of our country, and soon the anger which had spread throughout the land, and which had been increased by the destruction of the *Maine*, found an official voice.

On April 11, 1898, President McKinley sent a Message to Congress in which he said:

I ask the Congress to authorize and empower the President to take measures to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquillity and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes.

And in the interest of humanity and to aid in preserving the lives of the starving people of the island, I recommend that the distribution of food and supplies be continued, and that an appropriation be made out of the public treasury to supplement the charity of our citizens.

The issue is now with Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors. Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution and the law, I await your action.

President McKinley did not have to wait long. On the 18th of April both Houses adopted the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating, as they have, in the destruction of a United States battle-ship with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore,

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled—

First—That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the government of the United States does hereby demand, that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third—That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SIGNING THE ULTIMATUM TO SPAIN IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS CABINET. AT THE EXTREME
LEFT (STANDING) ARE CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH E. CANNON AND SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS

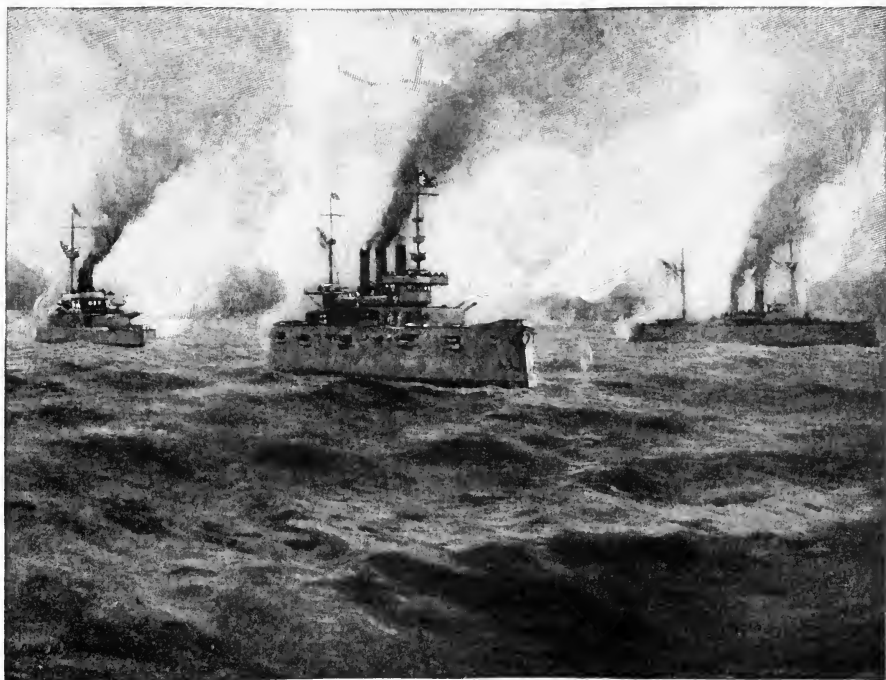
(From a drawing by T. de Thulstrup, published in *Harper's Weekly*)

WAR!

call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several states, to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is completed to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

And now the country was ablaze with excitement. President McKinley ordered Spain to withdraw her land and naval forces



THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS

from Cuba and Cuban waters. For answer Spain dismissed the American ambassador at Madrid. The Spanish ambassador left Washington. The President called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, then for one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and subsequently for two hundred thousand.

The United States was at war with Spain!

From every corner of the land enthusiastic men flocked to the colors. The cry of "Remember the 'Maine'!" was the watchword.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

President McKinley ordered Admiral Sampson to blockade Havana, and word was sent to Commodore George Dewey, commanding the Pacific squadron, to leave Hong-Kong and proceed to Spain's colonial possession in the East—the Philippine Islands.

A little over two hundred miles to the east of Havana lies the coast city of Matanzas. Here the Spaniards were erecting earth-works. It was important to prevent this, so on April 27th Admiral Sampson with three of his vessels, the *New York*, the *Cincinnati*, and the *Puritan*, anchored off Matanzas and began bombarding the works. This was really the first operation in the war, though several Spanish vessels had already been captured on the high seas.

It took Admiral Sampson exactly twenty-one minutes to destroy the new batteries, and the Spaniards witnessed the first demonstration of the marksmanship of Uncle Sam's marines—a thing which never failed to surprise and confound them to the very end of the war. The three ships all fired very rapidly, and every one of the three hundred shots struck near the enemy's lines. At last a twelve-inch shell from the *Puritan* hit the very center of the enemy's works, as precisely as if it had been aimed at a bull's-eye.

The Spaniards replied bravely to Admiral Sampson's fire, but without effect. All of their shots fell short, and only one of them came half-way to our ships.

In this first successful naval operation of the war not a single American life was lost. It was to be followed soon by another engagement, which sent a thrill throughout our country and occasioned no little consternation to the audience of European powers which was eagerly watching the progress of the war.

CHAPTER XVIII

MANILA BAY

“CAPTURE or destroy the Spanish squadron at Manila.”

That was the despatch which, on the 25th day of April, 1898, was sent from Washington to Commodore George Dewey, in command of our squadron off the coast of China. And never in all the history of the world was an order carried out more obediently or more effectually.

Away the commodore steamed from Hong-Kong, and in seven hours after reaching his destination there remained very little to be done.

On May 1st Commodore Dewey cabled to Washington:

Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: *Reina Christina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marques de Duero*, *Cano*, *Valesco*, *Isla de Mindanao*, a transport, and water battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American consul at Hong-Kong. I shall communicate with him.

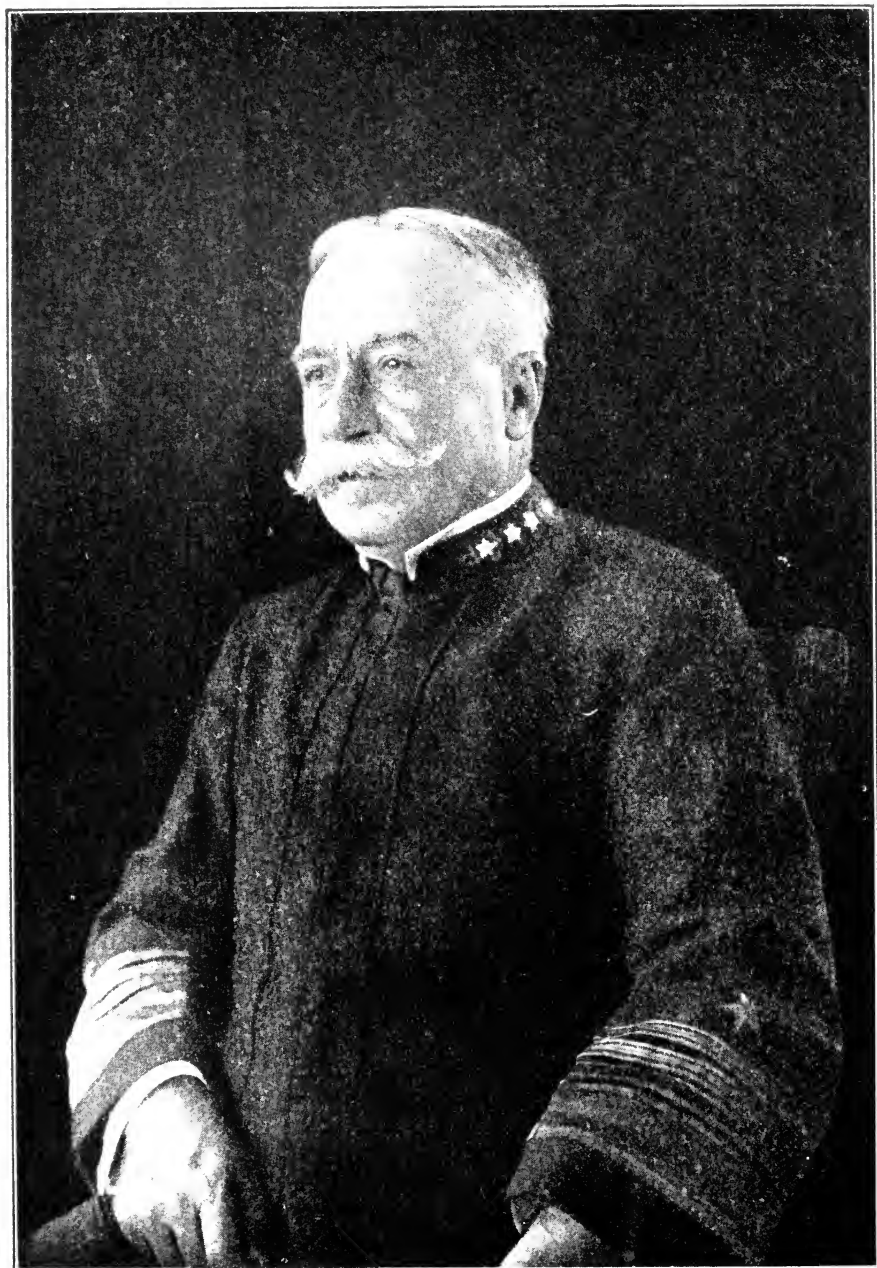
DEWEY.

A few days later came another despatch:

I have taken possession of the naval station at Cavite on Philippine Islands. Have destroyed the fortifications at bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control bay completely and can take city at any time. The squadron is in excellent health and spirits. Spanish loss not fully known, but very heavy. One hundred and fifty killed, including captain of *Reina Christina*. I am assisting in protecting Spanish sick and wounded; two hundred and fifty sick and wounded in hospitals within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents.

DEWEY.

These three despatches tell the story of the famous battle of Manila Bay in a nutshell, and the two which were sent from that far-off land caused such excitement in our country as had seldom been known even in the exciting times of the Civil War. Let us



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

MANILA BAY

follow more particularly the movements of Commodore Dewey and his gallant crews in this extraordinary exploit.

The group of islands known as the Philippines belonged to Spain. There are nearly two thousand of them altogether, some of them mere rocks and reefs, while others, like the great islands of Mindanao



FORT AND EARTHWORKS, CAVITE, SILENCED AND DESTROYED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY

and Luzon, contained seven or eight million of inhabitants. They were made up of Mohammedans and Chinese and a few Spanish settlers.

A long while ago, in the fifteenth century, when Ferdinand Magellan made his famous voyage around the world for Spain, he stopped at the Philippine Islands on his way home, to the great consternation of the poor natives. Spain was a Christian country and Magellan was a Christian man, so he carried a sword with which to convert people. But when he tried to convert the people of the Philippines with his sword, he made as great a mistake as Columbus made when he sailed along the coast of Cuba and thought it was the mainland. The people had then and there their first taste of Spanish barbarity. They did not wish to be converted, especially with the sword, and

they killed Ferdinand Magellan, thus preventing the completion of his glorious globe-trotting enterprise.

On the strength of Ferdinand's visit Spain laid claim to the Philippine Islands, and the long story of oppression and misrule there was very much the same as that of Cuba. For years before our war with Spain there were revolts and intrigues and tyranny and broken promises and insurrections and strivings for independence.

Manila, on the island of Luzon, was the seat of government, and here the Spanish captain-general held his despotic sway, molding his policy on the good old iron policy of Magellan, that might makes right and that the sword is the best sort of argument.

Manila was a sleepy old town surrounded by crumbling walls. Before it stretched Manila Bay, and a mile or two from the city lay the naval station and arsenal of Cavite.

The vessels composing Commodore Dewey's squadron, as it lay at Hong-Kong, were the flag-ship *Olympia*, Captain C. V. Gridley commanding; the *Boston*, the *Concord*, the *Petrel*, the *Raleigh*, and the *Baltimore*. These vessels were all cruisers, and not, as many have supposed, "ironclads" or armored battle-ships. Except the armor four inches thick around the turret guns of the *Olympia*, there was no armor in the squadron.

But what the squadron lacked in armor it made up in the courage and enthusiasm of its crews, and it was with high anticipations that the cruisers steamed forth to "capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."

Leaving the coast of China behind it, the squadron sighted the island of Luzon, and after exploring Subig Bay in search of Spanish war-ships, Commodore Dewey resolved to enter Manila Bay during the night.

The entrance to Manila Bay was narrow and was guarded by forts and submarine mines. The moon was full, the quiet waters of the bay flickered with brightness, and the buildings of the distant city were plainly visible as the squadron, with all its lights extinguished, steamed slowly through the channel into the wide expanse of bay. It was such a night that no ship should have been able to pass through the channel without discovery and resistance.

Slowly and noiselessly the vessels steamed unnoticed through the area which was strewn with mines, and passed Corregidor Island, in the bay, before they were discovered.

MANILA BAY

Not until most of the cruisers had passed the narrowest part of the channel was a shot fired by the Spaniards. Then a loud report told that they were aware of our fleet's approach. The *Raleigh*, third in the line, replied with one of her four-inch guns; the *Boston* followed her example, and the *Concord* placed her six-inch shell so exactly over the spot from which the enemy had fired that the battery was silenced.

Without wasting any powder or shot on these shore defenses, our ships proceeded slowly onward, timing their speed so as to be off Manila not earlier than day-break.

On the commodore's flag-ship was Lieutenant Calkins, navigator, a man who fired no gun and gave no warlike orders, yet not a little of the credit of this wonderful naval exploit was his, for he piloted the squadron safely through a mine-strewn channel, with neither light nor buoy to signify the hidden reefs and rocks.

At about quarter after four appeared the first pale glimmering light of dawn. It found the silent cruisers in close battle order, the flag-ship leading,



ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PASARON
Commanding Spanish forces in the Philippines.

followed by the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, and the *Boston*.

They had passed to the northward of Manila and were holding to the south when they sighted the Spanish squadron in the little bay of Cavite. The officer in command of the arsenal, Rear-Admiral Patricio Montojo y Pasaron, was also commander-in-chief of the Spanish squadron, the second in rank being Comandante-General Enrique Sostoa y Ordennez, a captain in the Spanish navy.

Under Montojo's command were the *Reina Christina*, flagship; the *Castilla*, the *Isla de Cuba*, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, the *General Lezo*, and the *Marques de Duero*, with four torpedo-boats. The *Velasco* was undergoing repairs and her guns had been landed.

At exactly nineteen minutes before six Commodore Dewey said quietly to the captain of the *Olympia*, "You may fire when you are ready, Mr. Gridley."

Mr. Gridley was evidently quite ready, for he immediately sent a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound shell crashing into the Cavite fort, fifty-five hundred yards distant.

The *Baltimore* and the *Boston* followed, and soon a heavy fire was being given and returned. The difference between the skill of the gunners and the range of the guns on the two sides was very soon apparent. Shells fell all about our ships, even close to them; a few struck the vessels. The *Olympia* was very slightly injured; here and there rigging was cut.

Then the *Olympia* drew a thousand yards nearer to the enemy, took a course parallel to the Spanish line, brought all her guns to bear, and was followed into this closer action by the *Baltimore* and the *Boston*. A shot passed clean through the *Baltimore*, but no one was killed and but small damage done.

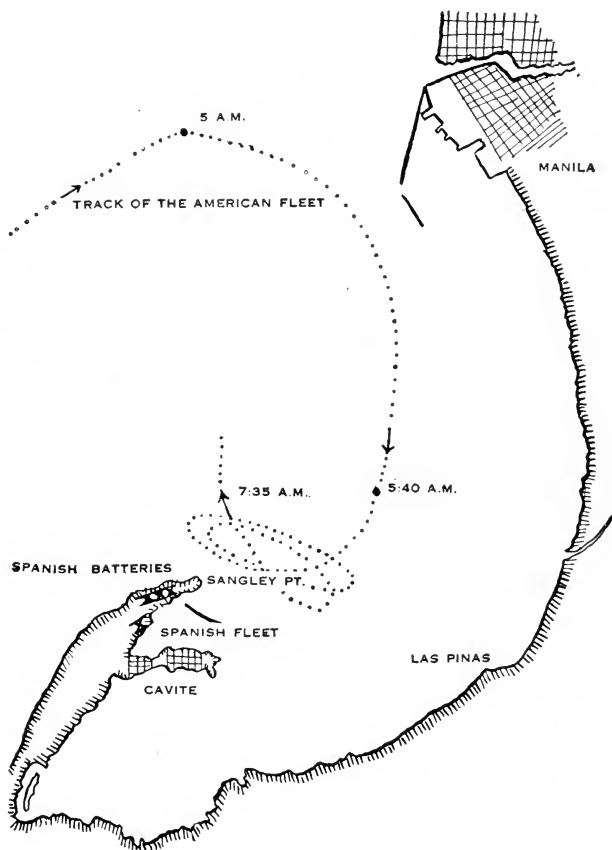
Still nearer to the enemy crept our ships and the results of their fire became apparent. Three of the Spanish vessels were in a blaze and their firing had ceased.

It was Sunday morning. The tropical sun, growing more intense every minute as the day advanced, poured its merciless heat down upon Uncle Sam's panting and perspiring crews as they stood half naked at the guns or hurried about the scorching decks in obedience to orders. The commodore stood in his conning-tower, and it was

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in vain that Captain Gridley urged him to seek a less dangerous position.

Soon after advancing to this new position, Commodore Dewey decided to give the men their breakfast, as they had been at the



BATTLE OF MANILA, MAY 1, 1898

guns for over two hours and were well-nigh exhausted from their strenuous occupation and from the suffocating heat. Action ceased temporarily at half-past seven, the other vessels passing by the flag-ship, their men cheering lustily. As the men ate, the three burning vessels in the distance lit up the hot waters of the bay and made the air more stifling still.

After breakfast the refreshed sailors resumed their places and the battle was renewed. The signal for close action was raised and one by one the Spanish ships were burned or sunk.

At half-past twelve a white flag appeared on the arsenal in place of the Spanish colors. In the afternoon the *Petrel* was ordered to destroy the Spanish ships in the inner harbor, and a boat crew quickly accomplished the work.

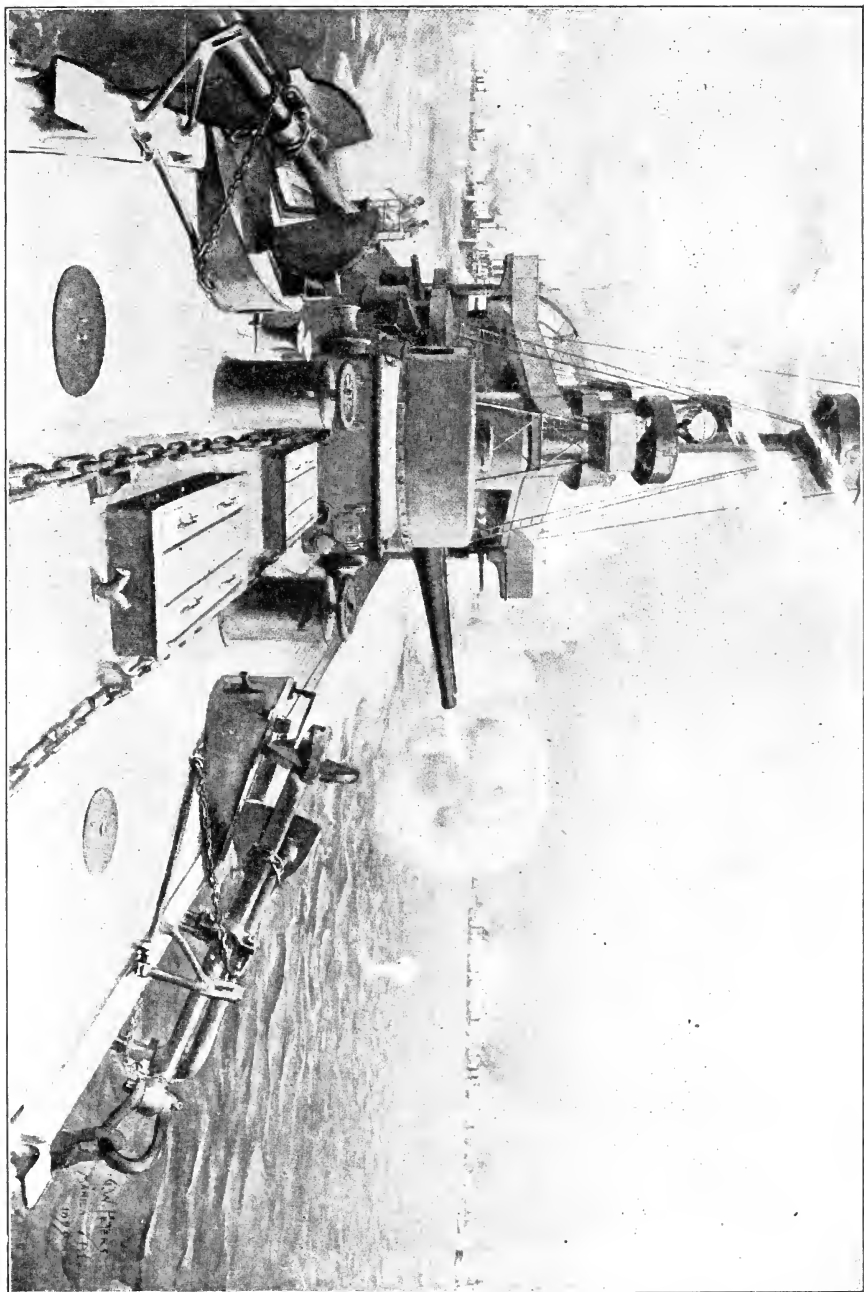
As night drew near, our ships anchored off Manila and word was sent ashore by Commodore Dewey that if another shot was fired he would lay Manila in ashes. Admiral Montojo had lost his flag-ship early in the battle, a single discharge from the *Olympia* killing sixty of her crew, including her captain and other officers.

If the Spaniards were surprised at the marksmanship of our crews, they were still more surprised at the treatment which they themselves received on Commodore Dewey's cruisers. Many were rescued from the water, struggling frantically, preferring to drown rather than subject themselves to what they believed would be dreadful death at the hands of the Americans. What was their astonishment at finding themselves in the hands of sympathetic and efficient nurses! What was their amazement at hearing words of friendly consideration from Uncle Sam's sailor boys! What would "Butcher Weyler" have thought could he have seen his vanquished and humiliated countrymen lifted tenderly out of the jaws of death by the enemy and treated almost like guests by their humane and generous captors!

The most remarkable feature of this whole encounter was that through all those hours of terrific firing we did not lose a single man. The Spanish shots were absolutely without effect. Some of our men were overcome from the violent exertion in the intense heat, but that was all.

As the *Olympia* drew near to her last position, all was silent on board, as if the ship were empty, except for the whirl of blowers and the throb of the engines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over her. From the boatswain's mate at the after five-inch gun came a hoarse cry, scarcely distinguishable. Others took it up, until from the throats of five hundred dripping, grimy men arose the cry, "*Remember the 'Maine'!*"

While the action was on an engineer on board the *Olympia*



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

came out of his engine-room for a breath of the hardly less stifling air on deck. Afterward in a letter home he wrote:

I happened to get permission just then to run on deck to see the fight for a few minutes. It was something dreadful, the hail of fire that struck and was striking the *Reina Christina*. The *Olympia's* eight-inch guns shot away the bridge, with the admiral and staff and several young officers. In a few minutes she turned tail, and as she did we sent another eight-inch through her stern. I understand it killed a great many, as it went right through the ship. About half past eight the Spaniards were demoralized, so that the *Olympia* pulled out of the fight, but the rest of the fleet made another evolution before coming out to us.

The Spaniards fought bravely, and died to a man, with their colors flying and their ships burning about them. About half past eight the whole fleet took a rest and something to eat. At twenty minutes to eleven we went for them again to finish them up. The *Baltimore* led this time, with the *Olympia* following. The *Olympia* made only one circle, and fired about five or six rounds for each gun. We then drew out and allowed the rest of the fleet to do them up. The flag of truce was hoisted ashore at half past three p.m. I must say there was no flag of truce hoisted on any of the ships. They died with their colors flying like brave men, brave to the last. Yes, foolishly brave, as at no stage of the game were they in it. The *Olympia* was struck only ten times. Strange, after all she went through! They fired either too high or too low, luckily for us. Practically, the fight was ours after one hour and forty minutes, as we had destroyed four ships and three torpedo-boats. One torpedo-boat got within four hundred yards before we did her up. I tell you there was some quick shooting then. She was completely riddled.

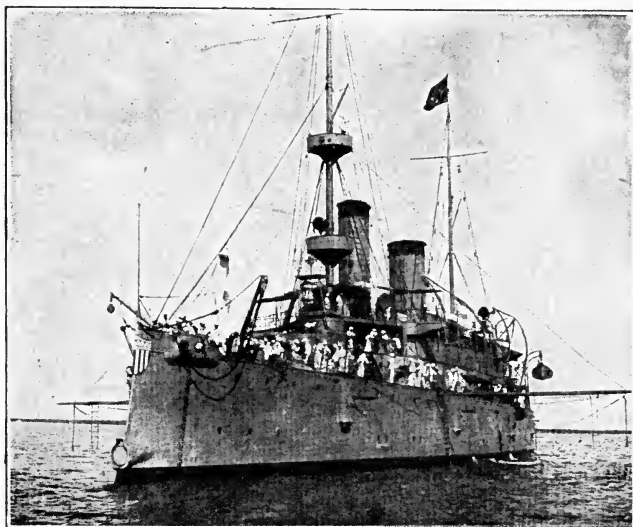
On receiving the news of the battle of Manila Bay, President McKinley at once raised Commodore Dewey to the rank of rear-admiral and Congress passed a unanimous vote of thanks and commendation.

But the people were not satisfied with that. When Dewey returned to America, some months later, he was the hero of the hour and found his name on every tongue. A convoy of tugs and other craft went out from New York to meet his ship and escort him into the harbor amid a din of whistles and cheers, and in his honor New York kept holiday. The entire city was decorated lavishly and ablaze with electric lights. On the great Brooklyn Bridge stretched an enormous sign "Welcome, Dewey!" in letters of light four feet high, so that at night the bridge itself was obscured and from the harbor side those two words in fiery letters seemed hung in midair above the river.

A beautiful snowy arch had been erected over Fifth Avenue, the city's great thoroughfare, and under this arch passed Rear-

MANILA BAY

Admiral Dewey and the long parade which crowned the three-day celebration. Vast multitudes of people, gathered from all corners of the land, crowded the avenue for miles along the line of parade,



THE U. S. S. "OLYMPIA"

On the morning she left Manila with Admiral Dewey on board.

and on the grand-stands just above the arch were many of the high officials of the nation, assembled to do honor to the returning hero. An elaborate naval parade had been held the day before in the Hudson River, and the country felt that it had paid fitting tribute to the hero of Manila Bay. Later he was promoted to the rank of admiral—the highest in the navy.

CHAPTER XIX

HIDE-AND-SEEK

IF one had been standing on some promontory near the city of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, on the very day that Commodore Dewey was sinking Spanish ships at Manila, he might have seen far out at sea a great trailing black cloud passing northward.

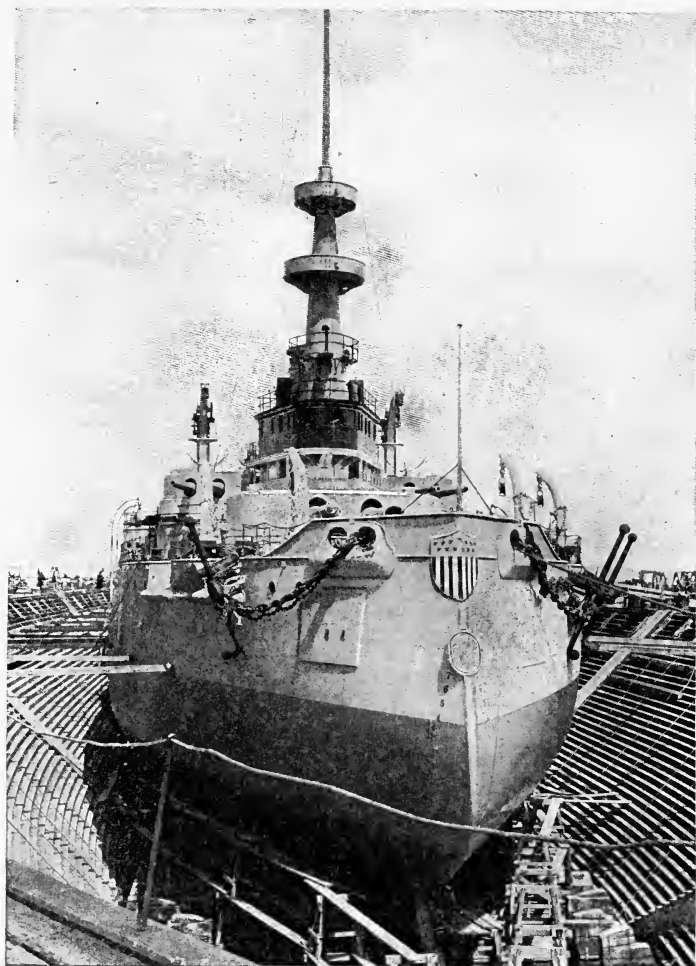
Beneath it, literally enveloped in it, as she plowed her lonely way up the South American coast, was the magnificent ironclad war-ship, *Oregon*. Her mighty bulk vibrated with the ceaseless throb of her mammoth engines as she steamed on at top speed, the parting waters rising in mountains of spray from her great bow, and a tumultuous wake of foam astern of her, churned up by the whirling of her giant propellers.

Where had she come from—this solitary leviathan? What was she doing in the South Atlantic? Why was she rushing on through storm and sunshine, day and night, all by herself, in those clouds of foam and spray and black smoke?

She was on her way to join the Atlantic squadron in Cuban waters. All the way from San Francisco she had come, down the coast of Chile and Peru, around Cape Horn, and up the coast of Argentina, her engines running at their maximum power.

When war seemed imminent, Captain Clarke of the *Oregon*, then lying off San Francisco, was ordered to join the vessels which were expected to operate in West Indian waters, and the mammoth war-ship's sensational rush of fourteen thousand miles was not the least exploit of the war.

It is interesting to know that this thrilling trip of the *Oregon* had its effect long after the big ship's splendid part in the war was over, for after a while people began to say that if there had only been a canal across the Isthmus of Panama that fourteen thousand miles could have been cut down to four thousand. The voyage of



THE "OREGON" IN THE DOCK AT SAN FRANCISCO

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

the *Oregon* was what started the canal talk, which resulted in that wonderful engineering feat whose story we shall follow in another chapter.

On the same day that the *Oregon* was passing Rio de Janeiro, and Admiral Dewey was steaming into Manila Bay, a large Spanish



CHARLES E. CLARKE
Captain of the *Oregon*.

fleet, under Admiral Cervera, sailed away from the Cape Verde Islands, which are off the coast of Africa. These islands belong to Portugal, and Portugal had just made up her mind very sensibly to have nothing to do with this war between Spain and the United States.

HIDE-AND-SEEK

So Admiral Cervera had to leave the Portuguese islands, and if he knew where he was going he managed to keep it a profound secret.

It was known in our country that Cervera commanded a powerful fleet, that his ships had been amply equipped and provisioned



THE HOME-COMING OF THE "OREGON"

The gunboat *Hudson* communicating the orders of the Navy Department to the *Oregon* after her 14,000 miles of steaming through all seas and weather, on her way to join the fighting-line, with not a rivet nor a bolt nor a gearing broken or out of place.

at Cadiz, in Spain, and if there was one thing more than another which President McKinley wished to know just then it was where Admiral Cervera was taking his ships; for if this could be ascertained, then the President would know where to send the Atlantic fleet under Admiral Sampson, which the great *Oregon* was hurrying to join.

We left Admiral Sampson and his ships blockading Havana. It was now decided that, since no one knew where the Spanish fleet was bound, Admiral Sampson should take a few ships from this

blockading fleet and wait for Cervera in the neighborhood of Porto Rico. At the same time other ships under Commodore Schley set forth to roam about in quest of Cervera wherever he might appear.

But the wily Cervera did not appear.

The ships under Sampson were the *New York*, the *Iowa*, the *Indiana*, the *Amphitrite*, the *Terror*, the *Montgomery*, the *Detroit*, the *Porter*, the collier *Niagara*, and a tug.

This squadron approached San Juan, in Porto Rico, during the night, and all hands were called at three o'clock and breakfast was served. At four o'clock it was still dark and nothing of the shore could be seen, but with the first ray of the dawn the hills of the island began to appear, and then a call to quarters was sounded.

A few minutes before five o'clock the shore was in plain view, but there was no sign of Admiral Cervera. However, there were the fortifications, and though these were not what Admiral Sampson wanted, still, they would do very well, and as long as they were there he would not depart without drawing the enemy's fire.

As the light of morning brightened, it was seen that the town was quite near, appearing on its hillside like a mass of yellow walls with tiled tops.

The whole place seemed at rest, but soon the sleeping people were awakened by the roar of Admiral Sampson's guns.

The ships were now abreast of the entrance to the harbor, passing from west to east at a speed of about six knots in the following order: *Iowa* (flag-ship), *Indiana*, *New York*, *Amphitrite*, and *Terror*. Near the *Iowa* was the tug which was to anchor a small boat to serve as a buoy and mark the end of the run, and the point where each vessel should turn about after its passage of the harbor. The *Detroit* and the *Montgomery* took stations right under the guns of the fort.

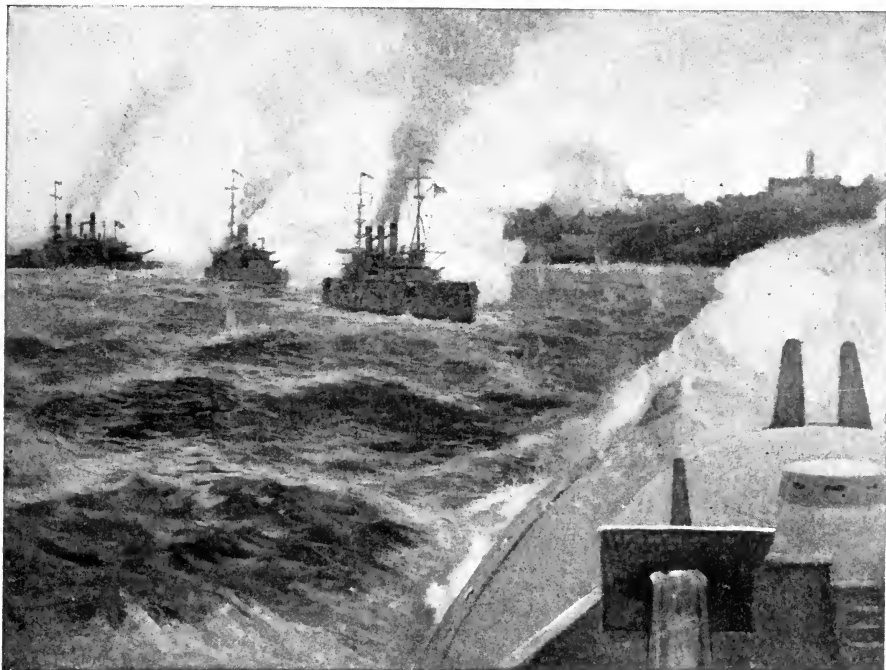
Then the firing began. The first shots were sent by the *Iowa* and the *Indiana*. The ships followed one another and poured broadsides into the forts as they wheeled in circles before the batteries. For three hours the firing went on, while loud above the ceaseless din could be heard the great thirteen-inch cannon of the *Indiana*.

The marksmanship of the Spaniards was no better than it had been at Manila. Not an American vessel was fairly hit. One shell exploded near the *New York*, wrecking one of her boats, killing the

HIDE-AND-SEEK

only man lost in the fight, and wounding five others. No shots were aimed at the city by the American ships, but the forts were badly destroyed.

All this, however, was not finding Cervera's fleet, which it was



BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN

now known was dodging about the Caribbean Sea, and Admiral Sampson set forth again in quest of the elusive Spaniard.

The Spanish fleet had been heard of in many places; at the French island of Martinique, at the Dutch island of Curaçoa, but find it the Americans could not, try as they would.

It was a game of hide-and-seek, with the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea as a playground. Commodore Schley, with his flying squadron, went sailing around the western end of Cuba, while Admiral Sampson, with his ships, kept guard over the passages to the east of the island.

But no Cervera. They explored every harbor and retreat and scanned the high seas. But Cervera was not to be found. Every

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

island had some news of him; many had seen his ships; others had heard that they were here, there, or somewhere else. He had taken on coal at one place, supplies at another, but he was invisible.

They thought he might be on his way to the Mexican shore, but an exploration of that locality revealed nothing. Some thought he might be on his way home to Spain. Others thought he might be on his way to attack the American vessels at Havana.

For many days the hunt went on like a fox-chase.

Where was Cervera?

He had been in this place; he had been in that place; but where was he now?

On the 21st of May, 1898, Commodore Schley blockaded Cienfuegos, in Cuba, thinking that Admiral Cervera was inside the harbor. Three days later he discovered that Admiral Cervera was not inside the harbor. Away went Commodore Schley again; and over the Caribbean Sea went Admiral Sampson.

But where was Admiral Cervera?

CHAPTER XX

BLOCKING UP THE PASSAGE

WHERE was Admiral Cervera?

Commodore Schley sailed to Santiago, in Cuba, believing that Cervera might be in that harbor. For three days he waited outside the harbor, not knowing whether the Spanish fleet was there or not. Then he received positive information that it was there.

Yes, bottled up safely in the narrow harbor of Santiago was Admiral Cervera. He had been there for ten days and had made good use of his time while the Americans were searching for him, having landed eight hundred men, twenty thousand rifles, a large supply of ammunition, and four great guns for the defense of the city.

There could be no doubt that Admiral Cervera was an able and resourceful commander.

Commodore Schley at once began preparations to attack the place, and on May 31st he began to bombard the forts so as to reduce them and be able to get at the Spanish vessels at anchor in the bay.

Owing to the height of the hill on which Morro Castle was situated at the entrance of the harbor, it was impossible for the Americans to run inshore and elevate their guns to a sufficient height to do any damage to the old fortifications. So the larger ships, with the heavy guns, stood some distance offshore, from which position they could pour in a more effective fire, while the smaller vessels nearer the shore devoted themselves to attacking the sand-and-mortar batteries beneath the castle.

The object of this bombardment, which was really a mere reconnaissance, was to ascertain the position of the enemy's batteries, and their exact strength, before the arrival of Admiral Sampson with his fleet. In the operations no American ship was touched and no American injured.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

On June 1st, Admiral Sampson arrived before Santiago and relieved Commodore Schley of the command of the forces, then consisting of sixteen war-vessels.

Admiral Sampson was a very cautious commander. "Suppose," he thought, when he knew the position of both fleets—"suppose there should be a storm and our vessels, for fear of rocks and shoals, had to stand far offshore. Might not Cervera slip out of the harbor and escape in the darkness?"



WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

The very possibility of this was not to be borne after the frantic game of hide-and-seek in the Caribbean, and Admiral Sampson was resolved that the Spanish fleet should not be given a chance to escape from Santiago.

But how to prevent this, in case the elements should make it necessary for the American vessels to withdraw to a distance from the harbor?

There was a point in the channel wide enough for only one war-ship to pass at a time, and if this narrow place could only be rendered impassable, Cervera's doom would be sealed.

But how to render it impassable—that was the question. On either shore of the narrow passage stood frowning forts with cannon, and there were other fortifications to be passed before this narrow place could be reached.

How could this entrance be blocked, even assuming that it would be safely reached?

Among the vessels off Santiago was a collier three hundred and thirty-eight feet long, named the *Merrimac*. On Wednesday evening a young naval engineer from Admiral Sampson's flag-ship, the *New York*, went aboard this collier. His name

BLOCKING UP THE PASSAGE

was Richmond Pearson Hobson, and he was not yet thirty years of age.

In the bombardment at San Juan this young man had stood coolly, watch in hand, at the *New York's* range-finder, timing the shells, and the men of the fleet knew him for a courageous and long-headed officer. But the men on the *Merrimac* were not quite prepared for the announcement which he quietly made to them.

"The admiral," said he, "has decided to run the *Merrimac* into the entrance of the channel and sink her there."

"What will become of the men who take her in?" some one asked, in amazement.

"They will probably be lost," said Lieutenant Hobson.

"And who is going to do it?"

"I am, with the help of volunteers."

Lieutenant Hobson had persuaded the admiral to let him perform this perilous task. At once all was activity on the *Merrimac*. While two hundred men stripped her of her arms, stores, and movable contents, men on every ship were asked if they wished to go on the expedition which, it was explained to them, would probably cost them their lives.

Enthusiastic responses met the call on every vessel. Men clamored to go on this hazardous trip which, as far as could be seen, meant death for them. In making up his crew, Lieutenant Hobson had the choice of the best men in the entire fleet. Sailors,



WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

machinists, firemen, engineers, petty officers, one and all, begged to be allowed to go.

By midnight the work of preparation had gone so far that Admiral Sampson went aboard the *Merrimac* and inspected the ar-

rangements, which he said were excellent in every way.

By daybreak the ship was ready. It was intended to sink her that morning, but the Admiral deemed this inadvisable. He sent word to Hobson not to go ahead. Hobson felt sure that he could make the trip successfully. In answer to the Admiral's order, he sent this word:

Mr. Hobson's compliments to the admiral, and he requests that he be allowed to make the attempt now, feeling certain that he can succeed.

A positive order to wait until the next morning was sent him, and the project rested over the day.

The plan was for the *Merrimac* to go in at half past two o'clock in the morning. At nightfall the fleet withdrew to a distance of about six miles from Santiago and ranged itself in a semicircle.

The night was clear. The moon lighted the peaks and mountainsides about the city, while the harbor entrance lay wrapped in shadow. The sea, flecked with moonlight, was smooth, almost motionless.

At the hour appointed, the *Merrimac* steamed up toward the



LIEUTENANT RICHARD PEARSON HOBSON

BLOCKING UP THE PASSAGE

harbor mouth. On the bridge beside the pilot stood Lieutenant Hobson.

The ship was but a speck on the water, and could scarcely be seen at all from the fleet. Slowly, noiselessly, the pilot ran her in



THE LAST OF THE "MERRIMAC"

toward the harbor. His range was faulty and she passed beyond the channel. Back she steamed to a position from which she could make the entrance. Then the pilot ran her to a point about four miles off the shore.

Here she was stopped and forty men who had assisted in taking

her that far dropped silently over her side into small boats and rowed back to the fleet. Scarcely had they cut loose from the *Merrimac* when they heard the smothered jingle of the bell in her engine-room and knew that she had started again on this final part of her mission.

Anxiously, as they rocked in their small boats, resting on their oars, they watched her moving farther and still farther till she was lost to view.

Then the crews on the fleet fell to listening for the sound of the torpedoes which were to sink her. But no sound came. For twenty-five minutes they waited under an intense strain. Suddenly the hills on each side of the channel burst into flame. It was apparent that the *Merrimac* had been discovered when within a few hundred yards of the fortifications!

When the Spaniards saw her they trained on her every gun that could be brought to bear from the Morro Castle and the Socapa battery, and began a cannonading that must have churned the water all about her. But she passed the forts, crossed the mine-field uninjured, got fifty yards inside the bar, cast her anchor and swung around.

The *Merrimac* was safe in position!

Hobson and his men waited patiently until they could drop another anchor, this one from the stern, so that it would hold the vessel directly across the passage. If they could do this then there would be but thirty-one feet of channel on either side of her, since she would occupy three hundred and thirty-eight feet if sunk broad-side.

They were a little while in getting her directly crosswise, but down went the second anchor at last, and now nothing remained of the daredevil exploit but to blow up the ship.

They launched the life-raft and dropped down on board, dragging after them the wires by which the torpedoes were to be exploded.

Meanwhile the thunder of the shore batteries and the rattle and clash of musketry continued. The water was foaming with the commotion made by the shells and bullets.

Hobson and his men floated one hundred and fifty yards, dragging the wires after them. Then the contact was made.

BLOCKING UP THE PASSAGE

The waters about the *Merrimac* were lifted up by the explosion, and when they had settled again the ship was at the bottom of the passage, with nothing but her spars sticking out of the water.

The work was done, the gate of Santiago Harbor had been apparently closed and bolted. Then Lieutenant Hobson and his men rowed ashore and surrendered themselves to the Spaniards.

CHAPTER XXI

COLONEL HUNTINGTON AND HIS BRAVE BAND

“DARING like this makes the bitterest enemy proud that his fellow-men can be such heroes.”

Those were the words of Admiral Cervera when he sent a flag of truce and an offer to exchange prisoners. He had been deeply impressed with Hobson's bravery. But it appeared that Captain-General Blanco had something to say about this question of exchange, and the generous old admiral's wish was not carried out at that time. Hobson and his brave men were confined in Morro Castle.

On the 6th of June the American fleet under Admiral Sampson bombarded the forts of Santiago for about three hours, but the gunners were all instructed to spare Morro Castle lest they should inflict injury on Hobson and his heroic companions, confined within its walls. Nearly all of the fortifications at the entrance of the harbor were silenced. An examination after the fleet had withdrawn showed that no lives were lost on the American side and none of the vessels were seriously injured. The Spanish ship *Reina Mercedes* was sunk in the harbor, she being the only ship of the enemy's fleet which had ventured within range of the American guns.

But with all these triumphs of our navy, no American soldier had yet set foot on Cuban soil; and, as if our sailor boys had not already won glory sufficient, it was a party of marines who first made a landing, and a gallant exploit it was.

About two hundred miles east of Santiago is Guantanamo Bay, and it was determined to land there a party of marines from the *Panther*, under Colonel Huntington.

In the whole story of the war there are few more thrilling episodes than the landing of this gallant band. The place of landing was at the foot of a precipitous hill the sides and brow of which

COLONEL HUNTINGTON AND HIS BRAVE BAND

were covered with tangled jungle. On the very crest of the hill was a little clearing, and here an advance post of the Spanish army was encamped.

As the marines scrambled up the hill the Spaniards retreated into the thicket and the marines were soon occupying the cleared space which the fleeing enemy had abandoned.

Scarcely were they well settled in their camp when a weather-beaten old insurgent came rushing along the road leading from the valley over to another group of hills three miles distant. Breathlessly he panted out his errand, to the consternation of the marines.

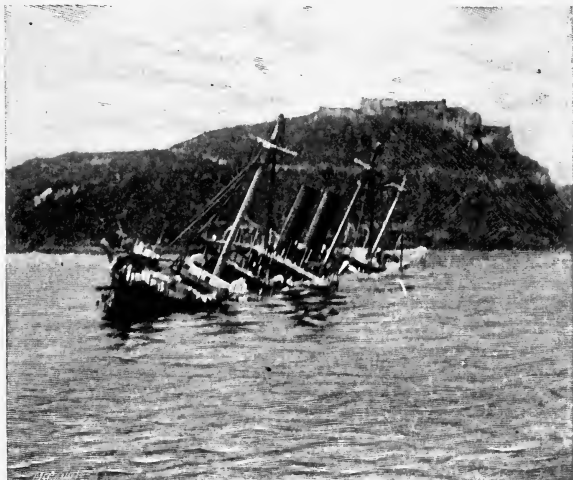
The retreat of the outpost Spaniards had been only a ruse to draw the Americans into a trap. The Spanish skirmish-line was already advancing toward them.

The old Cuban was not a minute too soon, for scarcely had he gasped out his warning when a rifle bullet whizzed past him from the thicket. Presently, whiz! came another and then another, until it seemed that the thicket was alive with hidden Spaniards.

The position of the Americans in the clearing, with dense jungle surrounding them, was perilous in the extreme, and, to make matters worse, a higher wooded hill overlooked their camp.

The Spaniards, under cover of the bushes, were able to creep up close to our forces, and shortly other Spaniards began to fire upon them from their ambush on the neighboring hill.

The marines replied vigorously to the fire of their hidden foe, continuing this hit-and-miss engagement for four days and nights, with hardly any intermission. So advantageous was the position



THE WRECK OF THE "REINA MERCEDES"

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

of the Spaniards, scattered as they were through the protecting thicket and looking down, unseen, from their vantage-point on the neighboring hill, that it is remarkable our force was not annihilated. It was, indeed, only the poor marksmanship of the enemy

which saved our boys, for the foe had every advantage but that of sure aim.

Time after time the brave marines pushed into the dense thicket giving shot for shot, and, though hemmed in, they kept their faces to the foe as best they might, and fought bravely. When driven back from the outposts our sentries retreated slowly, firing all the while. Not one of the men faltered.

Colonel Huntington had ordered the field-pieces to be hauled up the hill from the landing-place. They were made ready for use, but it was impossible to determine the location of the



BOWMAN H. MCCALLA
Commander of the *Marblehead*.

enemy so as to shell the thicket without danger to our own men who were stationed within the confines of the jungle. At no time was it possible to distinguish objects twenty yards away, and it was only by the flash of the enemy's guns that their whereabouts could be learned.

It was a strenuous and perilous four days that the marines spent in their exposed camp, sallying forth in forays after the unseen foe, and very little rest any of them had.

COLONEL HUNTINGTON AND HIS BRAVE BAND

Major Henry C. Cochrane, second in command, said afterward that he slept only an hour and a half in the four days, and that many of his men became so exhausted that they fell asleep standing on their feet with their rifles in their hands.

Yet so brave was the resistance of our gallant men and so skilful their pursuit and sure their aim that in those four days only six were killed and only about twenty wounded. It is difficult to understand how the Spaniards, intrenched in their tangled jungle and commanding our little camp from their high hill, did not hit more men, if only by accident. But however astonishing it may be, it is a fact that the Spanish loss was more than double that of the Americans, and of course there is no telling how many were wounded and carried away by their companions.

On the fourth day the Spaniards gave up the contest and abandoned the field—or rather, the hill and the thicket.

Our little camp, which was called Camp McCalla, in honor of the captain of the *Marblehead*, had been nothing more nor less than a bull's-eye for the Spanish sharpshooters, throughout four days. It had afforded them the best opportunity they could have wished for rifle practice. Yet they had been held at bay, pursued into their protecting retreat, and at last compelled to withdraw.

By all the rules of the game our force should have been killed to a man, and their triumph, like the famous triumph of John Paul Jones in the War of Independence, is not to be explained, except perhaps on the supposition that the Spaniards closed their eyes when they fired.

The deed of Colonel Huntington and his marines was more than an exploit. It was, in good scouting parlance, a “stunt.” It was one of the best “stunts” of the Spanish War.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ARMY OF INVASION

WE left Admiral Cervera, with his fleet, bottled up in Santiago Harbor after his elusive cruise about the West Indies. There was no doubt about his being there, and, thanks to Lieutenant Hobson and his brave men, there seemed no doubt about his staying there.

But if Admiral Cervera could not get out it was equally certain that Admiral Sampson could not get in, for the sunken *Merrimac* was neutral and its obstructing bulk worked both ways.

So the President decided to land an army in Cuba for the purpose of co-operating with our fleet and taking the city of Santiago by land if it could not be done from the sea.

Ever since the call for volunteers had gone forth enthusiastic young men from every corner of the country had been flocking to the colors, and the several camps were filled with eager recruits, hoping that they might soon be called into active service. Seldom had such rapid and enthusiastic recruiting been known. Many who were turned away returned to renew their pleas for acceptance in the growing host, and the shadow which overhung the busy camps was not the shadow of death, but the haunting fear that even in the eleventh hour Uncle Sam might yet cheat his restless soldiers out of the opportunity of dying for him. The spirit of patriotism had spread North and South. Veterans who had fought under Grant and Sherman and veterans who had fought under Lee and Jackson now stood side by side at the summons of a united nation. Confederates whose cheers had gone up at Bull Run and old Union troopers who had cheered themselves hoarse after Appomattox now raised their voices in the common cry, "Remember the *Maine*!"

State camps were formed in every state for the enlisting of volunteers, and the recruits, as soon as mustered in, were sent to the

THE ARMY OF INVASION

larger camps established by the Federal government at Chickamauga, Tampa, Mobile, and New Orleans, where the regiments were enrolled and drilled.

You may be surprised to hear that conspicuous among the bodies of troops was the First Volunteer Cavalry, but when you are



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Rough Riders."

made aware that this was the proper military designation of the famous "Rough Riders," you will recognize in the First Volunteer Cavalry one of the most picturesque and daring bodies that participated in the war.

This regiment was recruited by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in order to serve his country in the field. When Mr. Roosevelt's old college friends heard of his plan many of them hastened to enlist, and found themselves side by side with cowboys of the Far West, forest rangers, and men whose adventurous pasts were more than doubtful, but who were nothing lacking in patriotism. Mr. Roosevelt was glad to have this novel regiment commanded by Colonel Leonard Wood, whose military training fitted him for the post, while Roosevelt himself became second in command.

You may well suppose that the announcement that an army was to be landed in Cuba was received with joy throughout the camps; and while Admiral Sampson kept his marines busy bombarding the shore batteries at Santiago the military camps in the United States hummed with the bustle and hurry of preparation. "Remember the *Maine*!" was the battle-cry which cheered the eager hosts as they made ready to invade the land of the enemy.

On June 13th, just a few days after Colonel Huntington's marines had stolen a march on them by landing in Cuba, General Shafter's army sailed from Key West. There were something over fifteen thousand men, comprising regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

On June 20th the fleet of transports was saluted by Admiral Sampson's flag-ship off the Morro Castle of Santiago. They stretched out over eight miles of the Caribbean Sea, gently moving with the ground-swell as though courtesying their acknowledgment to the welcome of the grim war-ships which had awaited their coming. Their decks were thronged with soldiers whose gaze turned shoreward to the picturesque land in which they were soon to meet the foe of their country in the clash and din of battle.

What thrills of anticipation and satisfaction must have been theirs as they looked upon the rugged heights beyond which, hidden from view, lay the squadron of Admiral Cervera, a prisoner in its chosen retreat, and up at the frowning castle within whose walls the gallant Hobson and his brave companions were still confined! What new inspiration and fresh incentive must the throngs which clustered at the rails of the long, slowly advancing flotilla have experienced as they looked upon the mammoth *Oregon* riding



THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AT DAQUIRI, CUBA

A number of sharpshooters, machine-guns, and mountain artillery was landed here to aid the Cubans in clearing the hills, after which 6,000 men were put ashore on June 22, 1898.

grimly among her sister ships after her rush around Cape Horn—ready for action, just as her captain had said she would be, and prepared to triumph over new foes just as she had laughed at distance and triumphed over wind and storm!

As the long flotilla approached, the *New York* saluted General Shafter, and the transports and their convoys then wheeled into single file and paraded past the war-ships, each transport dipping its flag to Admiral Sampson as it passed.

The place chosen for the landing of the forces was Daiquiri, seventeen miles east of Santiago. Upon the summit of a high cliff near the landing-place was a Spanish blockhouse, and upon a hill to the rear of it were some Spanish earthworks and a fort.

Some little time before the boats started for the shore the fleet began to prepare the way for the landing by bombarding the Spanish defenses. While some of the vessels attended to the fortifications at Daiquiri, others attacked Aquadores, Cabafias, Seboney, and Juragua, fortified places to the east and west of Santiago, it being necessary to reduce them before the troops could advance upon the city.

While this bombardment was going on a thousand Cubans ashore, under command of General Demetrio Castillo, covered the disembarkation of troops on the land side.

The fire from these Cubans and from our ships was continuous and heavy. From their position on shore the Cubans commanded the Spanish defenses, and they poured into them an incessant hail of bullets. The ships also poured such a constant rain of shots at the enemy's works that the Spaniards had very little time to devote to the landing troops.

The preparation for landing the men began at daybreak. Admiral Sampson gave orders for the *Brooklyn*, the *Indiana*, and the *Texas* to engage the batteries to the west of Santiago while the *Helena*, the *Annapolis*, and the *Ericsson* battered away at the railroad shops, in which there were a number of Spanish troops about two miles to the east of the city. Meanwhile the *New Orleans* and the *Montgomery* bombarded the town of Aquadores and poured such a fire into the place that the Spaniards were unable to hold their positions, and fled to the hills in wild confusion.

There was just one blockhouse situated on a hill from which the

THE ARMY OF INVASION

Spanish flag floated defiantly throughout the engagement. Our soldiers could not refrain from admiring the Spaniards who persisted in flaunting their colors, all undaunted, in the face of such terrific fire, but their generous admiration of a valiant foe was somewhat chilled after our men landed, for they discovered that the defiant emblem of proud Spain had floated in reckless challenge over a blockhouse which had been completely deserted before the engagement started.

It was just about midday when the signal came for the troops to leave the transports and start for the shore. Now came the moment which all had been longing for—and waiting for. Not a soldier but felt the spirit of new and unknown adventure as he stepped into the small boat which danced across the water to land him face to face with the enemy.

Never before had the work of landing troops been done so quickly, so systematically, so efficiently. From many a crowded boat, as it rocked toward shore, arose the stirring cry, “Remember the *Maine!*” and the rowers rested on their oars to join in the now familiar words.

The men were happy—jubilant; and as each small boat reached shore its occupants stepped out, cheering again and again. From somewhere in the distance came the call in grotesque broken English, “Remember the *Maine!*” and, answering this welcome from the unseen Cubans, our troopers called, “Hurrah for free Cuba!” until the neighboring cliffs echoed back the cry.

Boat-load after boat-load stepped ashore, cheering lustily. The first men of the army of invasion to set foot on Cuban soil were Lieutenant Simons and Private McFarland, both New-Yorkers and members of Roosevelt’s Rough Riders.

The landing took place with few accidents, and the army was soon on the march. It rested at Demojayobo, two miles from Daiquiri, and then advanced to Juragua, about eight miles from the landing-place. Here the Spaniards appeared in force, a skirmish took place, and the enemy fell back six miles to Seville.

General Young, commanding the advance, on hearing of the location of the Spaniards from Cuban scouts, got together a strong brigade and marched forward to meet the foe.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The Rough Riders, under Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, were ordered to make a *détour* inland. The route taken by General Young's men presented few difficulties. That of the Rough Riders was roughness itself, so we shall do well to give the two colonels and their adventurous followers a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER XXIII

CUCKOO-CALLS AND MAUSER BULLETS

THE tropical heat was suffocating and growing more intense with every minute as the scorching sun rose higher, when the Rough Riders separated from General Young's command and set forth on the flank of that body along their independent path through the tropical wilderness.

Along another path running in the same direction, though less beset with dangers and obstructions, marched General Young with his regulars. The two parties were separated from each other by a half-mile of hilly, tropical jungle.

The first part of the journey was over rugged hills, where the trail was often lost and where the thicket was all but impassable. Up these steep hills, over gullies, through dense mazes of underbrush, the Rough Riders plodded on, carrying their two hundred rounds of ammunition and a heavy camp equipment.

Through the early morning hours their progress in the intense heat was difficult enough, but as the day advanced and the merciless sun poured down his torrential rays the very brush through which the troopers passed became hot to the touch, and cowboys and ranchmen who were accustomed to the sweltering plains and deserts of the West paused, all but prostrated by the glaring foe whose power they had not anticipated. Beside them along the winding, uphill gully trudged many a man who had known what it was to swelter on the diamond or gridiron, college athletes who found their only strength and endurance now in the enthusiasm of the leader who was their old companion and friend.

Up the hills they toiled, bearing their heavy packs and pausing frequently to rest. The trail was so narrow that for the greater part of the way the men had to proceed single file. Their path was

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

lined with prickly cactus-bushes whose brittle spikes they encountered with every move.

All the conditions were favorable for a murderous ambushade, but the troopers kept a close watch and made as little noise as possible. Despite the perils and the difficulties of the way, it was,



GENERAL GARCIA AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL LUDLOW

Taken during their conference at the time of the landing of the American army.

after all, the kind of work the Rough Riders liked best and were best fitted for, and they entered into the spirit of the day with great enthusiasm. It was their first opportunity for a fight, and every man was eager for adventure.

As the heat grew more intense the men threw away blankets and tent rolls and emptied their canteens. Not a sound was to be heard as the line of troopers wound its way along the gully, except the parting of the brush and occasionally the swish of a machete chopping away the dense growth which obstructed the narrow way.

Suddenly one of the men paused and listened. A low sound like the call of a cuckoo could be plainly heard somewhere in the thick

brush. It was answered by another call, long and low. It was difficult to locate the point from which the sounds came.

Stealthily, silently, the troopers continued on their way. Frequent halts were made and the men were ordered to speak in whispers.

Still again, this time far away as it seemed, could be heard the long, soft call, "Co-o-k--co-o-o," followed by an answer nearer at hand.

What did it mean?

Several of the men crept stealthily and cautiously into the denser bordering brush and peered about through the dank half-darkness. Nothing was to be seen.

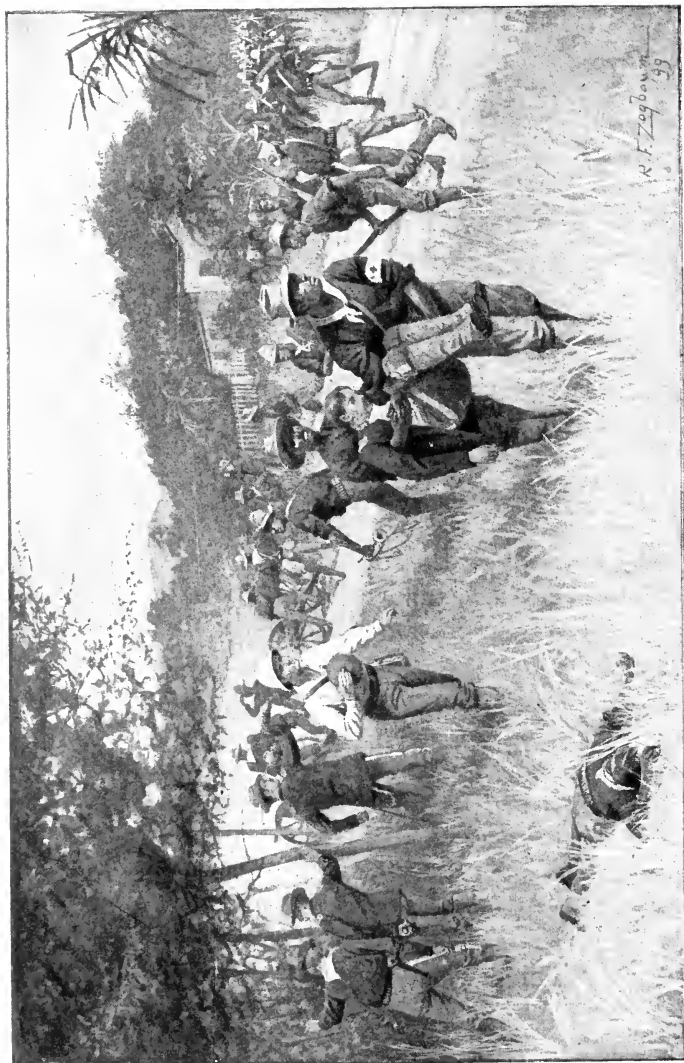
Toward evening a spot was reached where the trail opened into a space covered with high grass on the right-hand side and the densest thicket on the other. Here they came upon their first sign of man. A barbed-wire fence ran along the left side, and near it, in the pathway, lay the body of a Cuban.

Of a sudden there was a slight stir in the bushes, and the men caught a glimpse of the head of a Spaniard just as it disappeared. Presently another face peered cautiously out, framed by the tangled brush which its owner held apart for a fleeting glimpse of the invaders. A low but penetrating cuckoo call arose, as it seemed, close to the path.

Then and not until then were the Rough Riders permitted to load their carbines. It did not take them long to obey the order. Scarcely had they done so when the sound of firing was heard a mile or so to their right, coming apparently from the hills beyond the thicket. It was the regulars with General Young replying to the Spaniards, who had opened on them from the woods. Above the sound of the rifles the louder boom of Hotchkiss guns could be heard.

Scarcely two minutes had elapsed when the sound of shooting closer at hand was mingled with the distant firing. The sharp crack of a Mauser rifle could be heard, then another, and another, while a storm of bullets whizzed over the heads of the Rough Riders, cutting the leaves from the trees and sending chips flying from the fence-posts beside the men.

And still the cuckoo calls could be heard, summoning stragglers from their remoter positions.



THE HOTCHKISS BATTERY IN ACTION AT LAS GUASIMAS

Here, only two days after its landing, the "Rough Riders" joined battle with the Spaniards, and, supported by the regulars under General Young, defeated the Spaniards at Las Guasimas.

CUCKOO-CALLS AND MAUSER BULLETS

The sudden fire from the unseen foe bore terrible effect, but the troopers stood their ground, the bullets singing all about them.

Suddenly Private Colby caught sight of the ambushed Spaniards, and like a flash the first bullet of the Americans tore its way into the jungle. Then Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., dropped his rifle, wheeled, and fell to the ground, shot through the heart.

The Spaniards were hardly one hundred and fifty yards distant, but only occasional glimpses of them could be had. Volley after volley our men poured into the bush, keeping up an incessant fire at the point in the thicket whence the reports came, but the firing of the Spaniards became more rapid and seemed to be drawing nearer.

Louder and louder the reports sounded. The bullets were now whizzing all about our men. Amid the fusillade Colonel Wood walked along his lines, displaying the utmost coolness. He ordered the troops to deploy into the thicket and sent another detachment into the open space to the left of the trail. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt led the former detachment and tore through the brush, urging his men on.

With every minute the shots came thicker and faster and the air seemed filled with the whizzing of the Mauser bullets. Now the fire would come in volleys—veritable hailstorms of deadly bullets. Now the shots followed one another in rapid succession for minutes at a time.

Captain Capron stood behind his men, revolver in hand, using it whenever a Spaniard exposed himself. His aim was sure and under his prompt firing two Spaniards at different times were seen to drop. He was just loading his revolver to pick off another Spaniard when the weapon fell from his hand and he reeled to the ground with a Mauser bullet through his body.

For nearly an hour, before an unseen force and in the face of an incessant fire, the gallant Rough Riders held their position. At length the two leaders decided that their only hope of escape from the desperate position was in a bold, if reckless, dash at their unseen foe. Colonel Wood, therefore, took command on the right of his column, while Colonel Roosevelt took the left side, and with a rousing yell which fired the brave men, they led the troopers in a frantic rush toward the invisible sharp-shooters.

This was a move which the Spaniards had not expected, and their

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

consternation at the reckless daring of the Americans threw them into disorder which soon developed into a retreat.

They rallied at a blockhouse some distance to the rear, but the pursuing troopers, pressing their advantage, charged furiously, and



SOLDIERS OF THE CUBAN ARMY

(From a photograph taken at the time of the landing of the American army.)

the Spaniards fell back again. As the troopers advanced the enemy retreated, and the Rough Riders, now joined by the regulars, were soon in possession of the blockhouse.

In that gallant struggle the Americans lost sixteen killed and about fifty wounded. It is not known how many the Spaniards lost, for their dead lay in an all but impenetrable jungle. Thirty-seven slain were picked up by the Americans, and it is probable that many more bodies had been carried away by the Spaniards, with their wounded.

This first encounter of our land soldiers on Cuban soil, though hardly more than a skirmish, sent a thrill of pride through the country, for not only had it marked the first bloodshed of the Army

CUCKOO-CALLS AND MAUSER BULLETS

of Invasion, but it had also shown the spirit and the courage which it was felt permeated the entire army, regular and volunteer. The regulars under General Young had acquitted themselves with bravery and courage, and with them the Rough Riders had to share the triumph which followed the gallant fighting on that sweltering day in the Cuban wilderness. But to the Rough Riders in particular the glory of the day may be said to belong, on account of their difficult and wearisome climb and their brief but gallant encounter with the invisible sharp-shooters.

However, as Admiral Schley remarked a long while afterward, since there was plenty of glory to go around, it was hardly worth while quarreling about it.

There was certainly fighting enough to be done, and no dearth of glory, as we shall presently see.

CHAPTER XXIV

SANTIAGO

WHEN the main body of troops heard of this success of the Rough Riders and the regulars, they felt that General Young and Colonel Wood and Colonel Roosevelt had stolen a march on them, just as Colonel Huntington's marines had stolen a march on General Young's advance by landing first on Cuban soil. The volunteers, in particular, were anxious to hear for themselves the whistling music of passing bullets, while the regulars, who had heard such music before, were not at all averse to hearing it again—provided only they might return the compliment.

In a word, the whole army was fired with fresh enthusiasm and looked to the advance on Santiago as a means by which their hope for active service might be fulfilled. They were not disappointed.

The Army of Invasion comprised the Fifth Army Corps, under Major-General W. R. Shafter. It consisted of two divisions of infantry, two brigades of cavalry, two brigades of light artillery, and four batteries of heavy artillery.

The city of Santiago is overlooked by rugged heights. Two of these, the hills of El Caney and San Juan, were strongly intrenched, for they were necessary to the defense of the city.

General Shafter's purpose was to take Santiago, and the first movement in that direction was immediately taken while Admiral Sampson's ships stood guard over the fleet which lay imprisoned in the harbor, bombarding the defenses from time to time and silencing them as often as they showed signs of activity.

Meanwhile General Shafter was busy with the disposition of his forces. On the 28th of June another body of troops was landed, and now the entire force under the general numbered about twenty-two thousand men, ready for immediate active service. Allied with the Americans were more than five thousand Cuban insurgents,

SANTIAGO

under General Garcia, who had placed himself and his troops at the command of General Shafter.

Within sight of Santiago was the little town of Sevilla, and on June 25th this town was taken by troops under General Chaffee. Here, in the very shadow of the city, General Shafter established his headquarters.

On the day following the gallant battle of the Rough Riders a body of troops cut the pipelines into Santiago City, after which the inhabitants had to depend upon a few unhealthful wells for their only water supply.

Santiago was already doomed.

As General Shafter distributed his forces about the town the enemy fell back on all sides, until the right of the American column was within four miles of the city.

Both armies were now in well-defined positions. The Spanish intrenchments extended around Santiago at a distance of about three miles outside the city limits. Within their trenches were twelve thousand Spanish soldiers, and along the line were many strong fortifications.

General Shafter's plan was to dispose his forces so that the troops would face this line all the way round, or as nearly so as possible; so that in a very general way it may be said that the opposing forces represented two great (though, of course, very irregular) circles, one inside the other, with the city in the center of the inner circle like a bull's-eye.

It took more than a week to complete these arrangements, and it was while this was being done that the famous battle of the advance, including the regulars and the Rough Riders, was fought. Other small engagements took place also as the army spread into



WILLIAM R. SHAFTER

position, and several places were taken which were needed in the disposition of our force to strengthen its position.

While the preparations were being made, Admiral Sampson raised the telegraphic cables in the harbor and connected them by tap-wires with General Shafter's headquarters, thus establishing direct telegraphic communication between Washington and the army in Cuba.

Nothing now remained to be done and the operations looking to the capture of the city were begun.

It was very important that the hills of El Caney and San Juan should be taken. Both of these were strongly intrenched and supported with artillery from Admiral Cervera's fleet.

On the 1st of July our army began attacking all along the line, but the principal fighting was on the heights of San Juan and at the little town of El Caney.

The man whose duty it was to take this latter place was General Lawton, whom we have already met in the Indian wars, and whose exciting adventures in the Philippines we shall follow later.

At about six o'clock in the morning a battery of four guns opened fire on El Caney, but did no damage to the works, and at eight o'clock General Lawton's infantry attacked the place. His troops were met by a hot rifle-fire from the Spanish intrenchments. The men were ordered to spread out, in order to get the protection of the trees and bushes. From these hiding-places they fired every time they saw a Spanish head. In this way they advanced upon the trenches.

Meanwhile Captain Capron's artillery began firing, its target being a stone fort in front of the town. Every shot went true, but the guns were not large enough to do much damage. Despite that fact, Captain Capron made it so hot for the enemy that they had to leave their position several times. Each time they retired our infantry tried to reach the town, but each time the Spaniards rallied before they were able to do so.

Our forces were then split into two divisions, which took separate directions toward the town.

Their fighting before they reached the town was as nothing compared with their reception when they arrived there. Some of the



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTIAGO AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

best fighting in the war was done by the Spaniards in their defense of El Caney.

From every side the enemy fired upon our troops. They seemed to be concealed everywhere. The trenches which our men faced were filled with men whose hats only were visible. Our soldiers shot the hats to pieces, but killed none of the Spaniards, who had resorted to the trick of raising their hats on sticks for the Americans to shoot at.

The breastworks in the northeast corner of the town did the most damage. Their position, for a long time, was not discovered by our men, and during this interval they poured an incessant fire which did great damage.

In order to avoid the continuous firing from this unknown point our men lay flat, but the Spaniards had the range and accurately picked off many of our soldiers as they lay on the ground. In this shooting the loss among our officers was great. General Chaffee dashed here and there, heedless of the whizzing bullets, giving orders and calling on his men to fight for their lives and win a victory for their country.

For a while the Spaniards had things their own way, their relentless and well-directed volleys buzzing among our men, who were all but helpless. Almost with every inspiring shout which the brave General Chaffee uttered some one or other of his men dropped dead or dying, hit by an unerring bullet whose source was all a mystery.

At last the deadly battery was discovered; and now the tide turned. Every Spaniard who showed himself was picked off. Relentless and unerring volleys continued, but they were in the opposite direction.

The Spanish trenches ran with blood, while consternation and confusion reigned among the soldiers who had so lately held the advancing troops of General Lawton at their mercy. They had supposed that their immunity was due to faulty firing on the part of the Americans.

Now was the time for our soldiers to advance. With his guns Captain Capron silenced the fort, as our troops, with a resounding yell and led by their officers, dashed forward, straight up to the fort.

"Remember the *Maine!* Remember the *Maine!*" our men

shouted as they dashed up, and the cry was taken up till it rose in volume and rolled forward like a great wave. The Spaniards heard it with almost frantic apprehension. They had come to know the wonderful power of those three words which spread contagion and acted like an inspiration whenever they were uttered. The Spaniards turned and fled, leaving one hundred and twenty-five prisoners in the hands of our men.

This was the battle of El Caney, and the gallant rush of General Lawton's soldiers won for General Shafter's army the high hill which was so much needed in the plan to capture Santiago.

Let us now glance at that other gallant charge which left our troops victorious on the heights of San Juan.

General Linares, the Spanish commander, knew the importance of San Juan Hill to the Americans, and he had fortified it strongly. If the soldiers whom he commanded had been as good as the intrenchments they had thrown up, the hill would probably not have been taken, for the intrenchments were thought by experts to be well-nigh impregnable.

Running through the country not far from the foot of the irregular elevation known as San Juan Hill is the San Juan River. Across this river from the hill is a small elevation on which a battery was posted, and the attempt to take the hill was opened by a sharp fire from this battery, but our gunners had not the range, and their fire fell short of the mark.

The troops were now ordered to advance upon the heights. Close to the river and somewhat to the east of the main hill was a slight elevation known as Kettle Hill, because upon it was a large metal caldron which had been used, as Colonel Roosevelt thought, in sugar-refining. The Rough Riders made a détour and captured this hill, while our infantry was making the equally arduous ascent of the main ridge.

So it appears that Colonel Roosevelt and his men were not, as many suppose, among the troops which took San Juan, though the gallantry of their performance is not dimmed by this fact. Their loss was just as great and their intrepid advance just as courageous as that of the main body of troops which pressed their way up the irregularities of the difficult San Juan Hill. It was simply that the cavalry, delayed by the very feat they were per-



THE CAPTURE OF EL CANEY

The Seventh Regular Infantry, charging through the fields at the north of El Caney, are cutting their way through the wire fence. Major Corliss, who is prominent in the foreground of the picture, was at this time pierced through the shoulder by a Mauser bullet.

forming, did not reach the blockhouse on the summit until the hill had been taken.

The way was rough and rocky and crossed by several streams. It was not one hill which our men had to ascend, and their ascent was not a mad rush, as many suppose. It was rather in the nature of an arduous climb, beset with many difficulties and obstacles.

As our troops advanced over the first part of their journey up from El Pozo, they had to ford streams, and while they were doing so the Spaniards held them under continuous fire and almost wholly at their mercy.

A little farther on our troops spread out, or deployed, as it is called in military phrase, but still the firing continued. As in the battle of El Caney, our men could not see where the shots came from; all they knew was that they were being hit. The long range of the Spanish rifles and the smokeless powder made it impossible for our men to locate their assailants, and for two hours they advanced under constant fire, losing heavily.

At last their toilsome journey brought them to a position under the brow of the main hill, and then came that noble effort to crown the ridge which made San Juan Hill famous in the war.

Their steeper way was beset now with new and unforeseen obstacles; for the Spaniards had brought to their aid a new form of weapon—the familiar barbed-wire fence. This homely and heartless device, which has perplexed so many cows and horses in their humble career upon the farm, was now found to be a most effectual embarrassment and bar to our troops' advance.

It was used in two ways. Wires were stretched close to the ground to trip the soldiers when on the run, and you may well imagine what an exasperating thing these were whenever our troops rallied for a gallant charge and went stumbling, one over another, to the ground. The wires were also formed into fences, some so high that it was impossible to vault them. The wires were literally woven together, and so closely that it was difficult to separate them even enough to force a wire-cutter between them.

You must understand that it was not a short, steep ascent that our soldiers were attempting. They were trying to surmount a ridge a couple of miles long, on the summit of which was a blockhouse guarded by trenches. Along the uphill journey were open



THE CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKHOUSE, SAN JUAN

SANTIAGO

spaces and hillside valleys which our men had to cross and where they formed an open target for the enemy.

It was in these open places that the impeding wires were set, and as our troops paused to grapple with these novel obstacles they were under constant fire from the intrenchments above. Besides, the trees surrounding these occasional open spaces were filled with sharp-shooters who picked our soldiers off at leisure during their frequent momentary halts.

It was the blockhouse on the top of the hill which our soldiers sought to capture. The troops advanced steadily against a hot fire maintained by the enemy, who used their rifles with great skill. But if the ascent was difficult, the taking of the blockhouse, once our troops reached it, was not hard.

As the Americans advanced the Spaniards abandoned their works, and thus the coveted height of San Juan was taken.

General Shafter was now able to telegraph that he was in full possession of the outworks and within three-quarters of a mile of Santiago. The General's only fear now was that the Spaniards might evacuate the city.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FATE OF CERVERA

THE morning of July 3d, 1898, dawned warm and fair. The next day would be Uncle Sam's birthday.

In the country about the city of Santiago lay General Shafter's army. In the harbor was Admiral Cervera's squadron, while outside the vessels of Admiral Sampson rode at anchor in the gentle swell, guarding the entrance.

To be sure, the sunken bulk of the *Merrimac* had made the harbor a prison, but locks are broken and barriers passed, and who should say how secure was the prison of Santiago Harbor, how effectual the barrier, to one in Admiral Cervera's desperate extremity? The harbor had been locked, but none too securely, Admiral Sampson feared, and so the big gray battle-ships of Uncle Sam waited patiently outside.

The sea was rippling softly, as it had done for days; the sun, mounting higher, lit up the water with its burning rays, and the blistered paint and hot decks, which even the grateful night had not cooled, testified to the relentless and continuous siege of tropic heat which our fleet was withstanding.

It was monotonous, pacing those hot decks—waiting, waiting, waiting—for something to happen. For a month those great dull hulks had shown by day and had been barely visible in outline by night, riding against their taut cables like restive horses, anxious to be gone.

But the next day would be Uncle Sam's birthday and it is not the habit of Uncle Sam's marines to let him go unhonored on his natal day.

Admiral Sampson and a few officers had left the fleet on the admiral's flag-ship, *New York*, to visit the army headquarters outside of Santiago.

THE FATE OF CERVERA

At half past nine o'clock Lieutenant Bristol, on the battle-ship *Texas*, lying directly in front of the harbor, noticed something which made him stare. It was a column of dark smoke rising from the direction of the harbor and showing vividly against the background of blue mountains in the distance.

The lieutenant watched the moving column closely, and as he gazed the bow of a ship emerged from behind one of the shore batteries.

What did it mean?

In an instant the loud gongs of the *Texas* sounded the call of the ship's company to quarters.

Admiral Cervera was trying to escape!

Headlong the *Texas* rushed straight for the approaching vessel, while on a line from her crow's-nest to the spar above floated three flags, the signal "2.5.0"—*The enemy is trying to escape.*

No words of eloquence, no stirring plea, could have been more effectual than those silent emblems—a dark spot on a white background; below, a flag, half dark and half light; and below that a dark cross on a bed of white. The officers and crews of the various ships read it like the words of a primer and were presently under way.

The *Brooklyn* and the *Iowa*, crowding on all speed, steamed for the harbor entrance. Up came the dripping anchors of the mighty *Oregon*, and she rushed for the harbor entrance, two and a half miles away. She had not come plowing fourteen thousand miles



ADMIRAL PASCUAL CERVERA

around Cape Horn to be cheated out of her share in whatever was to happen. If there was any vessel in the neighborhood which could tell the *Oregon* how to rush, the crew of the *Oregon* would like to know what that vessel was.

Yes, the signals told the truth—Admiral Cervera, seeing no hope except in escape, was challenging the obstruction in the channel and making for the open sea! He had been ordered to risk everything in this desperate attempt.

The Spanish ships were rated at higher speed than Admiral Sampson's vessels. They were fully manned, well equipped, and, once past the obstruction in the channel, would have at least a fighting chance of success.

The ship which Lieutenant Bristol had seen was the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and, following her, the others came in single file, the *Vizcaya*, the *Almirante Oquendo*, the *Cristobal Colon*, the *Pluton*, and the *Furor*.

Suddenly a shell burst from Cervera's flag-ship (the magnificent *Infanta Maria Teresa*), which fell harmlessly in the water. The *Texas*, first to discover the enemy, was the first to shoot, and, following the deafening report of her great guns, the other vessels opened fire immediately.

Majestically the ships of Admiral Cervera passed out and, clearing the harbor, turned to the westward. Then, crowding on full steam, they made a dash for the open sea.

That was Admiral Cervera's object—to escape. His vessel kept up a heavy fire on their pursuers, but it was evident that the Spaniard's hope was in flight, not in battle.

Swinging¹ about, so as to make her course parallel with that of the enemy, the *Brooklyn* brought her guns to bear and opened a fierce fire, running at top speed. The *Texas*, still steaming shoreward, fired at the foremost ships, which were rapidly drawing away to the westward in the shadow of the high hills.

On the bridge of the *Texas* stood her captain, John W. Philip. Straight for the *Vizcaya* he steamed. He could not overtake the faster vessel, but even as the fleetier Spanish ship gained on her pursuer shell after shell from the *Texas* struck her, doing frightful dam-

¹ This was known as the *Brooklyn's* "loop," a maneuver afterward the subject of controversy.

THE FATE OF CERVERA

age. And shell after shell from the fleeing *Vizcaya* came in answer, till Captain Philip moved to the conning-tower for greater security.

He was none too soon, for scarcely had he left the bridge when a shell went crashing across it, shattering the pilot-house.

Standing in the conning - tower, after this providential escape, Captain Philip calmly directed every movement of his ship. All about the *Texas* the falling shells shrieked and crashed, as she plowed on, a mere mass of black smoke, after the fleeing Spaniard. The din of her great twelve-inch gnns was terrific. These were swung across the decks to augment the broadside fire, and in this position every explosion shook the great ship, which was already throbbing with the pulsations of her mighty engines. With every concussion men near the guns were



JOHN W. PHILIP
Captain of the *Texas*.

thrown from their feet, but they sprang up, shouting, "Remember the *Maine*!" and sent the shells flying and roaring one after another as the noble ship sped through the water.

Suddenly a great volume of black smoke came up astern of the *Texas*, ran even with her, passed her. Enveloped in that moving cloud was the same great ship which we saw rushing amid cloud and spray up the coast of Brazil—the magnificent *Oregon*.

On she rushed, leaving the *Texas* in her tumultuous wake, the ocean vexed into mountains of rollers and the sky obscured as she swept by. How weak seemed even the heartless sea compared with this defiant monster as she swept on to join the *Brooklyn*, on which Commodore Schley was rushing to head off the foremost of the fugitives! The *Iowa*, too, rushed forward under forced draught to be in at the death.

At a little after ten o'clock our keen-eyed jackies noticed amid the trailing cloud from the third Spanish ship little streaks of flame which, even as they watched, broke through the smoke and rose in volume from the fleeing vessel.

The Spanish ship was on fire. Her flying duel with the *Texas* was over, and Captain Philip left her to steam shoreward and end her own career.

The *Texas* now turned her attention to the next ship following. Meanwhile the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* continued on their mad rush after the escaping *Almirante Oquendo* and *Cristobal Colon*.

Suddenly the two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, *Pluton* and *Furor*, which were following in the wake of the larger vessels, were discovered. Their comparative insignificance had given them momentary safety and they had steamed on unnoticed until, at Captain Philip's order, all the small guns of the *Texas* were trained upon them.

With our ships was the auxiliary cruiser *Gloucester*, which had formerly been the sumptuous yacht *Corsair*. On the *Gloucester* was Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, who had the right, if any man had, to cry, Remember the "*Maine!*" since he was one of her survivors.

Forward dashed the fleet and graceful *Gloucester* to attack the two destroyers whose immunity had been short-lived. She was greeted by a volley of fire from both destroyers, and presently the Morro Castle on shore and the big *Vizcaya* poured their shells at her, as well.

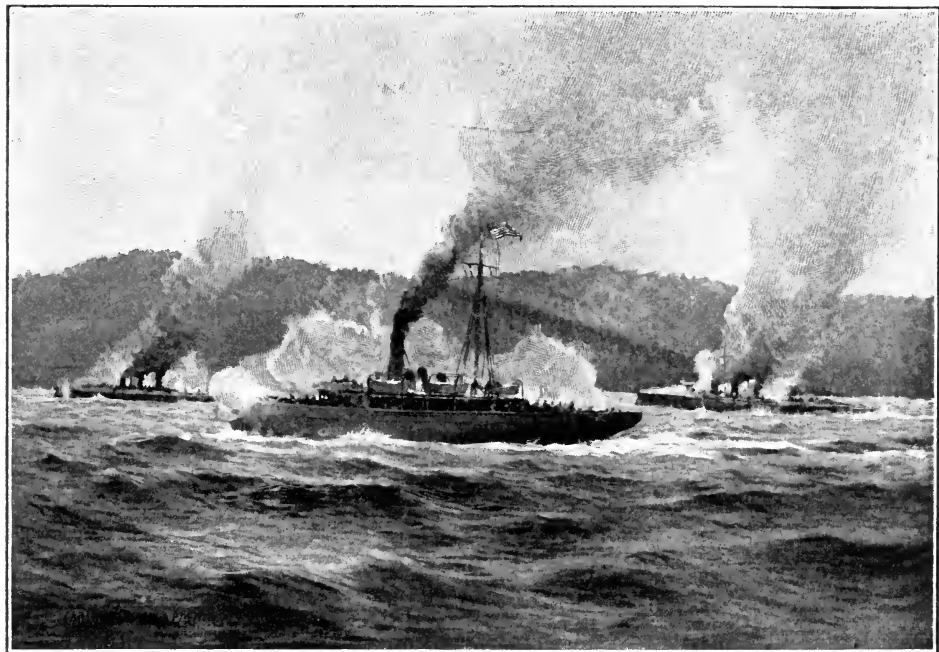
But what cared Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright?

All about the gallant *Gloucester* shells splashed into the water and the continual patter of bullets from the machine-guns was heard on all sides.

Sometimes the gallant little yacht cruiser could not be seen at

THE FATE OF CERVERA

all by the other ships, so thick was the smoke in which she was enveloped. But they could hear the crash of her guns, and they knew that she was there, pursuing her hazardous errand all undaunted. She seemed to bear a charmed life, the *Gloucester*. Perhaps, after her idle loiterings and dilettante wanderings on pleasure bent,



Pluton

Furor

THE GLOUCESTER AND THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOATS

The *Furor* is in a sinking condition, and the *Pluton* is heading for the shore.

the former yacht, now decked in her martial trappings, quite enjoyed the din and clash of shells and the smell of powder. In any event, the man who had felt the terrible convulsion on the *Maine* was not going to turn from his duty now. Now and then, to the intense relief of all who watched her, the brave little ship emerged out of cloud and spray and storms of shot and shell, apparently uninjured.

Meanwhile a vessel appeared to the eastward, hurrying toward the scene of action. It was the flag-ship *New York*, with Admiral Sampson. Seeing her, the *Pluton* and the *Furor* sped toward the *Vizcaya*, hoping to get the protection of her starboard side.

But they reckoned without the *Indiana*, which poured a ceaseless rain of shells upon the two destroyers, and presently they gave up all hope of reaching their big sister and scampered for the mouth of the harbor.

But the *Gloucester* was not going to yield up her quarry to the *Indiana*, and she pelted the harassed destroyers with such a vigorous fire that one of them, battered and forlorn, and seeing no hope of escape from her predicament, ran up a white flag. She was already in flames, and her crew ran her ashore, where her career was soon terminated by a terrific explosion.

The other destroyer was beached and her men scrambled ashore.

Although the *Indiana* and the *New York* contributed to the destruction of the two destroyers, the glory of the triumph belonged to the gallant, unprotected little *Gloucester*, the bantam of the fleet and not the least of its heroes.

While this exciting conflict was going on, the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the *Vizcaya* were seen to be in distress and making toward the shore. The *Texas* was keeping up a terrific fire at the *Vizcaya*, but a white flag appeared on the Spanish vessel and immediately Captain Philip ordered that the firing cease.

Amid dense clouds of smoke through which occasional glimpses of flame could be seen, the two Spanish vessels made for the beach. Then boats could be seen putting out from the doomed ships. Their end was near.

The quarry was now the *Colon* and the *Almirante Oquendo*, which were rushing for dear life as close to the land as it was safe to run.

Suddenly the *Almirante Oquendo* shifted her course and ran for shore. The *Texas*, hot on the pursuit, was about to open fire when the flag at the *Almirante's* stern was lowered. On rushed the *Texas*, but suddenly a thunderous explosion rent the air.

It was the end of the *Almirante Oquendo*.

Almost simultaneously with the explosion the men on the *Texas* sent up an exultant cheer, but Captain Philip stepped among them and raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Don't cheer, boys," he called, "the poor fellows are dying."

The *Texas* now joined the chase of the *Cristobal Colon*, which was rushing at top speed and seemed likely to outdistance her pursuers, the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*.



THE LAST OF CERVERA'S FLEET
The Colon's final effort.

The race was one of the most remarkable and dramatic in the whole history of naval warfare. Of the three pursuing vessels the *Brooklyn*, with Commodore Schley, was the swiftest, and though it was feared she might not prove a match for the *Cristobal Colon* in combat, she took the lead now, standing well out from shore, with the purpose of cutting off the Spanish vessel at a point which jutted out into the sea far ahead.

And now the great *Oregon* became the center of the scene. With the water tumbling in foam before her mighty bow, with all her guns blazing, she dashed across the bow of the *Iowa* and had soon out-distanced all the vessels which had joined in the pursuit, except the *Brooklyn*.

Who can better tell of the great ship's noble dash than one of her own officers, who stood amid the shower of spray, with the wind in his face, and felt the thrilling pulsing of her tremendous engines as she plowed on, her great guns booming incessantly?

"The *Oregon* was the only battle-ship keeping up with the pace set by the *Brooklyn*, and kept neck and neck with her during the early part of the race, and by her fast running got on the inside of the *Brooklyn* and next to the *Colon*. From nine-thirty in the morning, when the *Colon* first poked her nose out and the race was on, until one-fifteen in the afternoon, when the last ship surrendered, the *Oregon* was pushed for all she was worth under a forced draught, and the fact that she had high pressure of steam at the beginning gave her a good start, which she kept up.

"When the *Colon* surrendered no other vessel but the *Brooklyn* was in sight, and the capture was made by the *Brooklyn* because the Commodore was on board and we gave way to her. The *Colon's* officers said after the fight that the *Oregon* caused them to haul down their flag, as they could not stand the terrific fire from her guns, and if they could have outdistanced her they were confident of disabling the *Brooklyn* and getting away.

"The *Oregon* was the farthest east of all at the start except the *Indiana*. Captain Philip of the *Texas* wondered how we could make such speed and was amazed at the way the *Oregon* pushed ahead and kept along with the *Brooklyn*. In fifteen minutes she passed all the fleet to the westward and, bearing down close inshore, engaged, with all her guns at once, everything in sight."

THE FATE OF CERVERA

At last the *Cristobal Colon* headed for shore, and a few minutes afterward her colors were hauled down. Within a few hundred yards the monsters which had pursued her rested, their engines stopped, still panting, as one might say, and waiting.

Down the ladder of the *Brooklyn* went Commodore Schley and was taken aboard a small boat and over to the Spanish vessel, where he received the surrender.

And still again, while the great ships waited, respectfully as it would seem, for the ceremony to be concluded, a vessel could be seen in the distance steaming toward them. It was the *New York* again, bringing Admiral Sampson. As the flag-ship approached, signals were run up on the *Brooklyn* which told him of the glorious victory which his ships had won.

And now, from one great ship to another, shouted through the big naval megaphones, went words of congratulation and exultation. Amid the clamor and the tooting could be heard distant fitful strains of music, borne to several of the vessels on the weak but favoring breeze. Those who heard listened intently. It was the band on the *Oregon* playing "The Star-spangled Banner." Grimy gunners, black with the sooty blackness from the great guns, threw up their caps and cheered themselves hoarse, while the cry of "Remember the *Maine*!" arose from hundreds of throats. Across the water danced a little boat on its way back to the *Brooklyn*, and came alongside the *Texas*, just for a friendly word in passing. The Commodore had once been captain of the *Texas*, and the black, half-naked boys who clustered at the rail sent up a cheer which showed they had not forgotten their old commander.

"It was a good fight, Jack, wasn't it?" the Commodore called up.

"Three cheers for the Commodore!" came in a riot of voices from above.

"Hurrah for Captain Philip!" some one shouted, but the swelling chorus which broke forth in honor of their commander was stilled as Captain Philip raised his hand reverently and, amid an impressive silence, gave thanks for so complete a victory won in such a righteous cause. Then the little gig danced away again, and on to the *Brooklyn*.

On the *Oregon* men dripping with black grime came up out of the cavernous depths of the mammoth hull, men whose only weapons had been wrenches and oil-cans and whose only bandages

were cotton waste, but who were heroes all the same—came up out of the half-dark caverns where shining, oily bars of steel moved back and forth, back and forth, incessantly, to look about them in the light of day and hear what the jackies were shouting from ship to ship.

Who but these men had brought the *Oregon* around Cape Horn? Who had urged the engines even as the officers on deck had urged the men? Who but these heroes who now came up to join their voices in the cheer for Captain Clarke?

In all the firing of that running battle, from the minute the first Spanish ship poked her nose into view to the minute when the *Colon's* flag came down, the Americans lost just exactly one man, and two were wounded.

With the Spaniards it was quite another story. They lost six ships, about six hundred were killed or wounded, while twelve hundred were taken prisoners. The Cuban coast for more than fifty miles was strewn with wrecks and detached wreckage from the battle, the extreme point of the wreck-strewn shore being the spot where the fleeing *Cristobal Colon* hauled down her colors before the *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn*.

The people of the United States, in the generous spirit which this great victory helped to increase, were not likely to look with contempt or anger on the man who had said, "Daring like this makes the bitterest enemy proud that his fellow-men can be such heroes"; and the gallant admiral who had suggested the exchange of Hobson before Admiral Sampson had had an opportunity to request it was now to learn what it meant to be a war prisoner in the United States of America.

The prisoners were brought to the United States on the *St. Louis* and the officers, after giving their paroles, were quartered on the beautiful grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where they were treated with such consideration and hospitality that more than one of them spoke ruefully and regretfully of the day when they should be free to return to their own country, where only disgrace and humiliation awaited them.

Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya* said, "The boats of the *Iowa* picked up those of my officers and men still alive, carrying them to that ship. When I went on board the *Iowa* I took off my sword and



Cristobal
Vizcaya
Cidon

Monic
Terres

Albatross
Ogden

Fanny and
Patton

Oregon, turning out

Oregon

Texas

Albatross

Indiana

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO, JULY 3, 1898

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

tendered it to Captain Evans, but he refused it, saying that I had fought four ships and that I should keep my sword. That was the proudest moment of my life."

The chivalrous refusal of "Fighting Bob" Evans to receive the Spanish captain's sword showed the spirit in which our whole country received and entertained the vanquished who came to them as prisoners. The common sailors believed they would undoubtedly be shot, but instead they were made to feel quite at home during their necessary detention; and as for the gallant old Admiral Cervera, he was hardly less than a popular hero during his enforced, but altogether pleasant, sojourn as the star guest of Uncle Sam.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE STORY OF AN ONLOOKER

WHEN Lieutenant Hobson sank the *Merrimac* there was among his brave company a young ensign from Admiral Sampson's flag-ship of the name of Joseph Powell. After the battle of Santiago was over he wrote a letter in which he told of all he had seen. Let us give him a chapter to himself in order to follow his vivid and stirring narrative:

"What a day's work! And only one American killed and two wounded! We have from one ship nearly four hundred prisoners, and two hundred from another; how many were taken from the other two we do not yet know. The majority of the Spanish crews from three of the cruisers and the two destroyers were killed. What a Sunday this has been! Sunday fights always go our way, and this one beats the record.

"And it was all so unexpected. One battle-ship, the *Massachusetts*, went to Guantanamo early this morning, so, of course, was out of the fight altogether. We on the *New York* were only onlookers, I'm sorry to say, though we probably received more fire than any other one ship, thanks to our friends, the forts. The day started with breakfast at eight—of biscuits made without flour, I guess; we thought they were made of white lead. After breakfast I had the extreme pleasure of putting on a complete outfit of clean clothes, and it was a luxury. I hardly knew myself in a pair of starched white trousers and a clean white blouse. Just before quarters we started down to Siboney, where the admiral and the captain were to go ashore to General Shafter's headquarters. We went through quarters as usual, but, although it was the first Sunday in the month, we didn't have general muster, and after the mere mustering of the men at the guns we were dismissed.

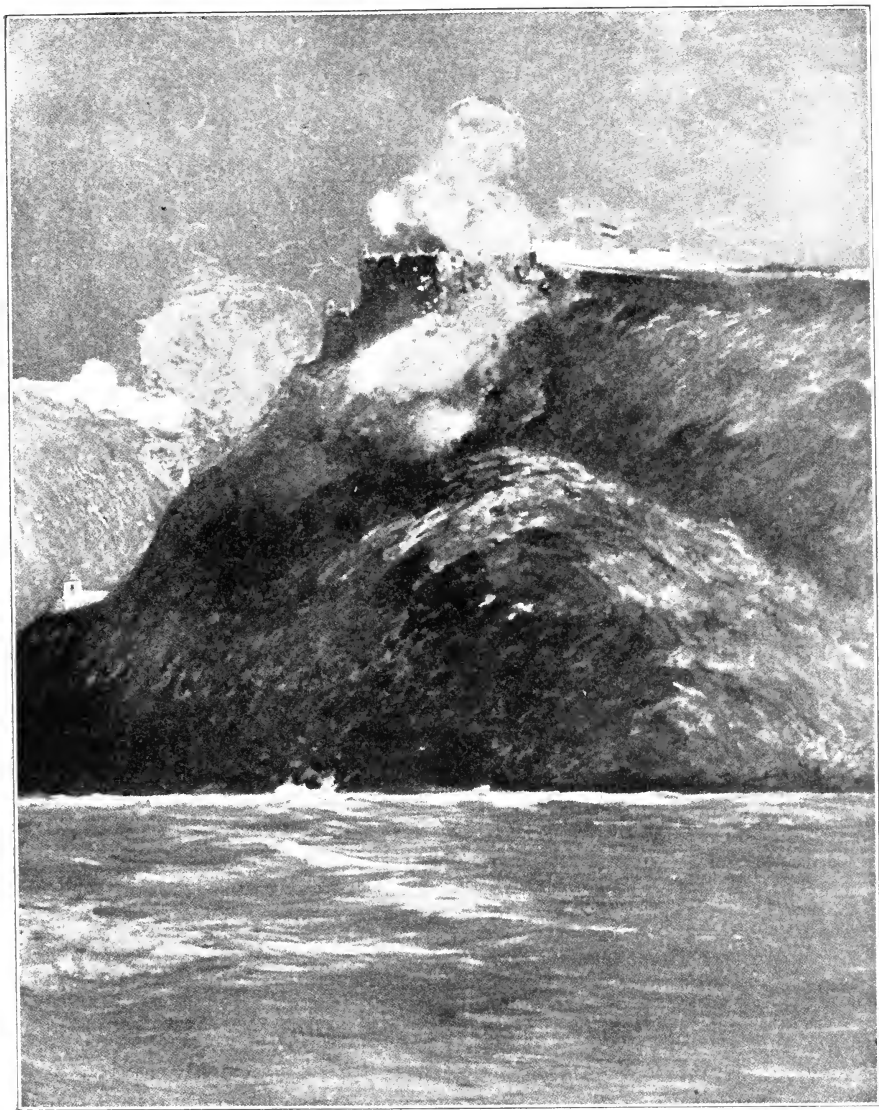
"We were about five miles from Morro, when, lo! a puff of smoke from the mouth of the harbor and a dozen puffs from our ships in the offing, and some one yelled:

"The ships are coming out!"

"I had reached the quarter-deck when this news was called out, and after watching the fire for a minute I jumped below to get my glasses and started forward to my station. The men were running around everywhere, singing and laughing; and though the call to general quarters had not been given, every one was at his station. I never saw such a crowd. They were crazy to get at the 'Dagoes.'

"All hands took off their Sunday clothes and put on their dirtiest habiliments. After seeing that everything was all right at my gun, I went below, took off my own finery, put on my fighting-suit, and was ready for business. I must admit that for once I caught the spirit of the occasion and was as crazy for a scrap as any of them, though I am free to admit that ordinarily I don't like shells whistling around my ears. All this time the battle-ships were pouring in shot after shot, while the four Spanish cruisers, who turned away from us to the westward and were straining along the coast, were quite enveloped in their smoke. We could see shells splashing the water in all directions—a sight it was worth going to war to see. The two parallel lines of vessels moved up the coast, but we moved faster astern of them and gained somewhat. The Spanish vessels soon turned a point, and we lost sight of them. Then there was more smoke at the north of the harbor, and we knew that more vessels were coming out, and in a minute we saw, first one, then a second torpedo-boat destroyer appear and head up after the other ships. They had nearly a clear chance to run, as all the vessels had passed to the westward except one, the little *Gloucester*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, a boat not as big as either of the destroyers, a converted yacht, with only six 6-pounders on a side—not as much of a battery as that of either of the destroyers.

"But that didn't feaze Dick Wainwright. He sailed in and gave those boats fits, first one and then the other; and when we were about off Morro, and three miles to the eastward of the three vessels, a shot struck something explosive on one of the destroyers; there was a puff of black smoke, followed by a cloud of white, and



NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENSES, JULY 2, 1898

Effect of fire from the fleet on Fort Morro.

the vessel turned and made for the shore. The *Gloucester* then turned her attention to the other destroyer, which turned and started back for Morro; but we were there, and my forward 4-inch gun was ordered to open fire on it. Seeger, the gun captain, hit that fellow the first shot, nailed a boiler, and the boat never moved again. The gun aft of ours also hit her, and then both guns fired one more shot. Then they stopped, as she was done for.

"The *Gloucester* had a boat in the water when we came by, and we did not stop at all, as both torpedo-boats were clearly done for, and the *Gloucester* was quite able to pick up the remnant of their crews and look out for the vessels; and we tore along down the coast. Some of our vessels were still visible around the point, and were hot at it. All the time we were crossing the mouth of the harbor we were having a serenade from the batteries. About a dozen mortars that have never fired on us in any of our bombardments sprang into life and played a merry tattoo. They used shrapnel, which burst about us two or three times a minute—above us, on each side of us, ahead of and behind us, but never touched us. They are fine shots.

"Soon after we left the *Gloucester* we passed out of range of these shore guns, and were all busily watching a dense mass of smoke rising from behind the point. Ten minutes later we could make out the military tops of one of the cruisers, and a minute or two later could see the ship itself, high up on the beach—and also burning! And then we saw that there was another vessel there; and, sure enough, farther up, also on the beach, and also afire, was another, exactly like the first. The two were the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the *Oquendo*. We could see men in crowds on their forecastles, the fire being all aft.

"A man—a Spaniard—swimming, came alongside us about this time and yelled, 'Picka up!' but we only threw him a life-preserver, and a second man in the water whom we passed soon afterward got only a wooden shell-case; but there were two more ships ahead, and we could not stop. War is an awful game, anyway, and there were all those men on the ships ahead of us, and the ships nearly certain to blow up.

"But, as it proved, the two ships were safe enough; and on we chased after the two still ahead, with the *Indiana*, *Iowa*, *Texas*,

Oregon, and *Brooklyn* before us, in that order, the *Indiana* being nearest to us. One Spanish ship, which proved to be the *Vizcaya*, was hopelessly headed off and taking the fire of two or three of our vessels, while we cut off all chance of her escape. She, too, was afire; and after running a mile or two more she headed for the shore full tilt, and ran aground when we were two miles away, right off a Cuban town where there are fifteen hundred Cuban troops. This is the place where I went one day in the *Suwanee* to land Mr. Blue. By the time we were a mile away we could see boats pulling for the shore and rows of swimmers making for the beach while the *Indiana* and *Iowa* came in close after the Spanish ship. The *Indiana* was sent back to her station off Morro, the *Iowa* was left to pick up the Spaniards, while we, with never a stop, went on after the *Cristobal Colon*, which was hull down below the horizon, with the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, and the little yacht *Vixen*, hot after her. She was the only that got through our line.

"We saw one nice little example of Cuban bravery there. Those sweet, kind, considerate, gentle, abused Cuban soldiers whom we are fighting for were on the beach, shooting every Spaniard that came within range, so that swimmers and boats had to turn back to the ship. And that ship blew up early! We saw a dozen small explosions, and finally one big one that tore the after part of the ship to bits. The *Iowa* sent a boat, and a torpedo-boat also went in, and I'll bet those Cubans stopped their butchery in short order under the persuasion of their guns. And, by the way, that mutilation story about our marines is untrue. One was killed with a machete, and naturally had a couple of bad-looking cuts. The other was shot thirty or forty times, but neither was mutilated, as was given out.

"We had a long chase before retreat sounded; and we all went about our business, leaving everything at the guns so that we could fire in a second. We had been putting on boiler after boiler, and were tearing along as fast as we could with our dirty bottom and only two engines, and we could not stop to couple on the other two. I don't know where the morning went, but after watching the chase what seemed like a very few minutes it was time for lunch. So down we went; and it was a very happy crowd, I can tell you. We were sure then we could catch the *Cristobal Colon*, as the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* could head her off. I didn't stay at table very long, but

went up to watch the chase again. About two o'clock we saw the *Colon* give up and head for the shore. We then went to quarters again; but she never fired another shot—merely hauled down her flag and ran the boat on the beach. We were there almost as soon as the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn*. All our boats went for prisoners, and then the *Resolute*, an ammunition-supply boat, came up from behind, and all the prisoners were sent to her except the captain of the *Colon* and the second admiral of the fleet, who came to us. It was a big job getting them off, and I wish we had done something to them. They broke valves in their ship that let in the water, so that she gradually filled, and now she is sunk on the bottom. They also disabled all their guns by throwing their truck mechanisms overboard. This is distinctly against the rules of war and the captain could be hanged for allowing it.

"It was awful to see that beautiful big ship settle hour after hour. When our men got on board the engine-rooms were so badly flooded that they could not find the valves that had been opened, though possibly it would have done no good, as they probably had been broken, so that they couldn't have been closed. After the Spanish captain and second admiral came on board the *New York* I went over in a boat to get their belongings. I found a gang from the *Oregon* loading the prisoners to send them to the *Resolute*. I went all through the ship, and got a couple of bayonets for souvenirs. When I had a load of the captain's clothes I came back here, and it was dinner-time. I then had hopes that they would stop the leaks and float the *Colon* off. Mr. Potter promised I should go on her prize crew, which would have meant a trip to New York or Norfolk. But that was not to be. A little later we could see she was sinking. Then about dark she slid off the rocks into deep water, and the signal came over that she was afloat, but sinking rapidly.

"All our boats were hustled over to get everybody off. I took over a sailing-launch. I saw she couldn't stay up long, and took the opportunity to get a few more souvenirs—a piece of a shell that burst on board, three rifles, etc. Then I monkeyed around for an hour. Both the *Colon's* anchors were let go, and the *New York* pushed her on shore, where she sank again till her upper deck was three feet out of water, and her bow (when I left) still afloat. She just went down a little at a time until she rested on the bottom.

THE STORY OF AN ONLOOKER

It was 10.30 when I finally got back to the ship and started my good night.

“Just after the *Colon* went ashore the *Resolute* signaled she had sighted a Spanish ship off Daiquiri. We all thought it a bluff, but the *Brooklyn* was chased down there. Later the *Vixen*, which had started down with despatches, came back with the same tale. But we knew there was an Austrian ship here; and their flag is the same as the Spanish, except for a white stripe in place of the yellow, which is hard to tell at a distance, and a blue corner, which can’t be seen at all.

“I don’t think any one thought much of the story, and nobody was surprised when, a few minutes ago, a torpedo-boat brought word that it was the Austrian.

“I am very happy to-night. It has been an eventful day for the navy, and all so cheaply won. My prayer is to-night that no awful reports are being circulated that will cause anxiety.”

We are glad to know that you were happy that night, Ensign Powell, and we are sorry for your sake that you were not in the thick of it. Still, you did your part as it was given you to do, and so your name is included along with those of all the others who made their contributions, large or small, toward the glorious birthday present which our navy gave to Uncle Sam.

CHAPTER XXVII

AROUND SANTIAGO

THREE days after the destruction of the Spanish fleet a man on horseback rode away from General Shafter's headquarters. He was Lieut. John D. Miley, one of the general's aides. Accompanying him was a covered wagon, and in this were three Spanish officers, blindfolded. Behind, in another wagon, followed a little company of Spanish soldiers.

This strange cavalcade rattled on up a hill upon the crest of which lay the American firing-line. What were they doing? Where were they going?

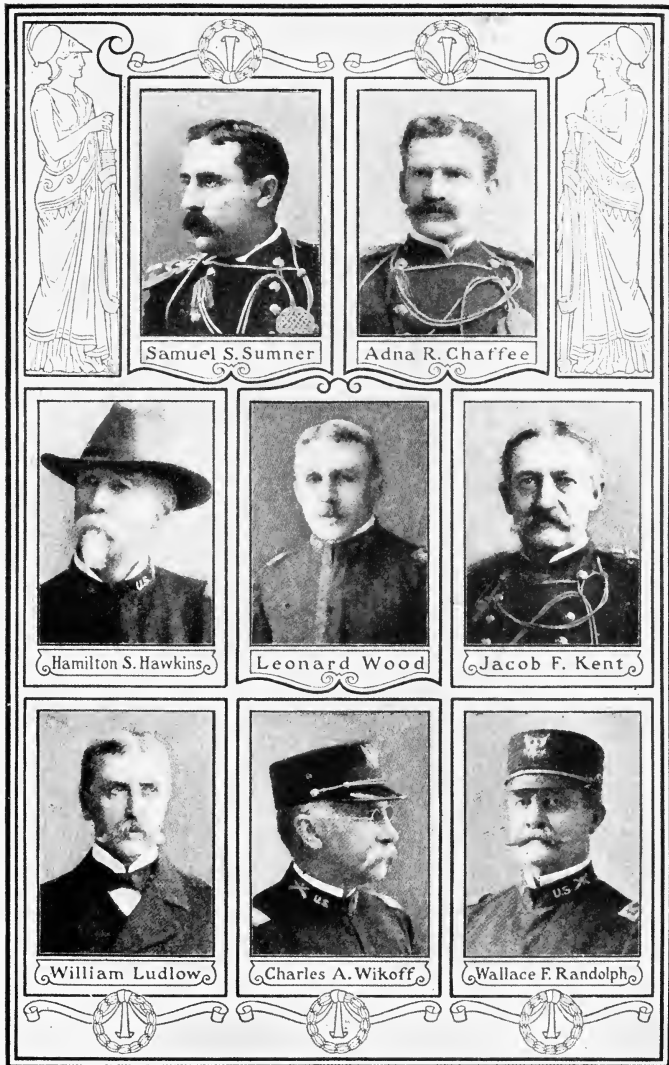
Descending the opposite side of the hill, the little procession entered an open field. Here the bandages were removed from the eyes of the Spaniards, and, seeking the shade of a spreading tree, the party seated themselves and settled down to waiting.

In a little while another party appeared from the opposite direction. When it reached the tree friendly greetings were exchanged. Lieutenant Miley then told the leader of the second party that he was at liberty to select any one of the three Spanish officers. The leader selected one who was wounded, and as he did so a tall young officer came forward from the opposite side and joined Lieutenant Miley.

It was the hero of the *Merrimac*!

Then the brave men who had followed Hobson were exchanged for the Spanish prisoners, and after a brief but cordial salutation the two parties returned to their respective lines.

As the daring Hobson, riding beside Lieutenant Miley, approached the American lines his uniform was recognized and cheer after cheer went up. Hats were thrown into the air and the bands struck up the national anthem as the hero made his way among the enthusiastic crowds which gathered to give him a welcome home.



GENERALS IN THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN

But before this exchange of Hobson and his brave followers took place, on the very day when Admiral Cervera's ships were meeting their tragic fate, General Shafter sent into Santiago a demand for the surrender of the city. This was promptly refused.

On the next day—the "Glorious Fourth"—the Spaniards, acting on Lieutenant Hobson's idea, tried to block the entrance of the harbor by running the *Reina Mercedes* ashore near where the *Merrimac* had been sunk. This was done in the hope of keeping Admiral Sampson's ships from entering the harbor and bombarding the city, but the attempt was not successful.

General Shafter, having now made all preparations, was prepared to act, and accordingly, on Sunday, the 3d of July, he summoned the city of Santiago to surrender. General Toral, who commanded the Spanish forces, promptly refused, and General Shafter decided to shell the town. At the request of foreign consuls, however, the bombardment was postponed for two days in order that women and children might have a chance to leave the city.

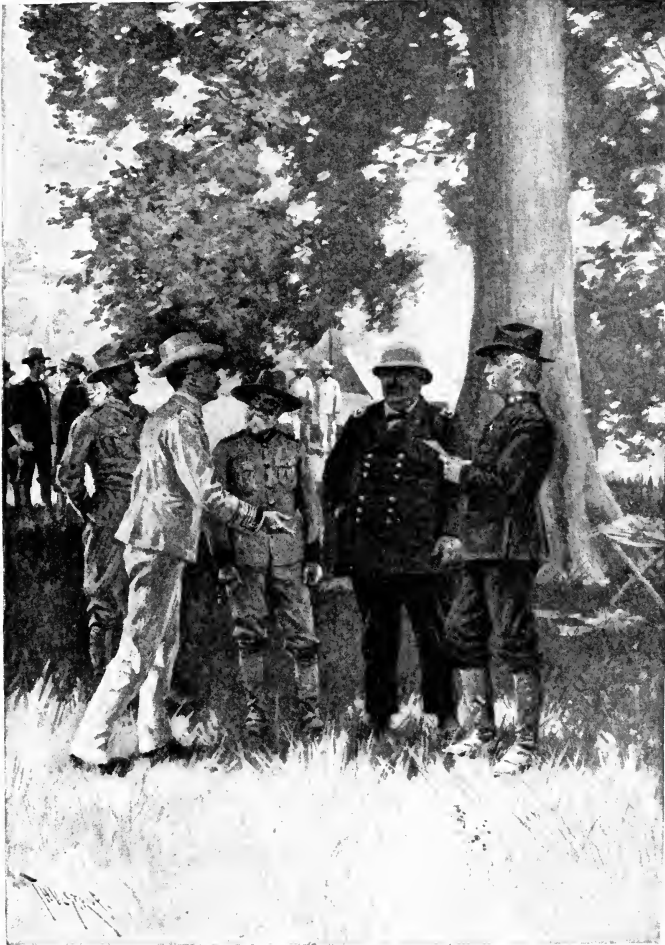
During these two days both armies were busy. The Americans dug trenches all along the line, and strengthened their position in many ways. The engineering corps busied itself in obtaining the precise range of all the Spanish guns, in order to be sure of a more deadly fire when the bombardment should begin.

The Spaniards spent the time covering their trenches with sods in order to hide them. Acting on a happy idea, they located their main intrenchments behind the hospital and insane asylum, hoping that the Red Cross flag which floated over these institutions would protect them.

At daybreak, on the 6th of July, our army was surprised to see the flag of truce still flying over the city. What could it mean? Presently a man in uniform emerged from the city, carrying a smaller white flag.

General Shafter sent out a party to receive the messenger, who proved to be a commissioner from the Spanish commander. The commissioner said that he had an important communication for General Shafter and would like to be presented to him.

When such a messenger is received in a hostile camp it is customary to blindfold him in order that he may not observe the enemy's condition, but in this case it was thought wiser to afford the



THE MEETING OF THE GENERALS TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO

commissioner every opportunity for observation, in the belief that the object-lesson might be salutary. He was therefore conducted freely about the camp, his attention being directed to various features, and the formidable character of the preparations impressed him deeply.

His little sight-seeing tour over, he was presented to General Shafter and his message proved to be a lengthy proposal that the truce be further extended in order that the Spanish general might have time to communicate with his superior in Spain as to the question of surrendering the city. He further asked that General Shafter be kind enough to send some telegraph operators to operate the line between Santiago and Jamaica, as the British operators had left the city.

This was a strange favor to ask of an enemy, but General Shafter said that he would be glad to loan the city several operators provided they would be promptly returned upon the answer from Spain, and it was agreed that the truce should continue for three days more.

When the reply came from Spain it was found to contain terms which were not satisfactory, and President McKinley sent word to General Shafter that no terms should be considered except those of unconditional surrender.

A final flag of truce came from the Spanish lines with the message that the demand for unconditional surrender was refused.

A little while before the sun set on the afternoon of July 10th there sounded, loud and clear, the first report which told that the bombardment of Santiago had begun.

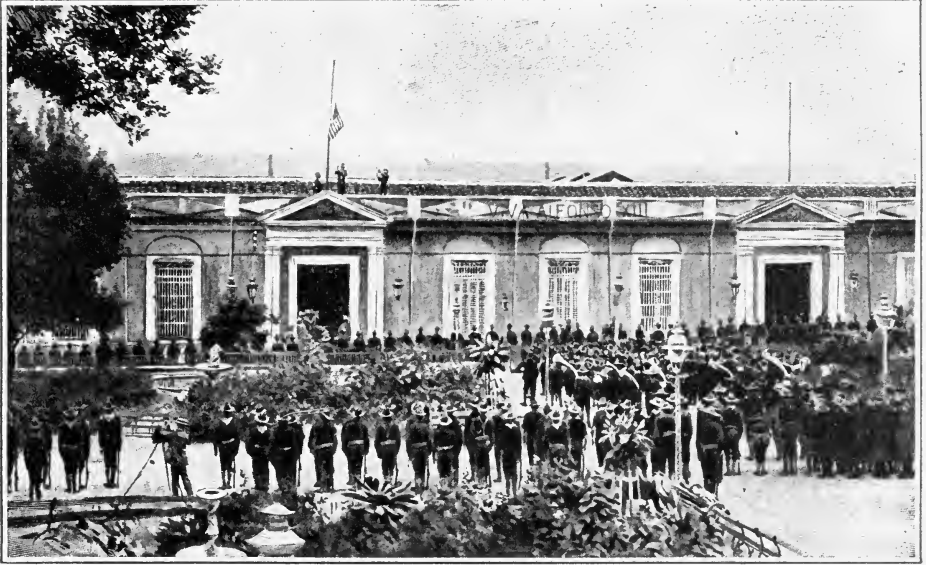
There was a vigorous response, but darkness soon brought the firing to an end and both sides rested for the day.

Bright and early the next morning the bombardment was reopened, the fleet doing its share. Ranging themselves half a mile apart and about the same distance from shore, the ships began pouring their shot over the range of hills beyond which lay the besieged city. No vestige of their target could be seen, but for all that, Admiral Sampson was kept informed of the accuracy of his shots and of the damage they were doing to the city. From General Shafter's headquarters a telephone line ran to a captured bridge nearer to the shore, and here a lonely figure stood with flags in out-

AROUND SANTIAGO

stretched arms, signaling the information to the flag-ship as fast as it came over the wire. After each shot was fired two minutes were allowed to elapse in order that the ships might learn the effects of their fire.

The thunderous reports of the ships' guns were plainly heard in the city. Mingled with them and with the incessant boom of



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE CITY HALL AT SANTIAGO

the artillery on shore were the reverberating peals of natural thunder, for a furious storm raged during the latter part of the bombardment.

Shortly before evening, amid wind and rain and deafening thunder and the roar of great guns, came a message from General Shafter that the shells were descending perilously near to the American lines, and Admiral Sampson discontinued the shooting for the day.

The next morning our artillery renewed its fire on the city's defenses and the shells went crashing nine thousand yards and doing terrific damage.

On the 12th, General Shafter again made a demand for the surrender of the city, which was rejected, but an interview was held between the lines at which General Shafter and General Wheeler

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

met General Toral, and a further delay was granted in order that the Spanish general might communicate our terms to his superiors in Madrid.

At length, on July 15th, the Spanish commander suggested a joint commission to arrange terms, and General Miles, who had now arrived, rode out with Shafter to meet General Toral under a large tree between the lines, and the joint commission was appointed.

The terms agreed upon by the commission provided that all troops and war materials within a certain district somewhat larger than the city should be surrendered, the United States agreeing to transport all Spanish troops in the district to Spain; the officers were to retain their side-arms and the soldiers to march out with "all the honors of war."

It made little difference to our generals how they marched out so long as they went, which they did—something over twenty thousand of them—ready to be returned to Spain at Uncle Sam's expense.

On Sunday, the 17th of July, General Shafter and General Toral with their staffs met once more at the familiar tree between the lines which had come to be a veritable trysting-place throughout the long delays and truces and negotiations which were now at an end. General Toral informed General Shafter that the city and province were at the command of the Americans, and handed Shafter his sword, which was immediately handed back to him. The two generals then rode through the city, General Shafter taking formal possession.

The next day the people of the United States were overjoyed at reading this message which came from General Shafter:

I have the honor to announce that the American flag has been this instant, 12 noon, hoisted over the house of the civil government in the city of Santiago. An immense concourse of people was present, a squadron of cavalry and a regiment of infantry presenting arms, and a band playing national airs. A light battery fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

CHAPTER XXVIII

UNCLE SAM'S PRIZE

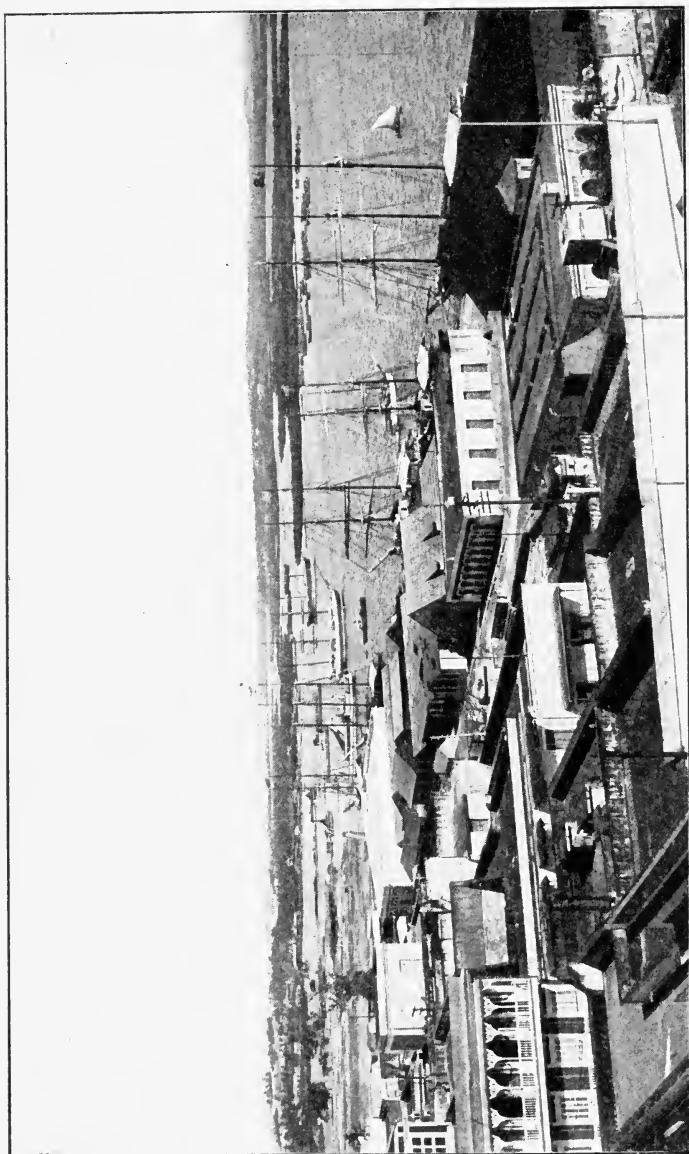
IT was pretty generally understood that if the fortunes of war favored Uncle Sam he would give Cuba a start in life as an independent republic. Most of the Cubans themselves believed that he would do so, and though we have not followed their military activities separately, they co-operated bravely and patriotically with General Shafter's army. Accustomed as they were to treachery, it is small wonder if some of them regarded the American army and navy with lowering suspicion, but the majority of them were loyal and grateful to their powerful and benevolent neighbor.

Uncle Sam did not deceive them, as we shall see, for, after administering the affairs of the island through his own War Department for about three years, he eventually, in May, 1902, set it upon its feet as a lusty little republic, free to work out its own salvation, keeping thenceforward only a fatherly eye upon it and shaking his finger severely at its people when they fell back, through force of habit, into the unfortunate weakness of starting revolutions.

But if the island of Porto Rico also fell into the hands of Uncle Sam, as it now seemed extremely likely to do, he meant to keep it and fly his flag over it and run it to suit himself.

As this island is now a part of our nation, it may be well to take a glimpse at it and its history.

Port Rico was discovered by Columbus in 1493. About twenty years afterward Ponce de Leon, who was in search of the fountain of perpetual youth, founded on it the town of San Juan Bautista, which is now the flourishing city of San Juan. In the year 1595 the redoubtable Sir Francis Drake, who was in quest of something rather more substantial than fountains and perpetual youth, visited the town of San Juan and relieved it of all its treasure. Three years later another titled robber, the Duke of Cumberland, visited the

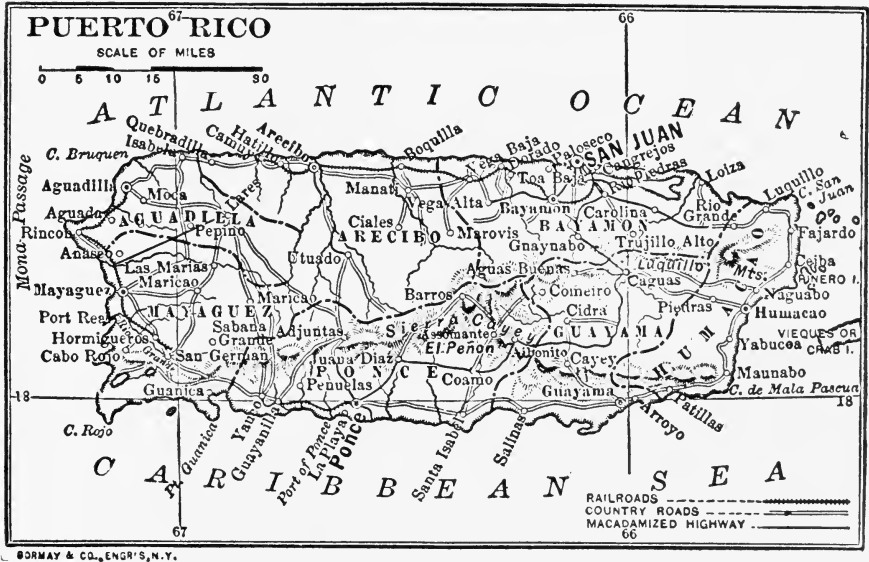


CITY OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

UNCLE SAM'S PRIZE

place and took away as a souvenir about all the gold that had accumulated since the visit of Sir Francis.

In 1615 the Dutch tried to take the island, and it would probably would have been very well for the Spanish inhabitants if the attempt had succeeded. But the loyal people repulsed the invaders, as they did also the English in 1698, and again in 1797.



MAP OF PORTO RICO

Meanwhile Spain repaid their gratitude with her usual stupid policy of misrule and oppression until, in the year 1820, the Porto-Ricans rose in a revolt which was suppressed with great cruelty. From that time they were continually uprising and continually being suppressed, and if they had any lingering fondness for their royal mother when the Spanish-American War broke out it was not apparent to the casual visitor on the fair island.

Porto Rico lies about five hundred and seventy-five miles from Cuba and seventy miles east of Haiti, from which it is separated by the Mona Passage. It is one hundred and thirty-seven miles long and thirty-seven miles broad, and would make a state about half the size of New Jersey.

Few of our states, however, can compare with it in beauty—

in the abundance and variety of its floral splendor and in the grandeur of its natural scenery.

It has a range of lofty mountains known as the Luquillo, the greatest of which is two miles high. In clear weather this peak is visible at a distance of seventy miles. These mountains, and indeed all the higher parts of the island, are covered with dense forests, and immense herds of cattle are pastured on the extensive tropical plains, or savannas.

Almost every kind of tropical fruit is cultivated on the island, besides sugar, molasses, coffee, maize, and rice.

Some thirty miles west of the eastern end of Porto Rico, at the entrance of a spacious harbor, lies the city of San Juan, the capital. If Ponce de Leon had discovered the fountain of perpetual youth which he sought, and were living to-day, he would not recognize this thriving and well-laid-out city for the little town which he founded. It stands on Morro Island, which forms the north side of the harbor, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow creek.

Since Cuba and Porto Rico were the only Spanish possessions in the Western Hemisphere, our government now turned its attention to the smaller island, and on the 22d of May, still in the year 1898, General Miles telegraphed to Washington that he was on his way to Porto Rico with four thousand troops. At about the same time the Second Brigade, under General Hains, left Chattanooga for Newport News, there to embark for the same destination. Nine vessels were also despatched to co-operate with the army in taking the smaller Spanish island.

On July 25th General Miles landed at Guanica, a seaport town fifteen miles west of the Porto-Rican city of Ponce, which is near the southern coast of the island.

Late in the afternoon of July 27th the *Wasp*, the *Annapolis*, and the *Dixie* left Guanica for Ponce with the expectation that it would be necessary to shell the city. The *Wasp* arrived first, and the Spanish garrison, three hundred and fifty strong, were in doubt whether to flee or to remain, but decided to wait a while.

As the *Wasp* steamed toward the coast no hostile troops were visible. Instead, an immense throng of citizens was assembled at the shore, watching the ships curiously. The captain of the *Wasp* was somewhat puzzled at this army of peaceful citizens, and

UNCLE SAM'S PRIZE

suspected that it might be a Spanish trick preceding Spanish treachery.

He therefore ordered his gunners to stand ready to fire on the instant if so directed, and meanwhile he despatched Ensign Curtin ashore with a flag of truce. As the little boat rocked shoreward



THE LANDING AT GUANICA

the crowds clustered closer to the water's edge and their voices became audible. Occasionally a shout arose; whether of welcome or of menace the ensign and his four companions knew not, but they were on their guard.

As soon as the little party landed all doubt was dispelled. Scarcely had the first man set foot on shore when a tempting cigar

was thrust into his hand—then another—and another. They were exceptionally good cigars. Another of the marines found himself in possession of a most luscious red banana, and was soon aware of other delectables being forced into his bulging pockets.

And now our little party was making a noble stand against the most hospitable bombardment of the war. Cigars, cigarettes, pine-apples, bananas, fragrant plugs of tobacco, assailed our astonished marines in overwhelming profusion. In vain they sought to stem the onslaught of hospitality. The fusillade of gifts continued unabated. Luscious yellow bombs fell among the little party and, bursting, revealed the kindly substance of the delicious mango. The ground, when that brief struggle was over, was strewn with banana peels, and the smoke of battle arose from scores of “all-Havana” cigars, consumed alike by victims and victors.

When the enthusiastic people could be partly calmed, Ensign Curtin announced that he had come to demand the surrender of the port and the city. The people told him that they would like above all things to accommodate him, but that they had no authority in the matter. They requested to know whether the invaders had dined.

Ensign Curtin asked if any of the civil or military authorities were present. Several officials of the city government were on the scene, and said that they could not negotiate in military matters, but that they would be only too glad to call up the garrison on the telephone and tell Colonel San Martin, the commandant, that if the city were not surrendered within an hour it would be bombarded.

Colonel San Martin was prompt to act. He and his gallant soldiery immediately set forth on a looting tour, ransacking the shops of the city and cramming stolen underwear and clothing up their backs and into their trousers to check and hold the bullets which they were certain the “Yankees” would send after them even in their ignominious retreat.

His errand being performed, Ensign Curtin returned to the *Wasp* for instructions. Soon Commander Davis of the *Dixie* was rowed ashore, where he was received with great enthusiasm by the citizens, and a note was handed him from Colonel San Martin asking on what terms he demanded the surrender of the city. He replied that the surrender must be unconditional. Upon further request,

UNCLE SAM'S PRIZE

however, he made certain concessions, upon which the valorous soldiers, sweltering in their cushioned armor, waddled out of town, in grotesque procession, leaving one hundred and fifty rifles and fourteen thousand rounds of ammunition behind them.

Lieutenant Haines, commanding the marines of the *Dixie*, went ashore and, amid tumultuous cheering, hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the court-house at the port of Ponce, after which Lieutenant Murdoch and Surgeon Heiskell rode to the city, two miles distant, where the people clustered enthusiastically about them and followed them up the main thoroughfare, cheering till they were hoarse. "*Vivan los Americanos!*" they shouted. "*Viva Puerto Rico libre!*"

The two officers were ostentatiously escorted through the city by a group of native firemen, proud of the honor which was theirs of pointing out the sights to the welcome "enemy."

Meanwhile General Wilson and a few troops were landed on the beach and immediately taken in hand by the hospitable city officials. Scarcely had the general set foot on shore when a message was handed to him from the mayor of the city, who had been cast into prison for the dreadful crime of singing "Yankee Doodle" in defiance of the padded Spanish soldiers while they were looting the stores. General Wilson's first order was that the mayor be immediately set free, and from that day to the present any citizen has been free to sing "Yankee Doodle" in Porto Rico to his heart's content.



AN ANCIENT GATEWAY, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

CHAPTER XXIX

PEACE!

THE next morning, July 28th, the transports bearing General Miles's troops arrived, and the general received news of the surrender. He immediately issued the following proclamation to all citizens:

In the prosecution of the war against the Kingdom of Spain by the people of the United States, in the cause of liberty, justice, and humanity, its military forces have come to occupy the island of Porto Rico. They come bearing the banner of freedom, inspired by noble purpose to seek the enemies of our government and of yours and to destroy or capture all in armed resistance.

They bring you the fostering arms of a free people, whose greatest power is justice and humanity to all living within their fold. Hence they release you from your former political relations, and it is hoped this will be followed by the cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States.

This *was* followed by the cheerful acceptance of our government, and the people one and all rallied loyally to the new banner of hope and freedom which had been unfurled above their city.

But across the island on the northern coast the banner of Spain still floated over the city of San Juan, and to this town General Miles directed his attention. About one-third of the distance across the island lay the town of Coamo and our army's advance line was extended to this place. The intervening towns along the line all made haste to surrender, and the Stars and Stripes flashed into view like magic, while the native population did their best to render "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," much to the amusement of General Miles's soldiers, who were made welcome everywhere. The conquering army, like a gay picnic party, made its way from village to village amid welcoming cheers and trailing crowds of the joyous people.



Nelson A. Miles
Lieut-General Commanding
U. S. Army

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

At first it seemed as if the whole island might be taken without opposition or the firing of a single shot. But this was not to be.

By the end of July the entire south coast and the country for some distance inland was held by our army. A range of high hills traverses the central part of the island, and the wagon-road leading from the southern to the northern coast winds its crooked way amid the intricacies of these rugged hills, following the valleys and ending at San Juan on the north coast.

Here, off San Juan, our war-ships were stationed, maintaining a rigid blockade.

There was reason to believe that our advance across the island would meet with some resistance, and the soldiers rather hoped it would, for, with the exception of a few little skirmishes near the coast, they had seen no real fighting. The war in Porto Rico had been no war at all, and the prospect of any fighting was suddenly dissipated when Lieutenant McLoughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped into General Brooke's headquarters with an important message from his superior, General Miles. Word had been received from Washington that hostilities between the United States and Spain were suspended pending negotiations for peace, which should include the Spanish evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico.

The officers and men were greatly disappointed. The troops, almost to a man, felt that they had been cheated out of a conquest.

So the war (such as it was) in Porto Rico was ended. The Stars and Stripes were already floating over public buildings, and even from private residences, in a score of municipalities, and the only reason the emblem did not fly in still other places was because General Miles had not flags enough to distribute among them.

Peace, genuine peace, had at last come to the poor, harried, misruled island. With what feelings of new hope and courage must her oppressed inhabitants have gazed up at the beautiful banner which meant freedom and opportunity for them as citizens or wards of the powerful and beneficent republic which had come to them in their hour of need and been their good friend! What wonder that Uncle Sam's soldier boys lived on the fat of the land? What wonder that General Miles requested our government to send flags to distribute among the overjoyed people and that weird renderings



NEWS OF THE PEACE PROTOCOL.
General Brooke stopping the artillery in its advance upon Abymto.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

of "America" and "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue" were heard in broken English all through Porto Rico?

As a body of troops passed from Coamo up through a winding road toward a village in the mountain recesses, the soldier boys joined with the fifes and drums and sang the national anthem, the trailing throng of natives taking up the air as best they could and cheering lustily at the end. One of the officers told afterward how they stopped to listen to the echo which came as an inspiring refrain from those rugged hills.

And might it not have seemed that the beautiful island itself, bedecked in all its floral splendor, and not satisfied with laying its abundant fruitage at the feet of the welcome invaders, must join in the national song, so that the very mountains, where wretched fugitives from Spanish tyranny had been wont to hide, now lifted up their voices joyously in loyal allegiance to Uncle Sam?

CHAPTER XXX

IN THE PHILIPPINES

WE have run a little ahead of our story in order to follow the movements of the army and navy in and about the West Indies. But we have not forgotten that Admiral Dewey and his gallant men were all the while in the Philippines, where there was destined to be trouble for some time to come.

Admiral Dewey's brilliant triumph in destroying the Spanish fleet on May 1st enabled him to blockade the harbor of Manila and take possession of Cavite, the arsenal of the city, but, having no forces, he could do nothing except keep up the blockade until a new expedition arrived.

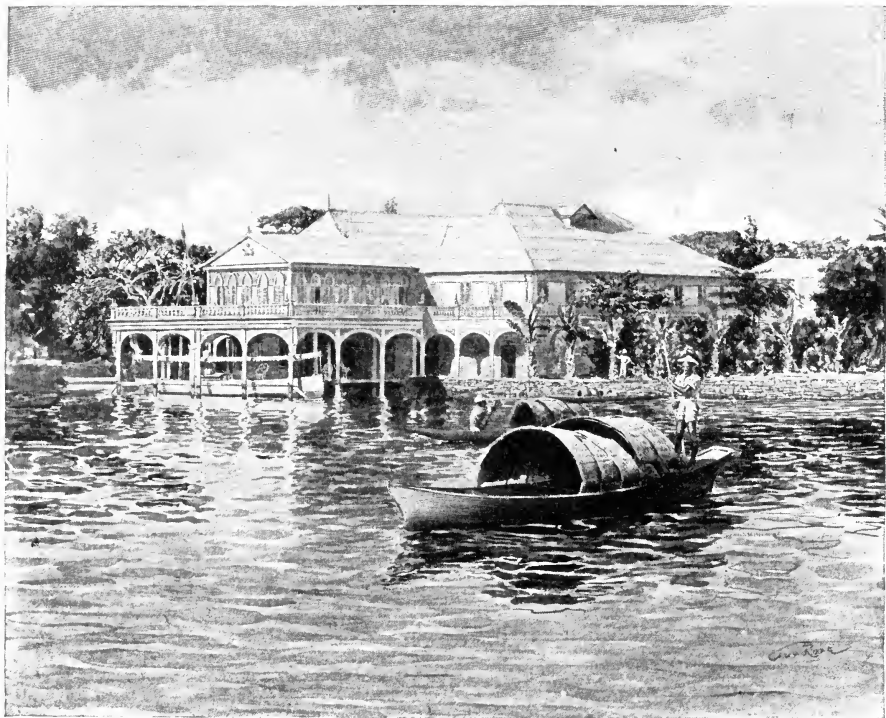
As long as the whereabouts of Admiral Cervera's fleet were unknown it was necessary that our ships be kept near home so as to be ready for any emergency, for it was by no means improbable that the elusive Spaniard might open a bombardment on one of our seacoast cities; but, after the Spanish ships had taken refuge in Santiago Harbor, President McKinley resolved to carry the war into the enemy's country.

Orders were therefore given to detach ships from Admiral Sampson's command, and form a fleet under Commodore Watson to attack the Spanish possessions in Europe and Africa. It happened, just at that time, that a Spanish fleet had been formed at Cadiz to go to the relief of the Philippine Islands. What this fleet might have accomplished against Admiral Dewey it is impossible to say, for when it reached the Suez Canal its commander, Admiral Camara, received orders to abandon his purpose and come back post-haste to defend the Spanish coast against Commodore Watson's ships.

Thus the Philippines were left to their fate, with Admiral Dewey awaiting the arrival of reinforcements. The advance-guard of these reinforcements, consisting of twenty-five hundred men under Gen-

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

eral Anderson, sailed early in June under convoy of the cruiser *Charleston*. Before they reached the Philippines the men on the *Charleston* were to have a novel glimpse of warfare, hardly less amusing than that of the soldiers who withstood the cordial bombardment of fruits and gifts at Santiago.



OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES
Fronting on the Pasig River.

If you were to draw a line from San Francisco to Manila it would pass through the little group of islands belonging to Spain, known as the Ladrões, which are fifteen hundred miles from Manila and thirty-five hundred miles from Honolulu. These beautiful and fertile isles were discovered by the adventurous Magellan, whose Christian ardor and missionary zeal prevented him from circumnavigating the globe. They were called the Ladrões on account of the thieving propensities of the natives, who were said to be adepts in stealing.

There are twelve or fifteen islands in the group, the largest being Guam, with a population of about twelve thousand, and on this island is located Agana, a city of about five thousand people and the capital of the islands.

One fine day the *Charleston* steamed gaily into the waters of Guam and fired a few shots to make her presence known. The officials, aroused from peaceful slumber by the resounding crash of the *Charleston's* guns, came forth one by one, bowing and smiling, as if welcoming a long-lost brother to their midst. The Spanish governor hastened to send word to the American ship that he was very sorry not to be able to return the kindly salute, but that he had no powder. He hoped the visitors would not hold the discourtesy against him. When informed that there was a war between Spain and the United States he was greatly surprised. He decided, however, that a garrison which had not powder enough to answer a salute would have but a very dubious chance of withstanding a bombardment and the officers of the garrison agreed with him to a man.

He, therefore, surrendered himself and the garrison as prisoners of war. They were taken on board the *Charleston*, where they enjoyed themselves immensely, as well they might after their monotonous and drowsy existence on the remote islands.

The Stars and Stripes were hoisted on the island, and by way of precaution the small force left there to preserve order was supplied with more powder than was necessary to answer a salute. Then the *Charleston* with its "guests" steamed forth again across the broad Pacific.

A second expedition under General Greene left for Manila on June 25th, and a third under General McArthur. The chief command was held by General Merritt, who had under his orders twenty thousand men, all told.

For some years before war broke out between the United States and Spain there had been fighting in the Philippines, as there was in most of Spain's colonial possessions, and Spain had been quite as unsuccessful here as elsewhere in quelling the continual insurrections.

The leader and moving spirit of these uprisings was a native named Aguinaldo, who was destined to cause much perplexity to

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Uncle Sam in the days to follow, and whose wiles and resources were hardly less than amazing.

When Admiral Dewey arrived in the islands Aguinaldo made haste to enter into friendly relations with him, and under the in-



WESLEY MERRITT

spiring impetus of the American capture of Manila the native leader succeeded in harassing the Spaniards most vigorously during June and July.

Aguinaldo, however, was far from satisfactory as an ally. He did not desire freedom nearly so much as he desired authority. On the 1st of July he proclaimed himself president of the revolutionary

republic, and shortly thereafter announced his dictatorship and issued a proclamation of martial law throughout all the islands. He made no secret of his intention to kill every Spaniard he could catch, and although he did not announce such a drastic policy toward the Americans, there was no doubt that he regarded them as standing in the way of his boundless ambition. The problem of Aguinaldo made the situation extremely difficult for Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, and, to make matters worse, a rather trying situation arose from the action of a foreign power.

It is customary with every nation to despatch battle-ships to points where any of her citizens may be exposed to dangers of war and may wish to be removed from the scene of action. Thus at Manila there were two French and two English ships of war. But the German ships, four in number, made a rather formidable array, and the presence of so many vessels was by no means necessary for the protection of German citizens.

The small boats from these four vessels cruised about the harbor in defiance of the regulations established by Admiral Dewey. Aguinaldo was at that time our ally, but the Germans, on the theory that he was a barbarian, and from a tender-hearted interest in humanity, interfered with his military operations. The insurgents had captured a steamer and sent her down with men to take a small neighboring island. The Germans compelled her to haul down her insurgent flag and to raise a white one.

On hearing of this Admiral Dewey at once despatched the *Raleigh* and the *Concord* to the scene. As they went in on one side of the island the German boat *Irene* came out on the other. The American ships took possession of the island with six hundred and twenty-three prisoners and an immense quantity of arms and ammunition.

As the *Irene* was coming out an American ship spoke her, but did not stop her. The German admiral protested against such "interference" with his ships, and Admiral Dewey sent him the following reply:

"Is there peace or war between our countries? If there is war, I want to know it. If there is peace, I want you to change your course. The way to make war is to clear up ship and go at it."

The German admiral did not "clear up ship and go at it."

CHAPTER XXXI

CAPTURE OF MANILA

IT was an army of enthusiastic soldiers that General Merritt commanded—all eager for action and adventure. To be called to active service in the far-off Philippines had been beyond the fondest dreams of most of them, and the strange new land in which they now found themselves captivated them by its thousand tropical allurements. They had come to supplant the crimson and gold of the Spanish flag with the glorious banner of freedom, and the spirit of patriotism stirred every man of them.

With what pride and joy must these eager troops crowding at the rails of their transports have contemplated the grim vessels riding at anchor in the harbor, and what thrills must they have felt as, passing in toward land, they gazed upon the Stars and Stripes, dazzling in the tropic sunlight, which floated from the gallant squadron where their sunbrowned comrades and countrymen awaited their coming!

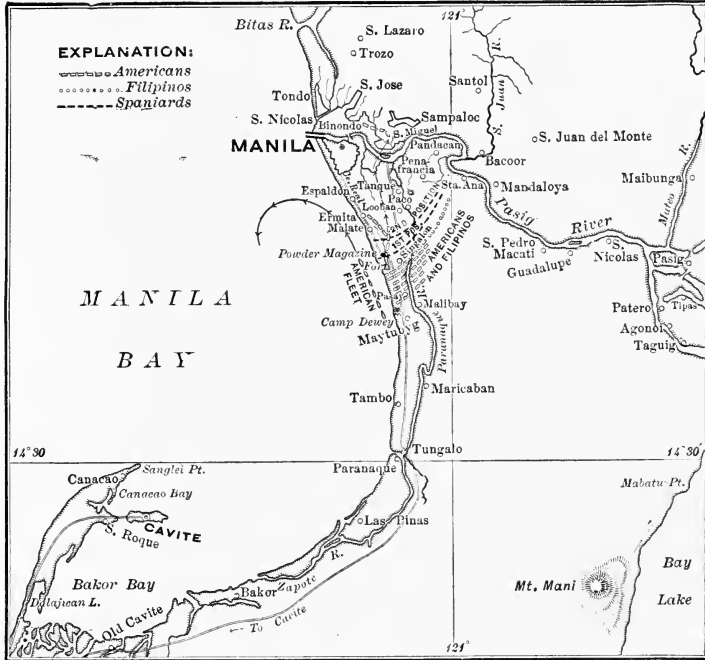
Those who had seen Admiral Dewey before scarcely knew him now, for he was tanned almost to the hue of a mulatto.

If any lingering pang of homesickness had been felt by any of the troopers while traversing the wide Pacific to this far-off land with its queer scenes and strange manners, it must have been dissipated at the sight of those grim monsters from home which held Manila at their mercy and greeted the arrival of the transports with fraternal salutes and a bedlam of cheers.

On the morning of July 29th the army, being now landed and ready to move, advanced from its base at Cavite and occupied an old camp which the insurgents vacated upon request of General Greene. The trench which they occupied was a makeshift affair and altogether untenable, so our forces were advanced a hundred yards and a line of breastworks was thrown up.

CAPTURE OF MANILA

These works extended from the Manila road to the beach, a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. At about the center of the line stood a chapel, and on either side of this were placed two guns. The breastworks of the Spaniards were in front of Malate,



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA

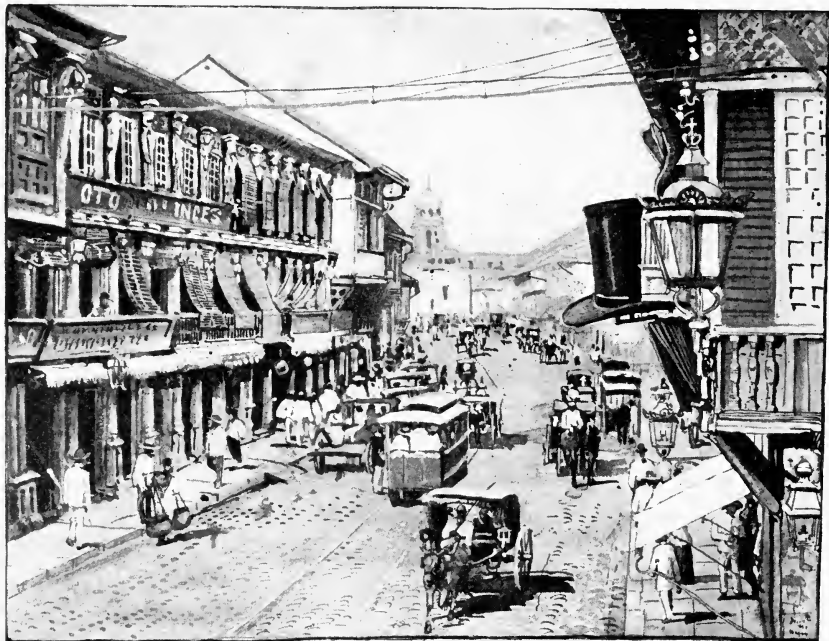
a suburb of Manila, and about a mile from that town. All day long and on July 30th and all through that night our soldiers worked like slaves, completing the breastworks, under an almost continuous fire from the enemy. On the last day of the month all was ready.

At ten o'clock that night a heavy fire opened all along the Spanish line, to which our troops made a vigorous reply. The Spanish had the exact range and fired with excellent aim, the bullets raining down all along the American line.

After a while the pickets posted on the right came in with the report that the Spaniards were attempting to turn our right flank. They were aided by striking a gap in the siege line caused by the advance of our troops and by the failure of the insurgents to hold a swampy

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place filled with bamboos and scrub. The position which the Spaniards thus gained enabled them to get a cross fire on the Americans, who for a considerable time were in grave danger. But the Tenth Pennsylvania and the Utah Battery of General Greene's brigade



THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF MANILA

held their ground until reinforcements came. Their arrival was none too soon, for the ammunition was nearly exhausted.

The reinforcements consisted mainly of regulars, and as they marched up a terrific storm burst over the scene of battle. Amid flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder rose the incessant volley fire from Uncle Sam's hardened troopers as, inch by inch, they drove the Spaniards back through the pelting rain, inflicting heavy loss, until the defeat which had seemed almost inevitable was turned to victory.

On Sunday morning, August 7th, Admiral Dewey demanded the surrender of Manila, his ultimatum being sent through Captain Chichester, the senior officer of the British vessels stationed in the

CAPTURE OF MANILA

harbor. It reached General Jaudenes, the new captain-general, a little after noon.

The Spaniards were warned by Admiral Dewey, in the event of their refusing to surrender, to remove all their women, children, sick and wounded, to places of safety within forty-eight hours, as he intended to suit his convenience about bombarding the city at any time he chose after the expiration of that period. At the same time neutral vessels were notified that the stretch of water they occupied was needed.

General Merritt joined in the demand for the surrender of the city.

The Spaniards asked for another day in which to remove their non-combatants, and the request was granted. This made the hour for opening the bombardment noon of Wednesday, August 10th.

On Tuesday morning the neutral ships left their various anchorages and took positions according to their sympathies. The English had been on cordial terms with Admiral Dewey and their vessels steamed across the bay and ranged themselves with our fleet. The Japanese cruiser *Naniwa* likewise took station near our ships. Two of the German cruisers accompanied the ships on which the foreign residents had taken refuge to Mariveles. The other German ships, together with the two French war-ships, passed a little north of their old positions and anchored by themselves.

If actions speak louder than words, there was no doubt as to the attitude of the British and Japanese, as their noble vessels voluntarily took anchorage in friendly proximity to the fleet which was now clearing for action.

The vessels were stripped for the fight on Tuesday morning, not the slightest precautions being neglected. It was found that the army was not fully prepared and the firing did not begin until ten o'clock Saturday morning, August 13th, at which hour the *Olympia* opened fire from her starboard battery.

The first two shots fell short, but were greeted with cheers from every ship. Then followed the *Petrel*, the *Raleigh*, and the little *Callao*, each aiming at the suburb of Malate.

It was the admiral's intention that these shots should all fall short of the enemy in order that they might have ample opportunity to surrender before any damage was done.



THE ADVANCE TOWARD MANILA

The First Colorado Regiment marching along the beach and in the water.

CAPTURE OF MANILA

But the enemy attributed this impotent shooting to faulty aim and incorrect range and refused to take the hint which was offered.

Soon the American aim was made sure and the shells began dropping in the Malate fort and along the line of intrenchments beyond, but no reply was made.

The artillery in front of Malate kept up a brisk pounding amid the squalls of rain which often obscured the ships and defenses.

At noon the demand for surrender was repeated by means of the international code, and pending a reply Admiral Dewey ordered the crews of the ships to dinner by watches.

M. André, the Belgian consul, acted as messenger between the opposing forces. All his negotiations were oral, both sides relying wholly upon his accuracy in transmitting the messages.

After a long wait at Manila, his little launch steamed at full speed to the *Olympia*, which immediately afterward displayed the signal, "The enemy has surrendered."

From every ship cheers arose until a mighty volume of sound filled the air. Then a white flag appeared over the Luneta fort, although the Spanish flag still flew.

Two battalions of the Second Oregon Regiment were waiting on a steamer which now headed for shore, General Merritt preceding them in a small boat. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, in charge of the largest flag of the *Olympia*, quickly landed from another boat, and with several companions made straight for the flagstaff in front of the cathedral, where a large crowd of Spaniards was assembled. Many of them wept as the Spanish flag came down and the Stars and Stripes were raised in its place. It so happened that an army band was at that very minute approaching at the head of the troops which had just landed, and, all unaware of the flag-raising which was taking place, the band struck up "The Star-spangled Banner" just as our national emblem was run up. The effect of the coincidence was inspiring, and the strains of the band were all but drowned in the wild and continuous cheering which marked Uncle Sam's formal taking of his new possessions.

CHAPTER XXXII

NEW POSSESSIONS

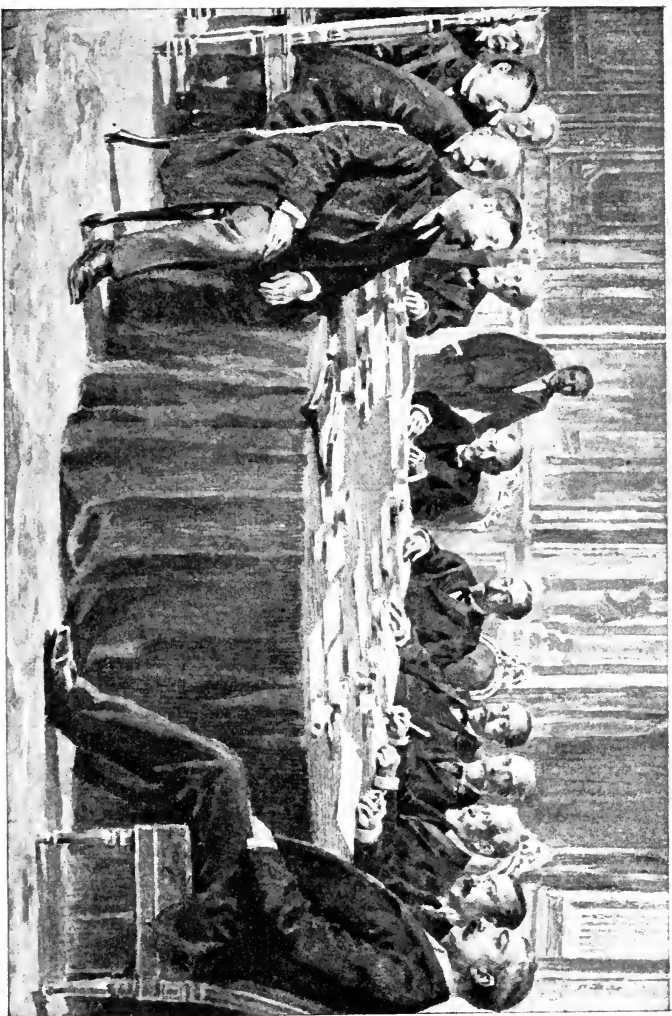
FROM the moment when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Manila the sun has never set on the territory of the United States. The difference in time between Manila and the state of Maine is about twelve hours. The day our flag was raised there the sun rose upon the Philippines before it set in Maine, the day at Manila being about fourteen hours long. On December 21st the sun sets in the Philippines before it rises in Maine. Taking into account the dawn before the sun appears and the twilight following its setting, the statement that the sun never sets upon our dominions is fully warranted.

As we know, the fighting and the surrender narrated in the preceding chapters took place after President McKinley had declared a suspension of hostilities. It will be remembered that the announcement reached General Brooke in Porto Rico just as he was about to open fire, but, as there was no direct cable communication with Manila, it happened that fighting occurred there a day after the proclamation.

Immediately upon the cessation of hostilities General Merritt was appointed military governor of the Philippines.

And now the definite movement toward permanent peace was begun. During the latter part of July Spain requested the French ambassador at Washington to hand to our government a note asking on what terms it would be willing to make a peaceful settlement. On July 30th an answer was given embodying President McKinley's views, and these were virtually accepted by cable.

President McKinley told Spain that it must relinquish all claim to Cuba; that Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies, and one island in the Ladrões, must be ceded to the United



THE LAST SESSION OF THE AMERICAN AND SPANISH PEACE COMMISSIONERS

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

States; that the United States would hold Manila pending the conclusion of the treaty of peace.

The 10th of December, 1898, was one of the most eventful days in our history, one fraught with great interest to the world and in-



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M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, SIGNING THE MEMORANDUM OF THE RATIFICATION OF THE TREATY OF PEACE WITH SPAIN ON BEHALF OF SPAIN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 11, 1899

(From *Harper's Weekly*, April 22, 1899)

volving the destiny of more than ten million people. At nine o'clock on the evening of that day the commissioners of the United States and those of Spain met for the last time after eleven weeks of deliberation in the magnificent apartments of the Foreign Ministry in France, and signed the treaty of peace which marked the end of the Spanish-American War.

By this treaty the political geography of the world was changed. The authority of the United States was established in both hemispheres and in the tropics, where it had never before extended. The provisions of this notable treaty imposed upon our government new and great responsibilities, for they brought under our dominion

NEW POSSESSIONS

and authority great numbers of people who had little knowledge of government and less of liberty; and Uncle Sam was thenceforth called upon to see to it that the peoples he had befriended against oppression and tyranny should find new opportunity and fresh incentive, either as a part of his own great household or as wards under



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SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN HAY SIGNING THE MEMORANDUM OF THE RATIFICATION OF THE TREATY OF PEACE WITH SPAIN ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 11, 1899

(From *Harper's Weekly*, April 22, 1899)

his beneficent care, until they could learn to govern themselves, which is by no means an easy thing to learn.

A few weeks after the signing of this treaty Uncle Sam put his hand down into his pocket and gave Spain twenty million dollars as partial compensation for the surrender of her rights in the Philippines; and Uncle Sam got rather more than he bargained for, as we shall see in the course of a chapter or two.

Before we consider the subsequent history of these new possessions, let us pause to read the story of another island which we acquired at about the same time, although not as the result of war.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The group of fertile islands in the North Pacific, known under the general name of Hawaii, has always been a subject of much interest to the different nations, and especially to our own. They were formerly called the Sandwich Islands and formed the semi-barbarous kingdom of Hawaii, which name is now used to designate

the group. It was the famous Captain Cook who first sailed into Hawaii in 1778. The natives were much delighted to see his ship and called it a "roaming island." He did not treat them very well, however, and, like Magellan in the Philippines, he was killed in a brawl which he had with them.

In early times each of these islands had its own king, but at length there arose a man named Kamehameha who was very wise and sagacious for a savage, and who consolidated the several little king-



LILIUOKALANI, QUEEN OF HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

doms into one, of which he made himself the supreme ruler.

In 1810 King Kamehameha sent a letter to King George III of England, saying that he would like to acknowledge King George as his sovereign. George III was only too glad to have any one acknowledge him as sovereign, and, as we all know, he had little patience with subjects who refused to do so.

When Kamehameha died he was succeeded by Kamehameha II, who made a grand tour to England with his queen in order to have



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, HONOLULU

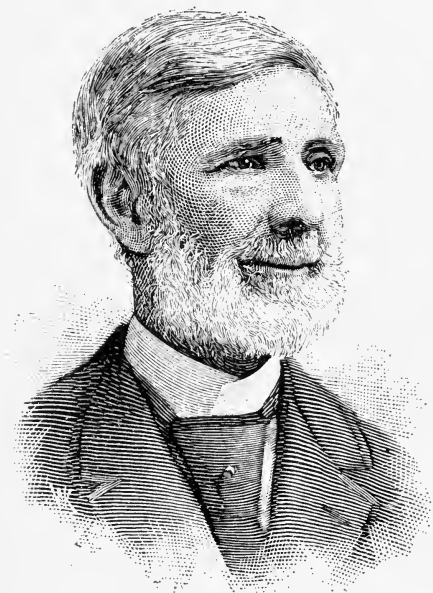
a look at the great nation whose protection his predecessor had asked. Both he and his queen died in London, and Kamehameha III became Hawaii's king. He had heard something about constitutions and popular rights and such things from his predecessors,

and he resolved that his beloved little island kingdom should have a regular constitution, just as England had. There have been "civilized" kings less enlightened and less noble than the savage Kamehameha.

In the year 1843 Hawaii again became independent, with the full approval of Great Britain, and soon afterward Kamehameha IV ascended the throne. He was succeeded by his brother, Kamehameha V, and he, in turn, by Lunalilo, who, after a short reign, was succeeded, in 1874, by Kalakaua, a man of whom we must know a little more in order to follow the story of Hawaii to its annexation by Uncle Sam as part of his own territory.

Kalakaua, or David, as he was called, was very fond of the pleasures of life, and, like Charles II of England, he did not trouble his royal head much with the

cares of government, more than to see to it that his good and faithful subjects supplied him with the wherewithal with which to enjoy himself. He did not like the constitution which his enlightened predecessor had established, and, above all, he did not like the white people who were now quite numerous in Hawaii and taking a wholesome interest in its affairs. He cried, "Hawaii for the Hawaiians!" by which he meant Hawaii for David Kalakaua, and he did all that he could to check the material progress of the islands.



JOHN L. STEVENS

(From *Harper's Weekly*, February 25, 1893.) United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, appointed by President Harrison in 1889. In 1893 Queen Liliuokalani, who attempted to proclaim a new constitution in the direction of absolute power, was opposed by her ministers, who organized a provisional government and deposed her. Sanford B. Dole was at the head of the provisional government, and it is a disputed question whether the revolution was accomplished independently of the aid and encouragement offered by Minister Stevens, who, acting without instructions, had proclaimed a protectorate of the United States over the islands.

NEW POSSESSIONS

But material progress, helped by the constitution, was not to be checked. Progressive and public-spirited men began to make themselves heard until in 1887 King David was compelled to sign a new constitution, which left him little more than the shadow of his old authority. By this new constitution white residents in the islands



Copyright, 1898, by Davey, Honolulu, H. I.

THE LAST MEETING OF THE HAWAIIAN CABINET

(From *Harper's Weekly*, September 3, 1898.) Left to right—S. M. Damon, Minister of Finance; Capt. James A. King, Minister of Interior; President Sanford B. Dole; H. E. Cooper, Minister of Foreign Affairs; stenographer; W. O. Smith, Attorney-General.

were granted the suffrage and closer relations were established with the United States.

In 1891, while in San Francisco, Kalakaua died, and his sister, Liliuokalani, succeeded him and became queen of the islands.

Queen Lil, as she was called, was much like her brother—only worse. She was not only selfish and oppressive, but vindictive and revengeful as well. She had quite as little patience with constitutions and enlightened government as her gay brother had shown. The presence of foreigners greatly angered her, for she felt that they were responsible for the new ideas which were becoming so popular in the islands.

In January, 1893, she summoned the Legislature and urged it to adopt a new constitution which should deprive the white residents of the right to vote and restore to the crown the many privileges which had been taken from it.

It was too late, however, for Queen Lil to take this step back-

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

ward, and some of her good friends told her so. At first she would not listen, but after a while she consented to modify her tyrannical policy a little. The white residents in Hawaii, however, mistrusted

her, as they had good reason to do. They believed that she would break her promises at the first opportunity which offered, and many feared that she would order all of the white inhabitants massacred.

It happened that at that time the United States man-of-war *Boston* was lying in the harbor of Honolulu, and so fearful were the white people that Queen Lil would presently be guilty of some treacherous and bloody act that they appealed for protection to the commander of the *Boston*. He, therefore, landed a company of marines, very much to the Queen's indignation. She was assured that no warlike act was intended and that no attempt would be made to interfere with her in the exercise of her royal rights.



JAMES H. BLOUNT, COMMISSIONER TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

(From *Harper's Weekly*, March 27, 1893, after a photograph by Bell.) Appointed in March, 1893, by President Cleveland to report on the conditions which led to the overthrow of the kingdom of Hawaii and the establishment of an American protectorate over the islands. The first result of his investigations was an order to remove the American flag from the Government House and for the withdrawal of American marines from Honolulu. These actions created much excitement in the United States, and led to the resignation of Minister Stevens and the appointment of Mr. Blount to succeed him, and to a renewed agitation for the annexation of Hawaii both in Washington and in Honolulu.

But this did not allay her suspicions. Scarcely had the marines landed when a revolt started among her subjects. Accounts differ as to how it began, but the result was that the progressive element declared the monarchy at an end, and a provisional government was organized.

In the following month Hawaii was formally placed under the

protection of the United States and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the Government Building by a party of marines. There was a very strong sentiment among the people in favor of annexation to the United States.

President Harrison, though gratified at this feeling, was not quite ready to accept Hawaii as part of Uncle Sam's territory. So a plan was adopted by which a commissioner from the United States would oversee the government, watch after it, as one might say, while the people of Hawaii made the experiment of governing themselves. Queen Lil was to be retired from the cares of state with a pension of twenty thousand dollars to comfort her; and the hope and expectation of pretty nearly everybody except the Queen herself was that before so very long Hawaii would become a part of Uncle Sam's big household.

Such was the state of affairs when President Harrison's term of office came to an end and Grover Cleveland again became President.

Mr. Cleveland's views about Hawaii were quite different from those of his predecessor. He maintained that if the marines of the *Boston* had remained on their ship where they belonged there would have been no revolt, and he very strongly disapproved of Uncle Sam's interference in the affairs of the island kingdom. He sent a man to Hawaii to investigate all that had occurred there, and as a result the American protectorate was dissolved and the Stars and Stripes hauled down.

Steps were taken to restore Queen Lil to her throne, but the Queen, it was found, had some very decided plans of her own. She announced that she would have the lives of the leaders who had deposed her and that their families would be banished.

President Cleveland, in his friendly attitude toward her, had not reckoned on a wholesale slaughter; he did not like the idea of it, and it brought his plans to a standstill.

Meanwhile Hawaii, launched upon its career of progress, was not to be stayed. Queen Lil started a revolution, which was promptly stopped by the existing government. The Queen was arrested, whereupon she renounced all claim to the throne and promised to be loyal to the republican form of government.

This brings us up to the year 1898—the year of the Spanish-American War; and it so happened that at about the time when

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other strange lands were falling to Uncle Sam the Hawaiian Islands likewise became a part of our national territory. In May of that year, and just about the time when Admiral Dewey was firing his



CHEERING IN FRONT OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, HONOLULU

When news of the annexation of the islands was received.

broadships into the Spanish fleet, a resolution was introduced into the Senate to annex Hawaii to the United States, and on the 6th of July it was passed. Thus the island kingdom came into Uncle Sam's fold along with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The news was received in Honolulu with great rejoicings. A salute of one hundred guns was fired on the executive building

NEW POSSESSIONS

grounds; the formal transfer of the government on the 12th of August was attended with festive ceremonies, and if Queen Lil still cherished any lingering wish to wreak her royal vengeance on those who had opposed her, she at least found some wholesome solace in the twenty thousand good American dollars a year which Uncle Sam dug down into his pockets to give her.

CHAPTER XXXIII

TO THE RESCUE!

THE ancient and populous empire of China, as is not uncommon with the aged, is extremely set in its ways. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and the Celestial Empire has never taken kindly to railroads and electric lights and sewing-machines and carpet-sweepers and telephones and gas engines, and such other ingenious devices wherewith our modern life is made pleasurable and comfortable.

On the great river which winds its way through the mysterious interior regions of the thronging country, the gaudy barges are propelled by ancient sweeps wielded in frantic conflict with the tide by striving natives who would be shocked at the sight of a compact little ten-horse-power gasoline motor which would take them and their baggage along at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. They prefer the sweeps.

The ancient customs of China are almost a part of its religion, and you will readily appreciate with what utter consternation the inhabitants contemplated the appalling innovations which crept into the empire after the close of its war with Japan. This was in 1895. It was hard enough to be beaten by the Japs, but when on top of this a whole troop of enterprising foreigners came along with their alarm-clocks and fountain-pens and electric bells and such things, venerable China raised its hands in unspeakable dismay.

A few wise men saw that their country was only limping in the race of civilization, that she had been beaten by modern ships and modern guns, that the nations of Europe were seizing her ports, and that pretty soon they would cut her into pieces and divide her up among themselves; for however busy a European nation may be with other matters, it is pretty certain to have one eye on China.

Among these wise men was the young Emperor. There was an



THE EMPEROR KWANG SU AT FOURTEEN

He first began to rule the empire in 1889. In 1898, on account of his proposals for reforms, he was made a prisoner in his palace by the Empress Dowager, who also condemned to death a number of the young reformers who had encouraged him in his ideas of progress. Following this began, in 1900, the Boxer Movement which resulted in the murder of missionaries and the destruction of the legations in Peking.

imperial edict in China which forbade the building of railroads, but the Emperor was resolved that railroads should be built, and he sanctioned these and other innovations, much to the chagrin and horror of those who retained their old-fashioned notions and ancient prejudices. Among these was the old Dowager Empress, who was horrified to think that any nephew of hers could so far forget himself as to build a railroad.

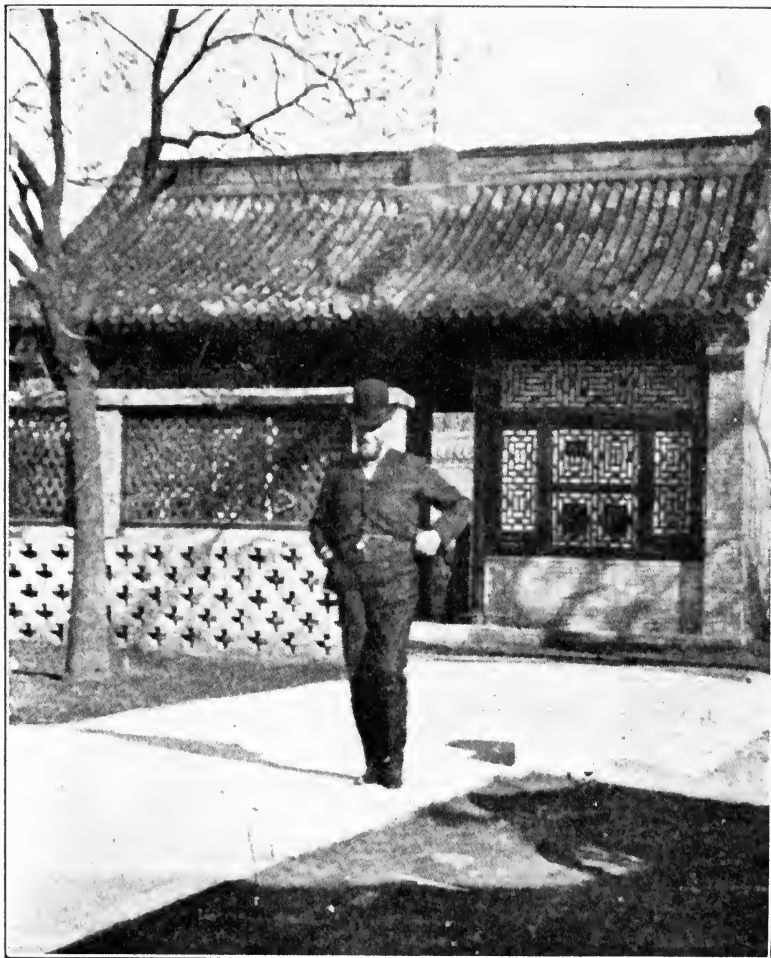
But the young Emperor went on trying to improve and modernize the empire, and meanwhile a party arose which was very strongly opposed to these modern and foreign innovations. This party comprised nearly all the plain citizens of the empire, and the Empress Dowager was with them. They formed a secret society known as the "Boxers," and rose in arms against all who sought to change the venerable customs of the country or to introduce new inventions and modern ideas.

One of the respectable old customs of China is that the imperial head may put to death any one at will, without ceremony and without trial. The old Empress Dowager showed that she had not forgotten those good old fashions of her late reign. She had the young Emperor made a prisoner in his palace and chopped off the heads of a number of men who had rashly advised him to build railroads.

Then she took up the reins of government, resolved, with the support of the Boxers, to put an end once and for all to the pernicious influences which were creeping into the empire.

The agitation very soon grew into a revolution. The Boxers became a mob, then a great, heedless army. Through the country they went, murdering missionaries right and left, until weird, half-confirmed rumors of their career in the unknown interior of the great empire reached the outside world. Some of these tales were heartrending; all were bloody. The Boxers' war-cry was, "Vengeance and extermination of the foreigners!" and how many peaceful foreigners living in remote regions were caught and mercilessly tortured it would be impossible to say.

At last the infuriated Boxers reached the capital, where they were joined by many Chinese soldiers and led by men high in Chinese official life. A reign of terror was begun. The legations of the various European nations were stormed and the foreign ambassadors



COMPOUND OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, PEKING, CHINA
With United States Minister Edwin H. Conger in foreground.

put in imminent peril. Cut off from all communication with their home governments and surrounded by a menacing army, their position was one of the gravest danger.

It happened that the British Legation was an exceptionally massive building with thick walls, and here the foreign ambassadors and their staffs sought refuge. Among them was Mr. Edwin H. Conger, ambassador from the United States.

This chaotic state of things in China had lasted for five years; it was now midsummer of 1900. As the month of July wore on the mystery at Peking deepened and the unconfirmed rumors of massacre and torture which reached the outside world caused great uneasiness and apprehension in our own and other countries.

What was happening within the walls of that distant city? What outrages were being perpetrated by the frenzied Boxers? It became known that the German minister had been murdered. Conflicting tales that he had suffered torture reached Europe and America. Reports were cabled that all foreign residents were being slaughtered. No one knew just exactly what was going on in Peking, but every nation knew that its citizens and representatives were in great peril.

There is an atmosphere of mystery about China and the Chinese which made the suspense and apprehension well-nigh unbearable; and amid all the contradictory rumors of weird and ingenious forms of torture, of massacre in the dead of night, of horrible mutilation of peaceful foreigners by those infuriated and heartless Orientals, the undoubted fact stood out that a party of foreign officials and their families were besieged within the walls of the British Embassy, with an army of shrieking Chinamen at their very gates.

What to do? It seemed impossible to obtain authentic news.

There was but one course open, and on that the nations quickly resolved. An army of rescue should be immediately formed and sent to China. With the greatest possible haste a force was collected, consisting of some twenty-five thousand soldiers—of Japan, the United States, and the nations of Europe—and presently the ships of these several nations made their appearance in Chinese waters. The port of Tientsin was stormed and captured with the loss of about eight hundred killed and wounded, and now the allied armies of rescue pressed forward in a forced march for Peking.

TO THE RESCUE!

On every side they were assailed and their progress was a continual battle; but on they marched, never daunted, and the strains of "The Star-spangled Banner" mingled with other national airs as the allied troops pushed on toward the capital.

One of the officers of the United States contingent said: "Our men marched ninety-seven miles in five days, fighting all the way. They have lived on one meal a day for six days, but have been cheerful and willing always."

At Peitsang, some twelve miles along the route, the Chinese assembled in large numbers and made such a desperate resistance that for a short time there seemed but small chance of reaching the capital; but the allied troops made up in spirit what they lacked in numbers, and the consciousness of their helpless and imperiled fellow-countrymen gave them the strength which is born of desperation and a righteous cause.

Hewing their way through shrieking multitudes of Chinese who closed about them, the gallant troops made their way until at last the stirring music of their bands could be heard outside the gates of the city.

The news of their approach spread like wildfire among the thronging masses of the great Chinese metropolis. Hatred of foreigners, which had already reached fever-heat, took the form of maniac cruelty, and even as the rescuing host stormed the massive gates, terrified and helpless Europeans were dragged forth to a fate which none ever knew.

But the end of the reign of terror was at hand.

With what relief the beleaguered ministers and their people must have observed the furious demonstration which told them that their friends were near and coming nearer, and that their progress could not be stayed!

And now the gates of the city were taken, the opposition from within was overcome, the resistance to their entrance beaten down, and the Stars and Stripes floated with its companion flags in the streets of Peking!

With streams of martial music and their flaunting banners waving defiantly amid the howling mob that closed about and menaced them, the troops marched through the seething city, straight for the British Embassy, and may we not picture the relief, the joy,



LI HUNG-CHANG

Viceroy of Chi-li, the capital province of China, from 1870-95. He was again called to power in 1900 as the only man capable of handling the foreign relations of the empire, a crisis in the affairs of which had been produced by the Boxer outbreak in 1900.

TO THE RESCUE!

the patriotic pride, with which the starving and imperiled party, prisoners for two months in that city of blood and terror, first glimpsed the Union Jack of England, the vivid yellow of the Russian flag, the red ball in its snowy field which bespoke the neighboring Island Empire that China had already come to fear, and among the others the Star-spangled Banner which had come so far across the seas on its sacred mission of rescue!

Then, and not till then, was the full and awful truth known. The party was safe, save only the German minister, who had been murdered; but the safety of the others had hung on a thread, and how many obscure foreigners had met a tragic end none will ever know. Missionaries within and without the city had doubtless suffered unspeakable torture; and even the little party of high officials whose rescue was the first business of the allied troops had found life, with its dreadful suspense and approaching starvation, little better than death.

China had had her little dance, and now she must pay the fiddler. Peking was in the hands of the rescuers. The United States was satisfied with the rescue of its officials and with the assurance that its citizens should henceforward be free to ply their callings unhindered and unmenaced in the empire. Uncle Sam showed his generosity by declining to accept the share of damages which the more vindictive nations imposed upon China. Upon their demand the instigators and leaders of the Boxer uprising were punished, their punishment being in full accord with Chinese customs. Several were beheaded, others were exiled, while still others suffered the unspeakable humiliation of having their pigtails cut off.

Among the good old customs of staid and unprogressive China is the novel form of punishment whereby a convicted person is condemned to commit suicide. This sentence was imposed on several of the leaders, and they complied with the imperial requirement within the allotted time, each in his own way and according to his individual taste.

CHAPTER XXXIV

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

ON the last day of the momentous year 1898, that year in which Uncle Sam so materially increased his territory and his responsibilities as parent and guardian, the last of the Spanish troops sailed away from Havana, and the Star-spangled Banner proudly floated over the thriving tropical city.

But Uncle Sam had no intention of prolonging his visit, like a country cousin, in the once "Ever-faithful Isle." He was going to pack up and haul down his glorious old emblem, and depart just as soon as the "Smile of the Sea" could govern itself—and not one minute sooner.

Uncle Sam knew all about Cubans, and he winked his eye significantly at the talk of "independence" and "untrammelled rights" which was going the rounds. Cuba had her whole life before her. Butcher Weyler was a thing of the past, and it would be time enough to talk about self-government when things began to run along more smoothly.

But General Gomez wanted independence at once; he was like the impatient little boy who cannot wait until Christmas morning, but must needs have his gifts the night before, and he kept his army standing, awaiting Uncle Sam's proclamation of Cuban independence.

Meanwhile Uncle Sam looked about him and got his bearings and took his time.

Owing to Spain's cruel administration, nearly one-third of Cuba's population had perished; the towns were crowded with fugitives from the country districts where the plantations had been destroyed; crops had been burned, cattle killed, and in the cities all trade and industry had ceased. It was not so much independence that Cuba needed as a tonic to put her on her feet. Uncle Sam knew this, and while the wiseacres of other nations were saying, "Oh, he means



THE EVACUATION OF HAVANA

Farewell courtesies between Spanish and American officers in the palace, Havana.

to annex Cuba," Uncle Sam went right on with the good work and never once wavered in his resolution that Cuba should be free, as he had promised.

Ship-loads of food were sent to the starving people, industry was helped, and prosperity at last began to dawn on the poor, harried isle.

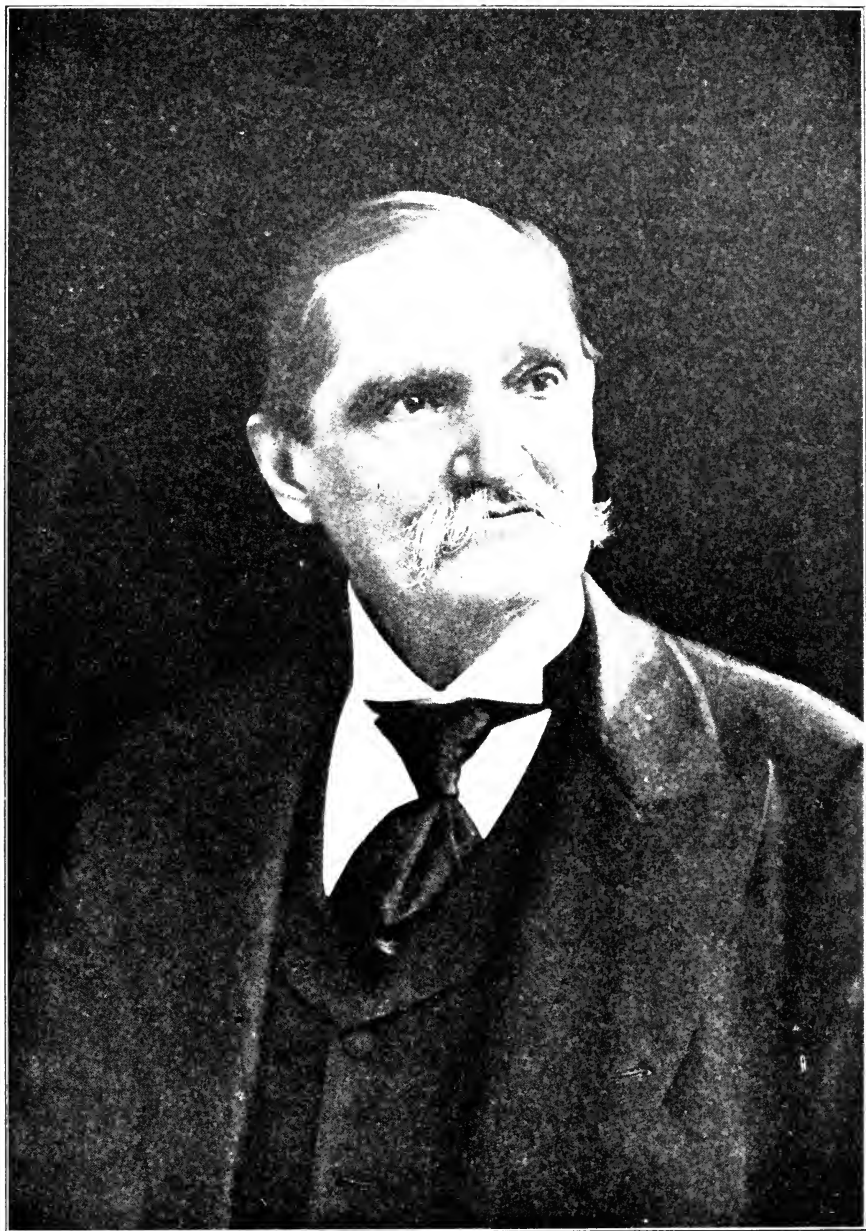
General Gomez demanded that Uncle Sam give him six million dollars to pay his soldiers—at once. Uncle Sam told him he would give him three millions to be distributed among his men if they would lay down their arms and get out into the fields and work. This they sensibly decided to do. There were a few men who were in a great hurry for the American soldiers to depart, but most of the plain people were glad to trust the powerful friend who for humanity's sake had driven Spain out of the Western Hemisphere.

After General Brooke retired, General Leonard Wood succeeded him, in 1899, as Uncle Sam's military governor of Cuba. On the 6th of March he opened a convention to frame a constitution for the new Republic of Cuba. From all over the island the delegates came, just as they had gathered in our own country when Uncle Sam was a young stripling, just kicking up his heels, and wanted a constitution of his own. The seasoned diplomats of Europe whispered, "Why, he is really going to keep his word—a most astonishing thing for a big power to do with a little helpless island!"

The delegates assembled and took an oath that they renounced all allegiance to other nations and that they would uphold the sovereignty of a free and independent Cuba. Uncle Sam took a lively interest in all the debates and resolutions of the convention, and a committee from the body visited Washington to discuss various details of the Cuban constitution with our high officials. At last there were no further obstacles to be overcome in order that the long-cherished dream of Cuba's patriots might be fully realized.

The 20th of May, 1902, was a momentous one for the "Ever-faithful Isle," and the "Smile of the Sea," which had had so much more cause for weeping than for smiling, could now at last smile with true pride and rejoicing, for she was an independent republic with a flag of her own!

Away up in central New York State there had lived for many years a quiet gentleman who, thirty years before, had been exiled



TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA

Elected President of the Cuban Republic in 1902. Born in Bayamo, Cuba, in 1836, his whole life was identified with the struggle for Cuban freedom. He was active in the Cuban insurrection of 1867-78, and was chosen President of the Cuban Republic in 1876. In 1877 he was captured by the Spaniards and imprisoned for three years in Spain. After his release he came to the United States and opened a school for Cuban boys at Central Valley, New York, whence he went to Cuba upon his election to the Presidency in 1902. He was re-elected in 1906, but resigned within a few months of his second inauguration, owing to political troubles.

from Cuba by the Spanish authorities. He earned his living by teaching school. There came to him now a summons to return to his beloved island, for its people were resolved that the exile should be its first President.

He arrived in Cuba in April and was greeted by enthusiastic thousands at the very port from which he had been taken away a prisoner thirty years before. His progress through the island was attended by similar demonstrations of affection, and on the day that Uncle Sam withdrew his troops Tomas Estrada Palma was inducted into the office of President of the Cuban Republic.

It was a beautiful Tuesday. The tropical sun shone clear and the air was heavy with the rich fragrance which follows a day of rain when the "Ever-faithful Isle" unfurled her single-starred emblem to the cloudless sky and took her humble little place among the nations. On that day Uncle Sam, who had made this dream of Cuba's patriots come true, officially withdrew his troops from the island and relinquished his authority over the lusty little republic, retaining but a fatherly and friendly interest and a resolve to see that all went well with it.

A salute of forty-five guns was fired from the Morro Castle, whereupon the Stars and Stripes, which had floated over the old fortress during the American occupation, was hauled down and the new emblem of the new nation hoisted in its place. There, as the enthusiastic populace looked up, floated the same flag which had been given to the breeze thirty years before, in the sad and futile effort to realize the vision which was now a reality! Cheer upon cheer went up. Not since the carnival night when the festivities had been interrupted by the deafening explosion on the *Maine* had the tropical city known such a riot of joy.

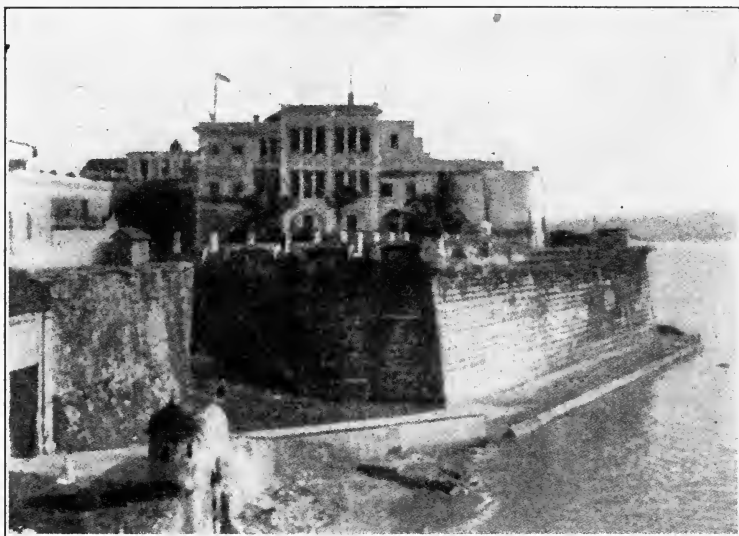
At high noon, in the audience-hall of the palace, General Wood, accompanied by American officers in full-dress uniform, read to Cuba's first President Uncle Sam's proclamation, showing that he was as good as his word, and formally turned over the control of the island to the Republic of Cuba.

Porto Rico and the Philippines were to be a part of our national household for all time. The former of these behaved very well after the war was over. The work of our soldier boys there was very different from that of the army in the Philippines. Their chief

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

duties in Porto Rico for almost a year were to distribute food among the starving natives, to organize relief work in various ways, and to improve conditions in the island.

On the 12th of April, 1900, an Act of Congress provided for the civil government of the island, and on May 1st Uncle Sam's governor,



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

Mr. Allen, assumed control of affairs. He appointed a council comprising six Americans and five natives, and on November 6th a general election was held for members of the Legislature.

The life of Porto Rico thenceforward was uneventful, as the life of an orderly and well-behaved territory is apt to be. Under our government's beneficent care new roads were built, school-houses were erected, and before long Porto Rico was enjoying and appreciating all the advantages of a United States territory.

But matters did not go so well in the Philippines, and our old friend Aguinaldo proved for a while a stumbling-block to Uncle Sam's plans for peace and prosperity. For another thing, the Philippines were more strange and foreign to American customs than the island in the West Indies. There were nearly fifteen hundred islands, all told, in the group, and they were inhabited by thirty

different races, speaking almost as many languages. Many of them were of Malay stock; Chinese and Japanese were numerous; while some parts of the islands were inhabited by savage tribes whose territory had never been explored and who knew not even of the existence of the United States.

The task of bringing all these elements together and reconciling them to the new order of things was not an easy one, and the ambitious Aguinaldo did not make it easier.

"Now is my chance," thought he, "to reap where the United States has sown. Spain has been ousted; now I will step in and be president." He stoutly maintained that Admiral Dewey had promised him that he should rule the new Philippine republic, but Admiral Dewey had done nothing of the sort, and the would-be father of his country was not above telling a lie.

Aguinaldo was extremely shrewd and sagacious, and almost as skilful in double-dealing as a Spaniard. He told the people that Admiral Dewey and General Merritt were going to take the islands, make them independent, and then hand them over to him to govern. When Manila was taken Aguinaldo claimed the right to occupy the city and have a share in the spoils; and he was very angry when his offer was refused. He assembled all his followers and told them that the United States had proved perfidious, that the poor people had been taken out of the frying-pan only to be thrown into the fire, that the United States was as despotic and unfair as Spain, and that the American troops should be exterminated.

You see, Aguinaldo wanted to be president.

Before long the prospect of peace and prosperity for which our government was working was clouded by the activities of the insurgents, inspired by the ambitious and wily Aguinaldo.

Assaults and robberies were committed on our troops, citizens and friendly natives were killed, clubs were organized to encourage hatred of Americans, all boys over seventeen were forced to serve, willy-nilly, in Aguinaldo's ramshackle army, while every blacksmith in Manila was kept busy forging arms for the insurgent mob.

There were some wise people among the Filipinos who were anxious for good government and who feared that the United States would become disgusted and abandon the islands altogether. They pleaded with Aguinaldo to write to President McKinley and

beseech him not to do this, and Aguinaldo did so—but he forgot to mail the letter.

The insurgent leader, instead, formed a plan to drive out all of the American forces. With the help of his trusty lieutenant, General Rio del Pilar, he arranged that the militia of Manila should rise and assist in a sudden and overwhelming attack on our small army. He called a "conference" of his "officers," but there was only one voice to be heard in the "conference," and that was Aguinaldo's own.

No very definite plans for this crushing attack were made, and since the "president's" advisers could not agree, they fell back on the novel resource of each directing his troops in his own way.

On February 4, 1899, when all was ready, Aguinaldo's gallant legion, primed and inspired by a patriotic address from their "president," advanced on the city, wounded our outposts, killed a sentinel, and made a prodigious amount of noise. The next day the Americans drove them back with great loss, and thus the attempt which was to result in the "killing of every white in the city" was frustrated.

For weeks, however, a reign of terror prevailed in Manila. The native population fled in dismay, fearful of Uncle Sam's ability to protect them; the streets and houses were deserted, while accomplices of Aguinaldo set fire to buildings throughout the town.

It was now determined to go after Aguinaldo, since his depredations, which he called military movements, were beginning to be considerably more than a nuisance. So General McArthur and General Otis led a considerable force into the jungle where



EMILIO AGUINALDO

the main body of the insurgents were in hiding, and our soldiers, braving every peril of treachery, attacked them, inflicting heavy losses.

General Otis next issued a proclamation to the people assuring them that their welfare and prosperity depended on the protection of the United States, but Aguinaldo's political followers did all



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON

they could to counteract the effect of the general's wise and truthful words, and the feeling against the United States became almost as strong as had been the feeling against Spain.

President McKinley, too, issued a proclamation warning the people that the supremacy of the United States must be enforced, and promising reforms in all departments of the government; but little attention was paid to his words and nothing was left for us to do but prosecute the war.

It was a poor kind of warfare, in which there could be no great battles and no brilliant victories, the kind of warfare

which makes no imposing show on the pages of history; but our soldiers behaved with valor, and many a deed of bravery and heroism in lonely swamp or tangled morass or mountain fastness was performed by the resolute troops, who were resolved that the insurrection should be put down and law and order established once and for all in these troubled islands.

Among these heroes was General Lawton, whom we met in the Indian wars and who helped in the fighting outside Santiago. It was natural enough that such a gallant fighter should have drifted to the Philippines, for he was at home in the mountain recesses and never so happy as when in hot pursuit across wide plains or working his way through the labyrinth of some all but impenetrable thicket.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

He was the Francis Marion¹ of our own time, almost loving danger for its own sake, delighting in adventurous exploits. Inspiring his men with his own contagious patriotism and spirit, he was one of the most conspicuous figures throughout the early part of the fighting in the Philippines.

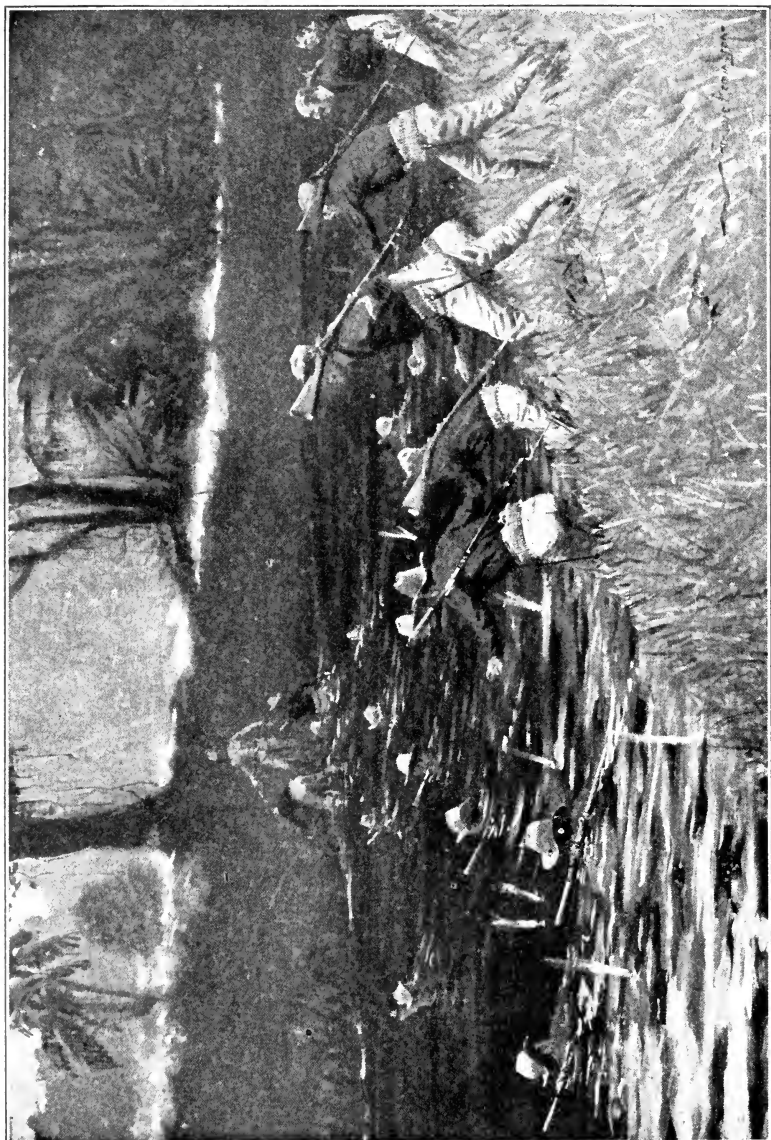
He drove the insurgents from the neighborhood of Manila into the swamps and mountains, pursuing them relentlessly, and no secret cave or pestilent lowland was too remote or inaccessible for him to reach. The insurgents, like the Indians in our own country, came to think of him as a sort of supernatural being against whom obstacles and strategy were useless.

On his return to Manila, after a whirlwind campaign in the north, he left for the town of San Mateo, where a body of insurgents was committing great depredations. A march of some twenty miles was before him, and he led his men on through a dense, jungle-covered country in the darkness of night. The rain fell in a torrential downpour as it does nowhere but in the tropics, the soldiers plodded knee-deep through the green slime of the morass, ever cheered and inspired by their gallant leader. Now their way led up some precipitous height where tangled underbrush challenged their advance, now through some dark and dripping glade with no more sign of pathway than there is in the waste of ocean; and all night long the rain fell.

Perhaps as this dauntless trailer made his way through this tropic maze, his purpose never shaken by storm or swamp or jungle or darkness, his thoughts wandered back to those days in Arizona when he trailed the astonished and bewildered Geronimo and caused even the seasoned trailers of the warlike Apaches to open their eyes in dismay. The general was always fond of recalling his quest of the elusive Apache.

At daylight the little force came upon the enemy, five hundred strong, intrenched beyond a small river. Our troops formed and advanced to within three or four hundred yards, and then General Lawton with several officers rode forward to reconnoiter. His tall, straight figure made him a conspicuous target for the Filipinos. One of his officers begged him to be careful, but he replied, "I must see what is going on in the firing-line."

¹ Francis Marion, called the "Swamp Fox"—one of the most picturesque figures in the War of Independence.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS SWIMMING TO AN ASSAULT ON INSURGENT INTRENCHMENTS IN PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

He had advanced hardly twenty paces more when he met two of his aides returning. Before they had a chance to speak a word they saw him start, clench his hands, and turn pale.

"Are you hurt, General?" one of the aides asked.

"Yes. I am shot through the lungs," he replied, as he fell forward with blood pouring from his mouth.

General Lawton never spoke again. In a few minutes all was over. No doubt it was fitting that the gallant soldier should ride to meet his death through storm and darkness, through swamp and jungle, and out of the secluded fastnesses that he knew so well.

CHAPTER XXXV

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE AND ANOTHER DEATH

IT was known that the Filipino insurrection was a one-man affair; that Aguinaldo was the evil spirit of the whole business, and that if he could be captured it would collapse—or at least peter out.

But capturing Aguinaldo was easier said than done.

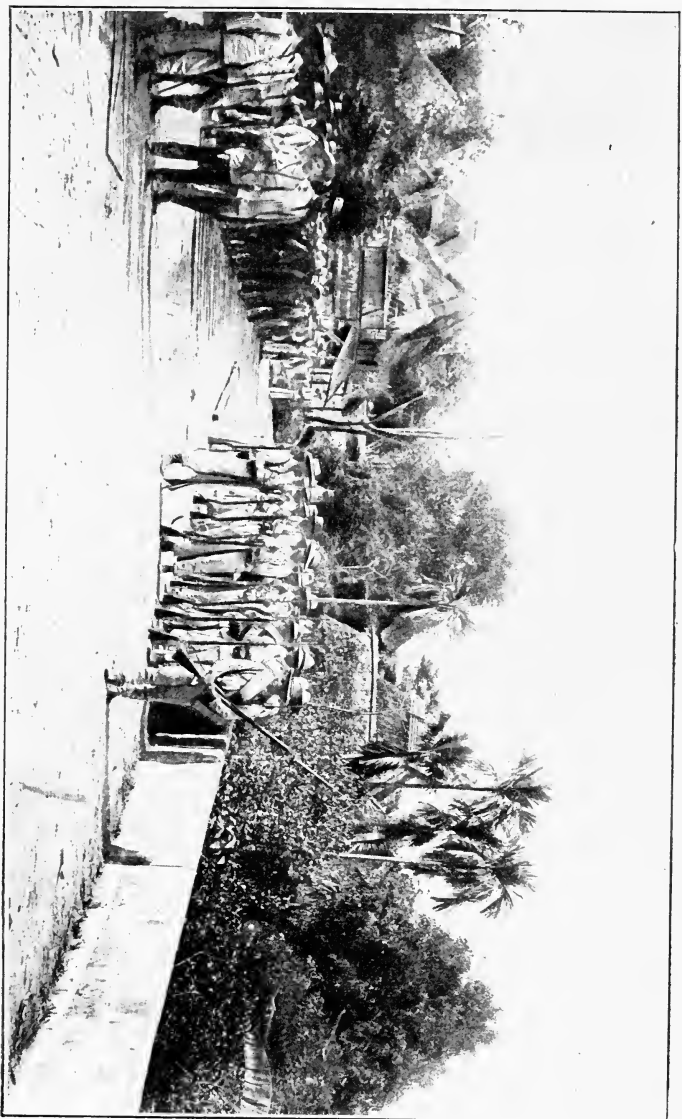
The war (if it could be called a war) went on until the rainy season, and then additional troops released from Cuba and Porto Rico made the army strong enough for a more vigorous and extensive campaign. Soon most of the provinces were under our military authority and the ports open to commerce. The character of the fighting was such that it was necessary to disperse our troops, a few here, a few there, so that we had on the principal islands no fewer than fifty-three military stations.

The insurgents now resorted to all the tactics of mob violence and of treachery. They discarded uniforms so that our soldiers could no longer distinguish friend from foe, disregarded all rules of civilized warfare, and their leaders in the towns, while outwardly showing loyalty, secretly assisted the insurgents, who deliberately murdered all of their own countrymen that were friendly to the United States, and created a reign of terror in districts beyond our posts.

It was much like fighting the Indians on the frontiers at home—sharp, sudden attacks by parties of natives, unspeakable cruelties, and often bloody massacres.

Our soldiers would be suddenly called to this little settlement or that, and, tramping through morass and jungle, would reach it just in time to save a village of loyal natives from awful death at the hands of furious insurgents.

The country was more strange and baffling to our soldier boys than the New England wilderness was to the early Pilgrims, and the



INSURGENT TROOPS IN SUBURBS OF MANILA

dangers to the peaceful inhabitants were the same. The simple people who stood loyal to Uncle Sam and trusted him often paid dearly for their confidence and loyalty.

Fire was one of the chief weapons of Aguinaldo's ruthless followers; the torch of the incendiary was busy in the land and the thick smoke from many a little thatched cottage was the first sign which told our soldiers of the whereabouts of the elusive foe. Wherever smoke arose out of the jungle there they went.

But after a while American pluck and perseverance began to prevail; insurgents surrendered or were captured, and President McKinley issued a proclamation granting amnesty to all who would lay down their arms. A good many accepted the terms, the insurgent forces began to thin out, and many of the leaders, having capitulated, persuaded their subordinates to do the same.

It was unfortunate that just when the prospect began to look so favorable the Presidential campaign was opened in the United States. Many political orators who were opposed to Mr. McKinley and did not wish to see him re-elected denounced his course in the Philippines, and the insurgents were quick to take fresh impetus from these supposed champions. They even sent a representative to the United States, who issued a proclamation to the effect that the war would last until Philippine independence was won.

But all the while our brave troops did their duty fearlessly, and by the time Mr. McKinley was inaugurated for the second time the rebel activities had about ceased and nothing but a few marauding bands remained whose depredations were rather more in the nature of robbery than of war.

As the insurgent activity grew weaker law and order began to prevail and the civil government which Uncle Sam was so anxious to see well established was set up.

The event which definitely ended the conflict in the Philippines was the capture of Aguinaldo, for he was the moving spirit of the insurrection. It was a pity that so many lives, both native and American, had to be sacrificed because of the insatiable ambition of a half-barbarian. If Aguinaldo had never heard of George Washington it would have been very much better for all concerned, but he knew the story of the great Virginian and it acted upon him in much the same way as a dime novel some-



REBEL LEADERS, AND SPANISH OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THEIR DEPORTATION FROM THE ISLANDS
Emilio Aguinaldo, the rebel leader, is the fourth figure in second row.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

times acts upon a silly boy. He was resolved to go off and be a George Washington.

While he was cutting this colossal caper he made no end of trouble, and simply balked and postponed the establishment of the free and



RESIDENCE OF AGUINALDO

enlightened government which he at no time had any real prospect of preventing.

Yet Aguinaldo must take his obscure place in history, not as a liberator or a patriot, but as a very remarkable instance of barbarian shrewdness and sagacity.

Having for the fourth or fifth time proclaimed himself dictator, he took up his "military" residence in a remote part of Luzon. His whereabouts was a great mystery. After a while, however, a letter to him was intercepted by our soldiers and given to General Funston. Here was the general's chance. Aguinaldo's hiding-place was known. Now how to capture him, that was the problem. If an armed force marched against him he would learn of it and escape. A secret ex-

pedition would likewise become known and the news of it communicated to the wily leader.

So General Funston resolved to do what had so often been done in our Indian wars—to foil Aguinaldo with his own weapons and with the aid of some of his own people. The general laid his plan before General McArthur, who approved it, and after the consultation General Funston set out with four Americans, four former insurgents (whose defection to the American side was unknown to Aguinaldo), and about eighty Macabebes, a tribe which had always been loyal to the United States. All of these men spoke the Tagal language and many of them wore insurgent uniforms.

They left Manila on the 8th of March, 1901, and landed near Casigauran six days later. The four former insurgent officers were placed in apparent command, the Americans professing to be an exploring party taken captive by the insurgents.

The party advanced under the pretext of an order to join Aguinaldo at his headquarters. After eight days of difficult travel they reached Palaron, where he was living in seclusion, and here they announced themselves as insurgent troops who had captured General Funston and the other Americans, and were bringing them as prisoners to the chief.

Aguinaldo was completely deceived. One of the former insurgents threw his arms about the leader, crying, "You are a prisoner of the Americans," and not until then did he realize that he was in the presence and in the custody of Americans.

A brief skirmish followed in which Aguinaldo's men tried frantically to free their chief, but finally fled.

"I would never have been captured," said the wily chief, "except by stratagem."

It might, indeed, have been many months before he could have been captured otherwise.

There is a certain pathetic glory which surrounds the fighter whose wiles and resources have made capture well-nigh impossible, save by a ruse; and that glory was certainly Aguinaldo's.

"If he felt like George Washington before," said an American officer, "he feels like the captive Napoleon now"; and doubtless the redoubtable rebel enjoyed the satisfaction which came from the

belief that only by his capture could the triumph of his enemy's cause be assured.

General Funston was not the man to strip the insurgent leader of this pathetic glory, and he was treated as a noble foeman. They took him to Manila, where he was received with all respect and courtesy. The spirit which had made the captive Admiral Cervera an honored guest of the Americans was now displayed in generous pity for the opponent whose lawless campaign entitled him to scant military consideration.

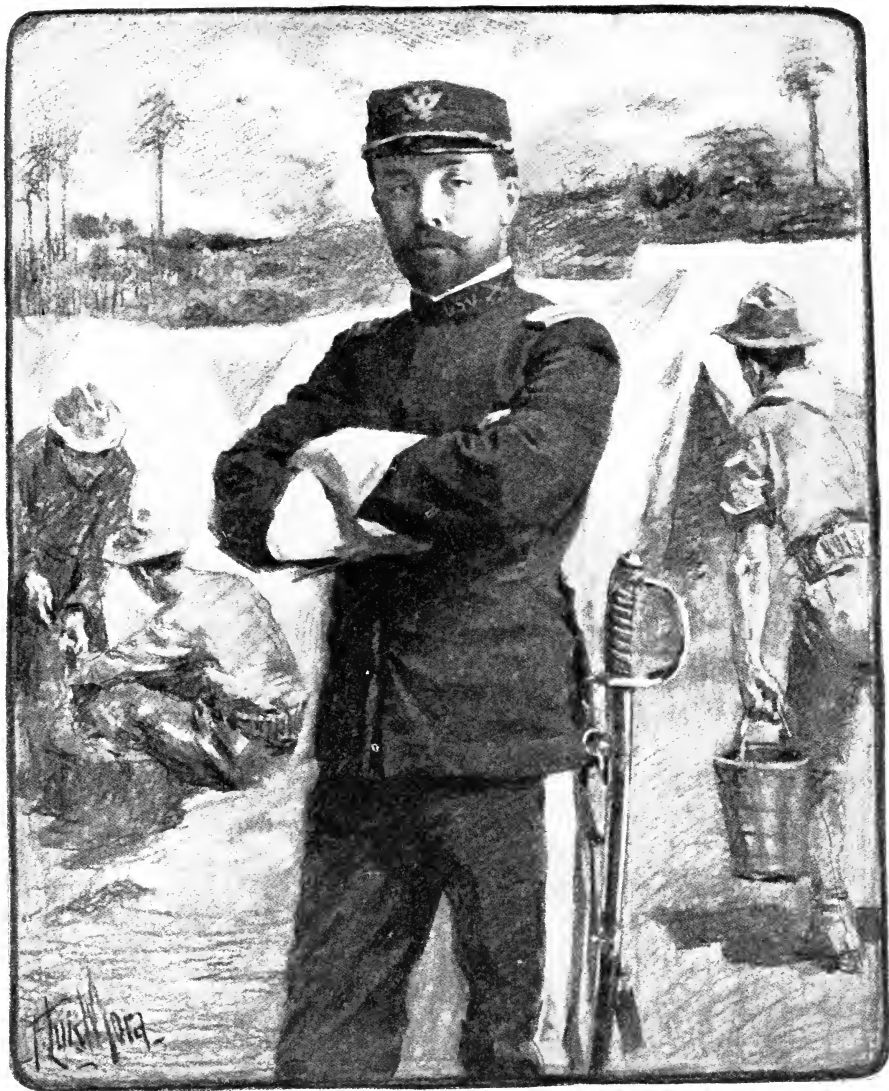
After consulting with his friends and noting the trend of sentiment in the islands, Aguinaldo decided that discretion was the better part of valor and took the oath of allegiance to the United States under the terms of the amnesty offered by General McArthur. There was no whisper of any charges against him for violating the laws of war (which he certainly had done), and he retired a hero in his own estimation, and became a very fair citizen in the estimation of the public.

However dangerous he might have been before his capture, now that he had become a sworn upholder of Uncle Sam's authority, the restoration of order, the creation of civil institutions, and of industrial improvement in the islands, went on rapidly.

But troubles were by no means at an end there, as we shall see in the next chapter.

Meanwhile the Republican party in the United States, indorsing the policy and the administration of President McKinley, nominated him for a second term. For Vice-President they nominated Col. Theodore Roosevelt, whose conspicuous and picturesque career in the war had helped already to elect him governor of the state of New York. The Democrats nominated William Jennings Bryan for President and Adlai E. Stevenson for Vice-President.

When Election Day came the people at the polls decided that the man who had for humanity's sake ordered Spain out of the Western Hemisphere, and who had borne the heavy burden of responsibility throughout the brief but decisive war, should be their President again, now that peace had come; and so once more William McKinley was inaugurated President, and in the rejoicings which attended this testimonial of the people's trust and affection no one saw the black cloud which hung over the liberator of poor Cuba.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Among the events of the twentieth century, one of the most interesting was the Pan-American Exposition held in the city of Buffalo, New York, from May 1 to November 1, 1901. The war had interfered with this project, which had been previously contemplated, but, now that the war was over, the plan was revived on a larger scale. Great sums of money were subscribed; the Federal government appropriated half a million dollars and invited all the governments of the Western Hemisphere to participate in the exhibition. A site comprising three hundred and fifty acres was selected for the ornate exhibit palaces which were marvels of architectural beauty and crowded with the products and manufactures, art and handiwork, of the Western World.

One of the chief features of the Exposition was the electrical display, and the wonders of electricity were exhibited in more ways than were ever shown in one spot before.

To this fairyland, on September 4, 1901, journeyed President McKinley with Mrs. McKinley, who had ever been the subject of her husband's loving solicitude and care, and whose health, always delicate, had lately improved.

Here, on the following day, he delivered a splendid address touching on his past policy and outlining his future course. "We must build the isthmian canal," he said, among other things, "which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico."

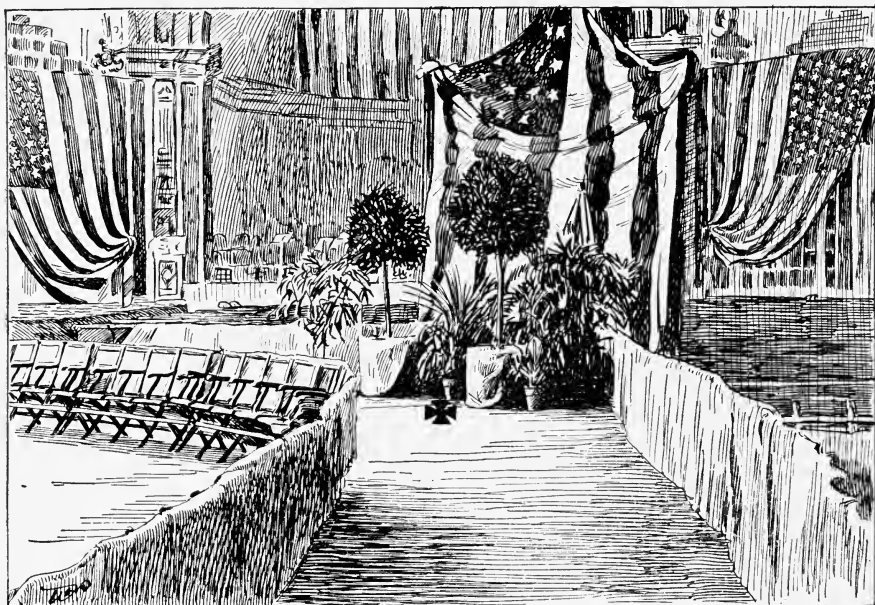
The next day, September 6th, the President again visited the Exposition, and this time held a public reception in the Temple of Music. As is customary on such occasions, a long line of some three thousand persons began to pass before the President at about four o'clock. Policemen and detectives were close by him, and in the line was a little girl whom he welcomed with especial kindness, detaining her rather longer than the others and smiling at her pleasantly.

Behind her came a young man, decently dressed, smooth-faced, and of respectful demeanor. He was evidently of foreign extraction. The only unusual thing in his appearance was a white handkerchief wrapped around his right hand, as if it might be wounded. As the President leaned forward to shake hands with him, his gesture indi-

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE AND ANOTHER DEATH

eating that he intended to grasp the stranger's left hand, the young man raised his right hand, dropped the bandage, and fired two shots in quick succession. One shot glanced off the President's breast, inflicting but a slight injury. The second penetrated the stomach and lodged in the muscles of the back.

The President's first thought was of his wife, and he begged that



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

The X marks the spot where McKinley stood when shot.

she be not informed of the attack; the next was of his murderer, who was being roughly handled by the bystanders.

"Be easy with him, boys," he said, as he sank into a chair.

He was taken to a private room in the building, surgical aid was summoned, an operation was performed, and the attending surgeons declared that the prospect was good for his recovery. He was then taken to the home of Mr. Milburn, a director of the Exposition, at whose house he was visiting, and was resting quietly when night came.

For some days after the shooting the bulletins were most favor-

able, but after a few days had passed the nation's hope was succeeded by anxiety, and then anxiety by despair when a relapse came and it became known that the President was a dying man. He calmly bade good-by to those near him. His last words were: "It is God's way. His will be done, not ours"; and he repeated some of the words of his favorite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He died on the 14th of September, 1901, just four months after the insurgent leader Aguinaldo was captured and when the ending of even the hostile aftermath of the Spanish War was in sight.

So it may be said of him, as it was said of Lincoln, that he lived until the end was known, until "he stood in the midst of universal joy beneath the outstretched wings of peace . . . and then the hour came."

On the following Tuesday the obsequies took place in Washington; there was an elaborate escort of honor and religious services at the Capitol. The coffin was laid on the platform where the coffin of Lincoln had once rested.

Thursday was the people's day of mourning. In every village of the Union flags were at half-mast; all public and many private buildings were draped with black and purple; all business was suspended, all places of amusement closed, all churches crowded, and the moment of interment was marked throughout the country by the stopping for a few minutes of all traffic; every railroad train, every trolley-car, every public vehicle, every kind of conveyance, heavy or light, paused in reverence and sympathy as all that was mortal of William McKinley was laid in its grave.

After the assault the assassin was at once seized. He gave the name of Leon Czolgosz. He was a Pole by descent, though born in America. He claimed to be an anarchist, and had no other prejudice against the murdered President than that he occupied a high official station. He was promptly brought to trial, freely admitted his guilt, and suffered the penalty of death in Auburn Prison, New York. There is nothing more about him worth telling, so let us banish the wretched creature from our thoughts and proceed to other matters.

Around the head of William McKinley is the halo of martyrdom, and we see his picture to-day alongside those of Garfield and Lincoln. But the manner of a man's death is not the most important



WILLIAM MCKINLEY

feature of his life, and the peculiar affection of the people for President McKinley's memory is not born wholly of his tragic end. For one thing, he was a "war President," and, though he had not the greatness of Lincoln, he will always be thought of as a liberator. The stand which he took with Spain was born of the purest and noblest motive—the cause of humanity; and whatever of benefit the nation derived from that brief war was secondary and not a matter of speculation when the war began.

Many important things were accomplished during President McKinley's administration: reforms in various departments of the government, and measures which we have not considered, partly because they are not all easy of comprehension to our young readers, but chiefly because the war, whose story is now at an end, overshadowed all other things.

President McKinley, like Abraham Lincoln, had a certain homeliness about him, and it was this as much as anything else, perhaps, which endeared him to the country at large. He was extremely simple in his tastes, discarding formality and mingling on equal terms with high and low. When he traveled, and could avoid the army of Secret Service men who followed him about, he would be found in ordinary passenger-coaches, chatting with conductors and brakemen and learning something from every one he met by the way. Once when he reached New York the prominent official who greeted him at the railway station found it necessary to wash from his hands the smudge left there by the President whose own hand still retained a goodly portion of the soot which he had received in the cordial handshake of the grimy engineer who had brought him thundering up from the capital at the good old clip of seventy miles an hour!

CHAPTER XXXVI

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

WITHIN two weeks after the death of President McKinley something happened in the Philippines which proved to Colonel Roosevelt (who had now become President) that life in the archipelago was not exactly a bed of roses for Americans, even though the insurrection there was dying out. And if there are any boys among our readers who have bewailed the capture of Aguinaldo as putting an end to all adventure they are strongly recommended to think twice before they skip this chapter.

Our chief interest in the Philippines has been in the island of Luzon, for it is on that island that Manila is situated and there most of the fighting, both before and after the war, took place.

Directly to the southeast of Luzon, and separated from it by a strait twenty miles wide, lies the island of Samar. It is about one hundred and forty miles in length and twenty to fifty miles wide. About one hundred thousand people live on Samar, most of them pure descendants of the original natives and not much improved from the condition of savagery which prevailed there several centuries ago. These people are of a lowering aspect, mistrustful of whites, inhospitable, treacherous, and revengeful.

Away down at the southwestern end of the Philippines is a group of little islands called the Sulus, and the Sulu chiefs, who have always been wreckers and pirates, made their haunts in the island of Samar. If you were to sail along the eastern coast of Samar you would notice on every promontory a rude structure of coral, and it was from these lookout stations that the natives for many years watched anxiously and fearfully for the sails of the murderous Sulus from the south.

No wonder that General Merritt's troops found them suspicious of strangers.

It is thought by most boys that there are no pirates nowadays, but the inhabitants of Samar (if they were cordial enough to talk, which they are not) could tell you tales to-day which would discount the most romantic and adventurous exploits of the hardy bucaniers who kidnapped Puritan maidens and scuttled Spanish galleons in the sixteenth century.

The men of Samar were not afraid of the Spaniards, and Spain's authority in the island was but a name.

When Uncle Sam came into possession of the Philippines two regiments of volunteers were stationed on Samar, but their authority was disregarded and they had to fight daily even to maintain their residence. After a while their two-year terms of service began to run out and they left for home, so that at the time of which we are writing (September, 1901) but a few soldiers remained, and these were scattered in little detachments along the coast and at some places in the interior, twenty or thirty men at each post.

Every one of these little stations was in a state of siege, and the position of our soldiers was scarcely better than that of the besieged and imperiled foreigners in Peking.

The brave soldiers stationed at the pueblo of Balangigan on the southern coast of Samar were so absolutely cut off from the world that for two months not a single communication had reached them. The villagers held scarcely any intercourse with the white men, but their hatred of them smoldered and intensified until at last it took the form of a diabolical plot to murder every one of them.

Our soldiers, ever on the alert for treachery, did not fail to notice an air of excitement and mystery among the natives, but they attributed it to an earthquake which had lately occurred on the island and to the islanders' fear of another one. One native who had been injured in the shock explained that they were living in continual dread of the great tidal wave which usually follows such a shock.

But the air of mystery had another cause, as the soldiers of the little station were soon to learn. On the afternoon of September 28th a little dugout was seen coming up the bay. It carried Lieutenant Bumpus and several soldiers who a few days before had been sent to the neighboring island of Leyte to get the company's mail.

You may well imagine with what joy the soldiers of that remote and lonely little station welcomed the return of their comrades who

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

brought them news from home. That night one of the soldiers rose from his cot, crept to the window, and in the soft glare of the tropical moonlight read over again a precious letter which that day had been brought to him from across the seas.

The night was fair and warm. Not a sound was to be heard as the soldier sat there musing, save only the tread of the corporal



THE AMERICAN MILITARY POST, SAN FERNANDO DE UNION, LUZON

of the guard not far away. Suddenly he became aware of a little group of people assembled in a grove across the plaza. They made no sound and shortly disappeared.

A feeling of uneasiness caused the watcher to call the attention of the corporal to what he had noticed. While they were both scanning the grove another group became visible, passing silent by among the trees. Then the whining voices of the natives could be heard chanting monotonously.

"They are just praying," said the corporal, "praying to be delivered from the tidal wave. The earthquake has caused a religious panic among them."

So the two Americans listened while their comrades slept, and

the monotonous chanting, sounding uncanny in the still night, was borne to the barracks on the fragrant tropical air.

At six o'clock in the morning the men assembled at breakfast in a shack not far from the barracks. The barracks were three in number and in front of each was a sentinel on guard. In the upper room of the main barrack most of the guns and ammunition were kept under a guard of three men, while in front of the officers' quarters stood a sentry, and inside the quarters a corporal and two men were stationed.

The barracks were makeshift affairs and not much of a stronghold. There was a stanch little church in the village the walls of which were so strong that within them a dozen men could have held a thousand at bay; but this was sacred territory to the natives and Captain Connell had been ordered not to offend them by any interference with their religious beliefs and ceremonies.

At the breakfast hour the prisoners, not quite a hundred in number, were lolling about the barracks, under guard, waiting for the time to begin the labors of the day.

Suddenly the "chief of police," who was a native, made his appearance, walking across the plaza with two of his lieutenants. As usual, he approached the sentry and asked him whether it was time to begin work. This "chief of police" was rather more intelligent than the general run of the natives, and had come to be trusted, for it was Uncle Sam's policy to give the islanders responsibility and authority, to let them have a share in the government, as far as it was safe to do so.

Before the sentinel could make reply the man leaped like a tiger upon him, wrenched his rifle from his grasp, and felled him with a frightful blow on the head. Then, uttering a piercing yell, he waved his arms in air, at which swarms of natives who had been crouching in the grass and behind the trees came rushing pell-mell from all directions, eager to join in the massacre.

Up in the belfry of the church a dozen others were stealthily peering out, awaiting the first blow. The moment it was delivered they seized the rope and began tugging at it furiously. Its wild peals were answered by the harsh notes of conch-shells from the top of every hill. Scarcely a tree or bush or hillock but seemed to uncover some dusky assassin, who sped on his bare feet, knife in

hand, to assist in the diabolical plan which involved a solemn oath *not to leave one American alive*.

The first act of these wretches was to leap upon the sentries and cut them down with their knives as they passed. The next was to free the prisoners, who, shrieking like madmen, made for the barracks where the arms were stacked.

The soldiers looked toward the officers' quarters across the plaza, expecting their leader to appear, but the sight which met their eyes told them that no help could come from that direction. Scores of howling natives were thronging into the house where the officers lived, loud cries were heard, the sound of struggling, followed by long groans—then stillness—an awful stillness which told that the maniacal work had been done.

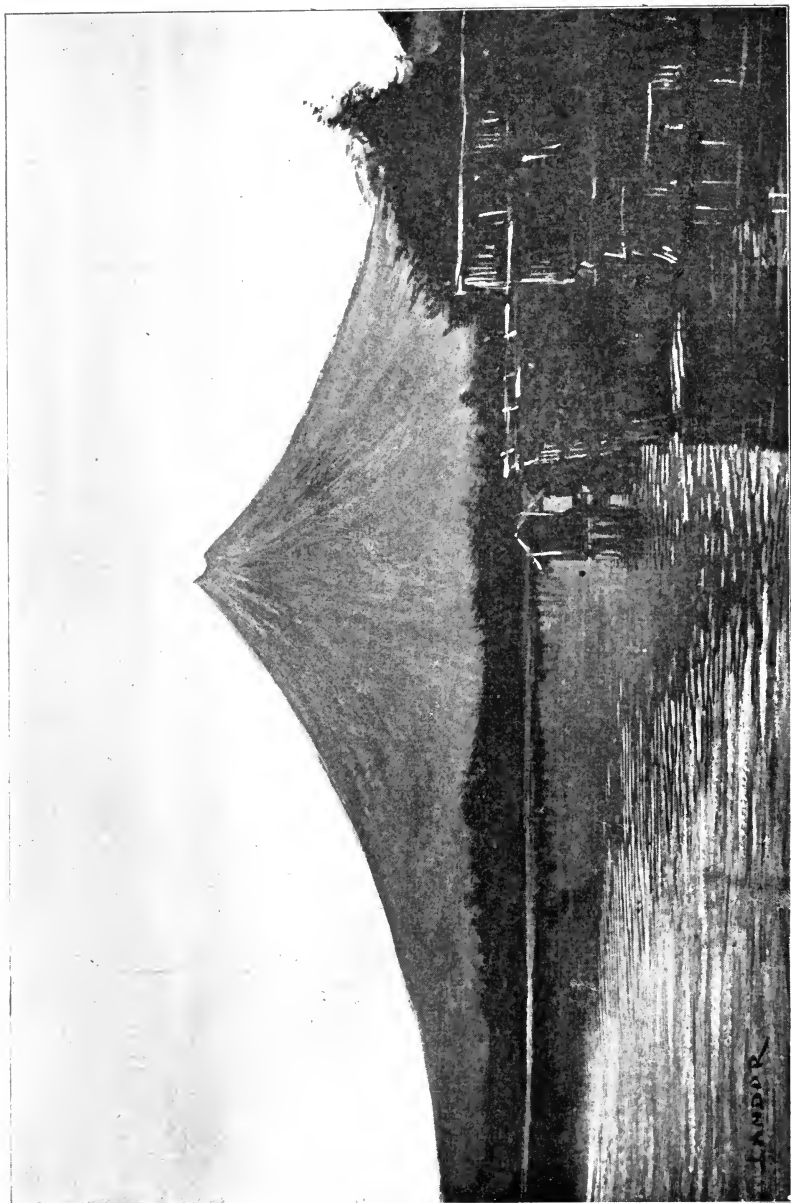
As the savages entered, Captain Connell had rushed to the window which had been smashed in, and fought their entrance with his bare fists. From amid the smothering swarm he struck right and left, felling his assailants. Falling beneath their merciless onslaught, he fell and rose again, and still again fell and rose once more, only to go down under a very rain of daggers. Thus he died.

The natives were now in possession of the barrack and the soldiers were absolutely unarmed. The savages formed a cordon around them and closed in, shrieking like wild beasts, all eager for the blood of their foes.

But our men, even though their commander was dead, did not yield to panic. Flight was out of the question, for they would have been hunted down and slaughtered one by one, so they stayed together for what little that might avail.

Picking up for weapons every kind of domestic furniture, shovels, saucepans, baseball bats, they sallied among their infuriated assailants, beating them down, and even with these humble and inglorious implements spreading consternation among their dusky enemies. If only they could secure the rifles in the barracks! They resolved to try.

Scarcely had they reached the place when the ominous silence within told them that the guard had been murdered. Seeing our men approach, the natives who were inside barricaded themselves, and peering from the windows, gloated upon the struggle which the resolute soldiers were having with other natives below. Fourteen



MOUNT MAYON, LUZON

of our men were massacred on the stairway, and the rest, staggering in weakness from their wounds, groped their way, bleeding, back to temporary safety.

But they did not give up the attempt.

Very soon those who were able returned to the attack, and while some held the clamoring savages at bay, others raised a bamboo ladder against the back of the building. Then, while some of the men guarded the ladder below, the sergeant and four others clambered up the frail support and entered the building. Never were saucepans and brickbats and other bludgeons put to such heroic use. Others of our men now started to ascend the ladder, but it snapped in two, leaving the sergeant and his four men cut off from help and alone in that room of blood and murder. They fought frantically while their comrades below strove by this means and that to reach them, but their cries grew weaker and ceased and the brave men below knew that the struggle was over.

There were now few Americans left alive. Over at another barrack a bloody scene was being enacted. Here Sergeant Betron and Corporal Burke, standing on the dripping floor above their murdered comrades, fought courageously an ever-losing fight against the daggers of their frenzied opponents. Despite their heroic resistance, they were forced steadily back out of the barrack, the doorway being so jammed with savages that they interfered with one another.

Taking refuge in a smaller room, they lined up with their backs to the wall, resolved to sell their lives at the highest price. Corporal Burke, who was already wounded and becoming weaker every moment, was just about to give up the struggle when he espied, directly in front of him, the traitor who had doubtless instigated the whole bloody affair—the “chief of police” who had begun the massacre by striking down the sentry. The sight of this wretch seemed to renew Burke’s strength, and he resolved that he would not die until he had made the other pay for his treachery.

Watching his opportunity and mustering his strength as best he could, he made a dash through the crowd and fixed his hand like a vise upon the chief’s throat. The two fell to the floor locked in a deadly embrace. None interfered, for fear of killing the wrong man. Burke’s grip was loosening, by reason of his growing weakness, and,

letting go at last, he flung his hand despairingly, when it touched something, and he found he was clasping a revolver!

Quick to avail himself of this miraculous piece of luck, he pressed the weapon tight against the savage's skull and shot him dead. The chief, in his frantic last struggle, had buried his teeth in the corporal's arm; but Burke's other arm was free, and he stood up and, reeling in weakness, emptied the four remaining chambers of the revolver, each shot bringing down a man.

This unsuspected fusillade caused consternation and cleared the room for a minute or two, during which our soldiers fought vainly for more ammunition for their single weapon. Seeing their dilemma, the antagonists returned with shrieks of maniac laughter at their foes' predicament.

It seemed now that the corporal's little streak of luck had been but a mockery, giving false and momentary hope. Weakly he held out his own hand and grasped that of his companion, Betron.

"We killed the chief, anyway," said he. "Come on, old man. Brace yourself and we'll die game."

Grimly they shook hands; then they braced themselves against the wall, one with a knife he had secured, the other with the empty revolver as a club, and bravely awaited the next attack.

Just at that moment there sounded in the plaza the clear, sharp report of a Krag-Jorgensen rifle. A moment's pause and it rang out again. The savages in the room paused aghast and stood petrified. Could it be their friends shooting? Presently the reports sounded again, rapidly one after another, and a dozen savages outside the building lunged forward and lay motionless. Then a great shout arose.

"Wh-what is it?" panted Sergeant Betron. "What does it mean?"

It meant that relief was at hand—a relief which came in a most extraordinary manner.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE HERO OF SAMAR

THERE were three barracks at the station and we have watched the bloody work at two of them. The third stood at some little distance from these two and in an unfrequented spot surrounded by jungle.

Here lived Sergt. George F. Markley and eight men. The sergeant was a man of gigantic stature, lithe, athletic, and absolutely fearless. There are some men who are said to be brave, and others who are said not to know what fear is. Sergeant Markley was one of the latter.

The location of Markley's barrack was so isolated and secluded that it was his custom to observe extra precautions against attacks and native treachery. In addition to the regular sentry, he always kept one man on guard over the rifles.

On the morning of the massacre he was standing guard himself when the first soldier to return from breakfast came tramping through the jungle. The sergeant, relieved, now tramped off himself for his morning meal. It was quite a little walk, and when he reached the kitchen shed he paused for his cup of coffee.

Scarcely had the cup touched his lips when the bell on the church pealed out loud and clear. Markley suspected treachery and, leaping up, he ran at full speed to the barrack where the rifles were stored.

In his flight he knocked down several natives, kicked another senseless, and reached the barrack only to find that the natives were there before him. Three of them stood in the doorway, guarding it and awaiting his approach. The sentry lay dead on the ground. The soldier who had been left in charge of the guns was gasping in his death agony.

Hot on the feet of the big sergeant came his pursuers, yelling and brandishing their daggers. Then Sergeant Markley did an ex-

traordinary thing which, if you were to read of it in a story, you would say was absurd. Yet it is in Uncle Sam's army records just the same.

Gathering himself for a supreme effort, he dashed straight at the three men in the doorway and, leaping into the air, struck two of them in the stomach with his knees, driving them back with such violence that they fell against the wall of the shack, which gave way from the force of the concussion. He then grappled with the third man and banged his head against a beam until he became senseless. Then rushing into the building, he reached the rifle-rack, and before he could be attacked he succeeded in securing his own rifle. It was the kind of thing which people do in dime novels, but Sergeant Markley really did it, nevertheless. The two men whom he had kicked off their feet were by now scurrying away, and, raising his precious rifle, he dropped them one after the other.

Looking about him then, Markley discovered that, although there were plenty of rifles, he was entirely alone. His comrades had been beaten out and were being pursued by the savages. Two who were standing beneath the flagpole were cut down before he could level his rifle at their assailants. Another stood on the top of a pile of paving-stones, surrounded by shrieking savages and keeping them off by hurling the heavy missiles at them.

Sergeant Markley now began to pick off these assailants, and those who escaped the terrific impact of the huge stones toppled over under his unerring aim. While he was thus engaged a comrade came running toward him, a horde of natives hot upon his heels. Calmly Markley turned his rifle upon these pursuers, dropping three of them, when the others turned and fled.

Markley and his panting comrade took the situation in hand, picking off the savages as fast as they approached. One by one other soldiers came up, until seven stood about Sergeant Markley. Each was fully armed, and the effect of their fire was deadly. It must have been a heroic spectacle, that little group standing against the infuriated savages who approached on every side, yet never reached the sturdy little band.

So far as affairs in his immediate neighborhood were concerned, Markley now had the situation well in hand, and he despatched one of his men to the river to take possession of the boats. It was a

THE HERO OF SAMAR

hazardous thing to do, but the man, joined by several comrades on the way, reached the shore, took possession of the five boats, and paddled them out into midstream, there to await further orders.

It was while these men were making their way down to the river that Sergeant Markley succeeded in dispersing the islanders who were surrounding him, and led his little party to the rescue of Burke and Betron in the other barrack. Of the savages surrounding that barrack, not a single one escaped, and after the arrival of Markley's party no American was so much as wounded. As the murderous savages tried to make off they were dropped one after another by the crack shots of the sergeant's party. Their possession of the stolen weapons did them little good, since they did not know how to use them, and they depended entirely upon their daggers.

The gallant Burke had breathed his last, but Betron still lived, and he and Markley now found themselves at the head of sixteen men, fully armed. At last the Americans were masters of the field.

Three men were sent after the party which had gone to the shore, while three others, selected for their sure aim, were tolled off to shoot any savages who tried to escape by swimming the stream. The others devoted their attention to their wounded comrades, who lay all about, suffering the most intense agony from the many wounds which each had received.

It was the intention of our brave men to hold the station, and several started in a small boat to Bassay, thirty miles away, for assistance. When about to push off, the savages made a last desperate rush for them. Another encounter followed, and, though the natives were driven back, the Americans were left with only five men good for active service. It was therefore decided to evacuate the place.

Crowding into the boats with their wounded, the survivors of that bloody encounter made their way, amid incredible danger and suffering, to Bassay, thirty miles distant, where safety lay. Two of them died on the trip.

When the news of this dreadful affair was communicated to Captain Bookmiller, who was stationed near Bassay, he immediately started with a company of soldiers for Balangigan. He had little trouble in recapturing the place, which had been in the hands of

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

the natives for just twenty-eight hours, and once again he hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the flagpole.

The massacre of Samar resulted in the killing of about two hundred islanders, but before as many as a half-dozen of them had fallen three officers and about fifty of our men had been brutally murdered, many of them being mutilated beyond recognition.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

“THE GRAVE OF THE SPANIARDS”

“**A**WAY down south in the torrid zone” lies a little piece of land some fifty miles long and ten miles wide, the conquest of which caused Uncle Sam more perplexity than that of either Cuba or the Philippines. He has good reason to be proud of this conquest, for he succeeded where others had failed, and his triumph represents one of the most wonderful achievements in the history of the world.

“We must build the isthmian canal which will unite two oceans,” President McKinley had said in his last speech, and now the man to whose lot it fell to begin this colossal task was suddenly called to fill the high office of President. He came down out of the Adirondack Mountains, where he had been hunting, and on September 14, 1901, took the Presidential office.

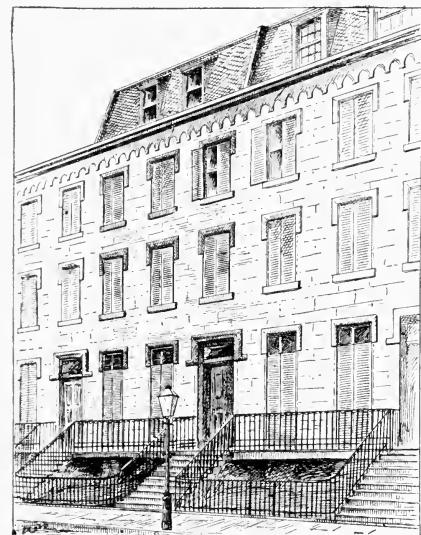
Theodore Roosevelt was born in the city of New York on October 27, 1858, and he was the youngest man that had ever occupied the White House. He once said that two-thirds of him was Dutch—and that two-thirds the stubborn and persistent part; so perhaps, indirectly, we have to thank the Dutch for the Panama Canal, particularly as the man selected to do the job had also a considerable streak of Dutch in him.

Mr. Roosevelt was graduated from Harvard University in 1880 and entered politics almost immediately, serving for three years in the New York State Assembly. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison a civil service commissioner, and in 1895 became Police Commissioner of New York City. His earnestness and energy for reform in both of these offices won him a national reputation and led, in April, 1897, to his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Here, too, he did excellent work, and it was while filling this office that the war with Spain broke out. We already

know of his career as a soldier and of his later election as governor of New York State, and it remains now for us to follow the interesting events of his career as President.

If President McKinley is remembered as the Spanish War President, so, as time runs on, President Roosevelt will probably be thought of as the Panama Canal President, for though the Canal constituted by no means the most sensational affair of his eventful and strenuous administration, it must, nevertheless, take precedence over all the others in the minds of future generations.

If you were to stand on the summit of Gold Hill along the line of the Panama Canal, just where the mammoth ditch traverses the Continental Divide, and look down into the great Culebra Cut, you would be disappointed, because it is so great that it does not seem like a canal at all. You have to stand off at a distance or, as has been said, view it from an airship, in order to realize its wonder and its magnitude.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT
28 East Twentieth Street, New York City.

So the boys living in these early years of the twentieth century cannot appreciate this great piece of work, just because they are not far enough away from it.

President Roosevelt did not originate the idea of the Canal, but he put the shovel and pick in Uncle Sam's hands and told him to roll up his sleeves and go ahead. So much of the glory is Mr. Roosevelt's.

Let us see if we do not find Uncle Sam quite as interesting and inspiring with the homely pick and shovel which Mr. Roosevelt gave him as with the rifles and the ten-inch guns which he handled so triumphantly during the administration of Mr. McKinley; and as the story of Panama is one of the most interesting stories in the world, let us begin at the beginning and, like Alice in Wonderland, go on until we come to the end—then stop!

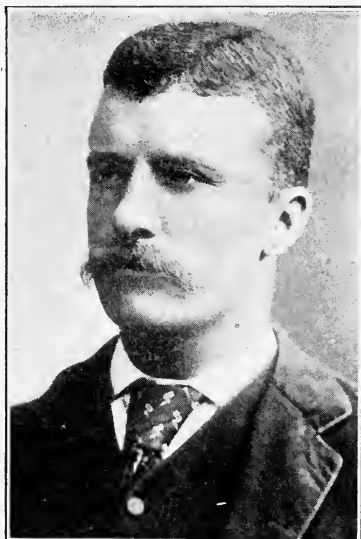
“THE GRAVE OF THE SPANIARDS”

The Isthmus of Panama had baffled and defeated every one until Uncle Sam threw off his coat and clenched his teeth and took all the fight out of it. The old Chagres River, which had perplexed and discouraged Christopher Columbus and sent him home a broken man, was ordered by Uncle Sam to change its course and march in line, and the death-dealing, rebellious, treacherous Chagres did as it was told to do. It was a greater triumph for Uncle Sam than Santiago or Manila Bay.

The Isthmus had often been assailed, but never conquered, and when it raised its flag of truce before the army of mammoth steam-shovels and ear-splitting drills—to say nothing of compasses and transits and surgical microscopes—which Uncle Sam had sent against it, *there* was a surrender and a triumph as grand and inspiring as any to be found in all Uncle Sam's history.

We are going to take a glimpse at one of the greatest wars that was ever fought. We shall see Uncle Sam, not in his military uniform, but in his shirt-sleeves—with a blue-print map sticking out of his pocket.

The first thing we know about the Isthmus of Panama is that it broke the stout heart of Christopher Columbus. That was its first triumph. On his fourth voyage he sailed down its coast, seeking, as he had ever sought, an open passage—a route to India. He was the first to smell the pestilent breath of that deadly jungle which was the greatest weapon that the Isthmus had. In a little boat the brave-hearted and ever-hopeful old mariner sailed up the Chagres River, which now obediently pours its waters into the mighty ditch. Under the arched and intertwining foliage of the tropical forest he made his way up into the fever-cursed interior, and several of his men were stricken with the awful disease which was to cut down so many who came later.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
As Civil Service Commissioner.

Landing from their little boat, they lost their way in the mazes of the dank, pestilent wilderness, and, turning back through the sickening jungle, they were thankful to regain the river and the coast. It was like coming out of the infernal regions. The poor old "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" little knew that he had been within fifteen miles of the Pacific Ocean.

The Isthmus of Panama had triumphed over the noblest of all explorers.

One thing Columbus had discovered on the Isthmus, and that was signs of gold. If there was one thing more than another which King Ferdinand of Spain liked, it was gold, and, on hearing of Columbus's adventures, he decided that the route to Asia was not so important, after all, and that he would devote his energies to obtaining gold. So he sent two men to start a settlement near Panama.¹ One of these men was named Nicuesa, and he was royal butcher to King Ferdinand—though most of the Spaniards in those days were butchers, if it comes to that. The other man's name was Ojeda, or Uneeda, as he is facetiously called on the Isthmus to-day. Ojeda had voyaged with Columbus; he was a young man of extraordinary prowess. It is related that once he stood on the top of a church steeple to amuse Queen Isabella. He wore a little locket which was supposed to impart to him a charmed life; he had been in many battles, duels, and affrays of various descriptions, and he was supposed to be indestructible. King Ferdinand believed that Panama would be utterly helpless as soon as this tough and redoubtable warrior set foot upon it.

Ojeda and Nicuesa stopped awhile in the new settlement of Santo Domingo, where they swaggered around and drummed up recruits. Then they started off, separately, for the jungle-covered Panama.

On reaching the coast of his allotted province, Ojeda went ashore with fifty men to catch some Indians for slaves. You may see the direct descendants of those Indians in Panama to-day. They gave Ojeda a most unexpected reception, killing all but two of his party. One of those two was Ojeda himself. This was his first preliminary skirmish with the Isthmus, and the Isthmus carried off the honors of the day.

¹ Panama, the name given by the early Spaniards, means "abounding in fish."

“THE GRAVE OF THE SPANIARDS”

The remainder of Ojeda's party built huts and settled down to hunt for gold. Whenever they went hunting for gold they were either killed by Indians, or bitten by deadly snakes, or sucked in by the treacherous morass. Presently the death-dealing breath of the jungle assailed them and they began to die of fever. Ojeda left the party in charge of a man named Pizarro and sailed back to Santo Domingo for supplies. He never returned to his starving and stricken comrades, but died in Santo Domingo, broken in health and spirit.

The Isthmus of Panama had dealt its second crushing blow.

But help must be sent to the starving wretches on the Isthmus, and an expedition was formed in Santo Domingo to take them supplies and assistance. The man in charge of this party was an old lawyer by the name of Enciso, who took with him a good many law-books, for he expected to govern the pathetic little colony by the strong arm of the law. He could hardly have selected a more useless sort of baggage than law-books, unless, indeed, he expected the starving colonists to eat them.

Enciso and his law-books soon passed into the shadow, for



BALBOA MAKES HIS APPEARANCE BEFORE ENCISO

scarcely had the vessel left the coast of Santo Domingo behind it when the head was gently pushed from a barrel and there appeared from within the face of a young man.

This was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who thus makes his bow in the pages of history like a Jack-in-the-box, and whose name is more closely identified with the history of the Isthmus than that of any other man.

He was a rollicking soul who had contracted so many debts in Santo Domingo that he found flight the most convenient way of settling them. In order to avoid his creditors, he had secreted himself in a barrel, was rolled on to this ship and, as it transpired, to immortal fame.

Balboa was a young man not only of great courage, but of great charm. His pleasing address and cordial manner soon won the hearts of all on board, and he became the moving spirit of the expedition, while old Enciso was left to ponder his legal tomes and devise laws for the hapless colony.

In good time the ship reached the Isthmus, the few poor survivors were taken aboard, and a new settlement was established a little farther along the coast. It was called Santa Maria and was the first real settlement on the Isthmus.

Meanwhile the royal butcher, Nicuesa, had made a landing on the Isthmus near where the quaint old town of Porto Bello now lies, and the natives taught him some tricks in butchery which he had never known before. He called his settlement Nombre de Dios (Name of God) and its brief story is one of horror.

In a few months of the seven hundred men only Nicuesa and sixty others remained alive. Nine out of every ten had died under the dreadful scourge of the jungle fever. These hapless survivors had become horrible to look upon and mad for want of food. One of them was a raving maniac and shrieked that he was living in hell—that no one could live in such a place. And yet, you know, people go there to-day for the benefit of their health.

What was this strange, unseen power which breathed death to all who paused on the uncanny coast? How could such a sickening wilderness be tamed and penetrated?

The Isthmus of Panama had triumphed over the royal butcher. Nicuesa with his few sickly comrades left the dreadful spot,

“THE GRAVE OF THE SPANIARDS”

and sailing along the coast, came to the new settlement of Santa Maria. But the people there were afraid of him and would not let him land. So he sailed again, out upon the wide Atlantic, and was



PANAMA, DARIEN, AND THE SOUTH SEA

never heard of more. One may fancy the heartless Isthmus laughing fiendishly at his fate.

Balboa was the first man to throw down the gauntlet to the Isthmus. He did not draw its sting and throttle it, but he succeeded in crossing it and so discovered the Pacific Ocean.¹

The settlers at Santa Maria did not escape the poisonous breath of the jungle, and they began dying rapidly; but, despite their misfortunes, one thing kept them there. A neighboring chief named Comogre was one day distributing souvenirs among the Spaniards

¹ There is a tree on the Isthmus, known as Balboa's Tree, from which one may obtain a glimpse of either ocean.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

and Balboa happened to notice that his own was nothing less than a chunk of gold. It caused him to open his eyes wide and to ask questions.

The chief told him that if *that* was what he was after, all he had to do was to cross the hills until he came to a great sea and then



THE EXECUTION OF BALBOA

journey far to the south, where lived a people who possessed no end of the yellow metal. No doubt the old chief meant Peru.

Balboa was speechless with delight. As soon as he could manage it he selected about two hundred men, and with them plunged into the tropical wilderness. The difficulties in their way were well-nigh insurmountable. Over the rugged, jungle-covered mountains they pressed, and down into slimy lowlands, hewing their way through the interwoven thicket, carrying the stricken who sank each day, until at last, on the 25th of September, 1513, they gazed triumphantly on a vast expanse of water stretching to the west and south as far as they could see.

Four days later Balboa claimed possession for the King of Spain of the greatest ocean on the globe. It was quite a claim to make.

"THE GRAVE OF THE SPANIARDS"

That was as far as Balboa got in the direction of Peru. Back through the jungle he went to tell the people at Santa Maria of his discovery.

But a new governor had landed at Santa Maria and Balboa's rule was at an end. So, free from the cares of state, he turned his attention to further adventures. It was then that he performed the extraordinary feat of building ships and taking them across the Isthmus in pieces, thinking to launch them in the Pacific and set sail for Peru.

But he never embarked on the Pacific side. Returning across the Isthmus to transact some final business, he was arrested on a false charge of treason and condemned to death. In the little town which he had founded he was beheaded. Thus perished the first white man to cross the deadly, baffling Isthmus of Panama.

But still the Isthmus was not conquered. Though the secret of its farther boundary was revealed, it challenged the adventurous foot of man at every turn and laid low the adventurers of Santa Maria with its mysterious, death-dealing power.

CHAPTER XXXIX

STRUGGLING TO MAKE A WAY

YOU will remember that Ojeda left his settlement in care of a man named Pizarro. Francisco Pizarro was his full name, and he discovered the land which Balboa had hoped to reach.

In 1519 the Spaniards built a stone road across the Isthmus and founded the city of Panama on the Pacific side. The remains of this road can be seen to-day, almost hidden in the jungle.

Pizarro sailed down the Pacific to Peru; there he found a peaceful and well-ordered government, which he proceeded to turn inside out. The kings of Peru were called the Incas. There was a great deal of gold there and Pizarro and his followers helped themselves to it freely. Murder, massacre, slavery, treachery, were all practised by the gentle Francisco, until Peru was a land of desolation.

All of the treasure, tons upon tons of it, was brought up the coast to Panama and carted across the Isthmus to be sent to Spain. Those were the days of the Spanish galleons. Panama became rich. Spain became rich. . . . Then something happened.

The famous English buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, heard about this fabulous wealth, and he could not bear to think of all that glittering gold being sent across the Isthmus to be shipped to Spain. So he voyaged to Panama, with his crew of merry cutthroats, and when he left there the opulent Spanish settlements were masses of charred ruins. Most of the inhabitants he murdered. And he took all the gold.

That was the end of old Panama and the beginning of the end of Spain's glory in the Western World. It was a case of too much gold—and too much Morgan. Spain had become luxurious and idle, a laggard in the race of progress, misruling her colonies and, as time went on, losing them one after another. It was this same

STRUGGLING TO MAKE A WAY

Spain, with no shadow of her former glory, that Uncle Sam ordered out of Cuba in 1898.

So the years rolled by. Colombia, in South America, managed to wriggle free from Spain, and Panama became one of her provinces. Let us remember this fact, for we shall have to recur to it soon.

We have already seen, in Chapter VI, how the California gold-seekers journeyed to El Dorado by way of Panama, using the half-completed ramshackle railroad in their struggle across the Isthmus. We have seen how scores of them died of the fever and left their precious gold-dust to be overgrown by the jungle. For still the Isthmus held its death-dealing power and still has its story been one of gold. From the glittering nugget which



FRANCISCO PIZARRO

the savage chief gave Balboa, down through the ages to the shining yellow coins with which Uncle Sam paid his army of grimy helpers,¹ the story of the Isthmus has been one of gold.

We now come to modern Panama, and for the first time we begin to hear of the project of an artificial waterway across Central America. After our war with Mexico in 1846-47 we found ourselves in possession of California and Arizona, and other land besides.

How to reach them?

¹ All except the cheapest laborers on the Panama Canal were paid in gold.

It came about that some gentlemen in New York determined to build this queer little railroad across the Isthmus—from Colon on the Atlantic coast to Panama City on the Pacific side. They secured the necessary privilege from the government of Colombia and soon the work was begun. The Panama Canal is such a wonderful thing that it throws the building of this little railroad into the shadow; but the laying of those rails through the jungle was a marvelous feat. At one time a party of engineers passed twice within twenty feet of a high hill without knowing it, so dense was the surrounding jungle. The building of that little railroad was a sample of the American pluck which was later to draw the fangs of the jungle and turn the course of the deadly Chagres River so that it might be of service to man.

The difficulties were many. Panama was a long way from supplies. Materials were hard to get. The engineers and their workers established themselves on Manzanillo Island, where they founded the town of Aspinwall, which is now called Colon, after Christopher Columbus.

There was hardly a space of dry land to set foot upon. In front of them was the sea and behind them the pestilential and deadly swamp. They built shacks, but before they could occupy them they were overrun with deadly scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas. The jungle swarmed with the deadliest species of the mosquito. The complexions of the workers turned yellow, like that of Chinamen. The rainy season overtook them and left its badge of pungent mildew on everything they wore. But these men were the advance-guard of Uncle Sam's great legion of workers which was to come years afterward, and they toiled on. They were heroes—just as much heroes as the boys who sank the Spanish ships off Santiago.

One of the engineers, Mr. Baldwin, carried his luncheon in his hat and ate it standing amid envious alligators and water-snakes. But the resolute party cut a tunnel through the jungle, piled stones into the swamps, and laid the *lignum-vitæ* ties of the Panama Railroad. Now and again the obstreperous Chagres River rose to a torrent and overwhelmed them and set their work at naught. They could not get laborers near at hand, so they imported Chinamen; for after a native Isthmian has worked an hour he feels it necessary

STRUGGLING TO MAKE A WAY

to rest for a week. Most of the Chinamen became sick. A number of them, utterly disheartened, went out on the beach and, with Chinese stolidness, sat there until the tide came up and swallowed them.

China could never have built the Panama Canal.

We are told that a life was lost for every tie that was laid. At last, after five years of incessant struggling, an American locomotive was sent across the Isthmus of Panama. Its arrival at the coast was just as glorious as the arrival of the great *Oregon* off Cuba. There are different kinds of wars—and there is more than one kind of fighting.

There had always been talk of a canal across the Isthmus; but you cannot build a canal with talk—not in Panama. Fourteen years after Columbus died Charles V of Spain

sent a party of explorers to find a waterway across the Isthmus; but they did not find one, because there wasn't any. One of these men, Gonzales by name, discovered the big lake at Nicaragua, and he thought that a canal might be made, utilizing this lake (and so it might have been, but Uncle Sam, after considering both routes, chose the other). Spain, however, abandoned the project as being too large an undertaking.

Then, in 1698, came a couple of ship-loads of canny Scotchmen who were going to settle in Central America and dig a canal across



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS

it. The Isthmus treated them as it had treated others. It assailed them with its tropical fever and baffled them with its swamps and jungles, until most of them died and the rest were glad to go back to Scotland.

Next came the English, who sent their famous naval hero, Horatio Nelson (though he was only a young man then), to drive the Spanish out of Nicaragua and seize the lake, for John Bull was going to build a canal. Of course Nelson whipped the Spaniards, just as he had whipped everything else that came in sight; but he could not whip the tropical fever. The members of his crew were all taken sick and he sailed home with ten men instead of a hundred.

The redoubtable Nelson had been whipped.

Next came the French. There was a Frenchman named de Lesseps who had lived for many years in Egypt and who had made his name famous by building the Suez Canal. He had conquered one of the two great isthmuses of the world. Could he not conquer the other?

Surely he could, thought the French people. He could conquer the burning and shifting sands. Could he not hurl defiance at the jungle? There was the Panama Railroad, which the Americans had built, already there to help him.

So in 1879 the French Panama Canal Company was formed. Great sums of money were raised, elaborate plans were formed, and the little white-haired old gentleman, the noted engineer, the father of the Suez Canal, the idol of France, sailed across the sea, and there was great festivity and rejoicing on the Isthmus. There were prophetic speeches and a blessing, and the daintiest little artificial earthquake had been arranged, involving the explosion of a large quantity of dynamite—which failed to go off, much to the disappointment of the waiting throng. Its purpose was to show how easy it was to blast the rocks of Panama. Oh, so very easy!

Meanwhile the deadly mosquitoes buzzed in the jungle, the morass sent forth its poisonous breath, and the treacherous quicksand waited silently for its victims.

The work was begun, and, as usual, the workers began to sicken.

"We will build hospitals for them," said the French, which they did; but they could not build them fast enough.

The men who had organized the company were not honest.

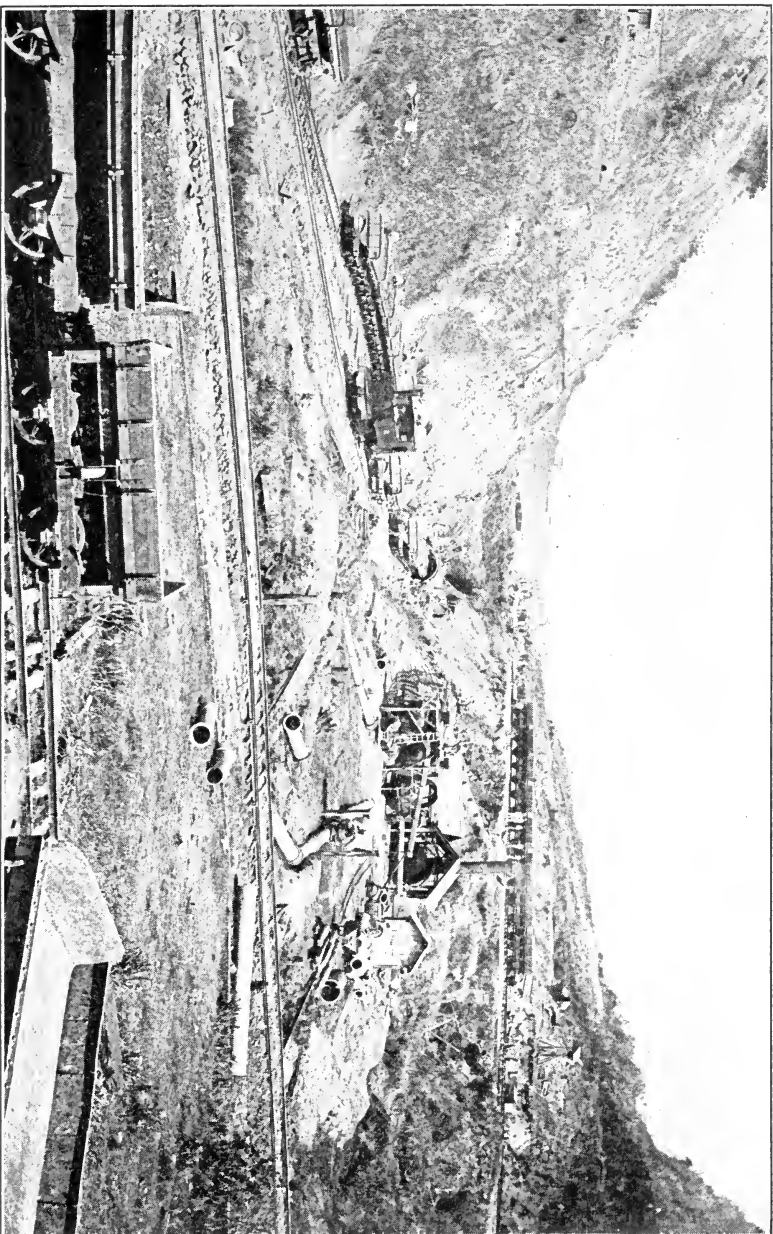


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

A VIEW OF CUTLER CUTOFF IN 1885, LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING THE FRENCH EXCAVATING WITH PICK AND SHOVEL.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

They were more interested in themselves than in the canal, and they enriched themselves at the cost of thousands of French peasants who had invested their savings in the great enterprise.

Out of every hundred people who came to the Isthmus from France, thirty sickened and died. In the quiet cemetery on Monkey Hill, near Colon, may be seen scores of gravestones bearing French names, and on almost all of them are the pathetic words, "Died of the fever." A noted engineer came from France with his wife and four children and built himself a house. Before it was ready for occupancy all six of them had died.

The French had not studied the awful disease which they had to combat, nor the character of the soil and the rock beneath it, nor the rainfall which would so affect their work. Waste and extravagance were seen on all sides. At every stage of their uncertain progress the workers must pause for a celebration, as if speeches and champagne and all such pomp and circumstance could conquer the jungle!

At last, after eight years, the crash came; the company failed and thousands of people in France found themselves ruined. Several men committed suicide rather than face the angry people. Poor de Lesseps, who was probably the dupe of dishonest schemers, died insane; and the yellow-faced, fever-racked company of workers began to straggle back to France.

Even if there had been no dishonesty the enterprise would not have succeeded, for there was a little fellow down there called Anopheline who would have prevented it.

Anopheline was lord of the jungle. He was nothing but a mosquito, but he was powerful enough to confound the great Nelson, and he triumphed over the French just as he had triumphed over every one else.

CHAPTER XL

UNCLE SAM ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES

IN our brief review of this wonderful story of the Isthmus we now come to the time when Captain Clarke made his inspiring trip with the giant *Oregon* around Cape Horn. Our country, as we know, was then at war with the nation which had once owned Panama, whose people had carted tons of shining gold across the Isthmus, and which had been the proud mistress of the seas.

Men began to compute how much sooner Captain Clarke could have reached the West Indies if he had been able to cut through the Isthmus instead of sailing all the way around South America. They began to discuss the manifold advantages of a canal. In short, Uncle Sam had already, as one might say, put one hand on his other sleeve, and began to look about him for his pick and shovel.

"We must build the Panama Canal," President McKinley said. Years before, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, and General Grant had said the same thing; but Uncle Sam had had many other things to do in the mean time. He had "bad lands" to irrigate, rebellious and obstreperous rivers of his own to tame; and then, besides, he was having his picture taken. His engineers were all over the country, surveying it, measuring it, lining up its contours, for a gigantic man; and then came the Spanish-American War.

When President McKinley said those words Uncle Sam had just laid down his musket for the first breathing-spell he had known in a year. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States, and there were no more breathing spells for Uncle Sam. The next thing the people knew, he was standing knee-deep in the jungle, with a tube wound all around him and a squirt-gun in his hand.

What was he up to? Surely he did not hope to conquer that deadly jungle with a squirt-gun?

Who had ever heard of such a thing?

But before Uncle Sam did very much in the jungle he had some papers to sign. You will remember that Panama was a province of Colombia. Colombia was anxious that our country should build a canal across the Isthmus, in which desire the French shared, and for much the same reason. The French wanted to sell us their old machinery, and Colombia wanted to sell us a strip of land. The French were very much afraid that Colombia would spoil everything by trying to drive a sharp bargain with Uncle Sam.

In December, 1902, the Colombian government sent a representative to Washington to negotiate with our government in regard to a Canal Zone. In January, 1903, a treaty was signed which provided that we should pay Colombia ten million dollars in cash and a hundred thousand dollars a year rental for a strip of land across Panama.

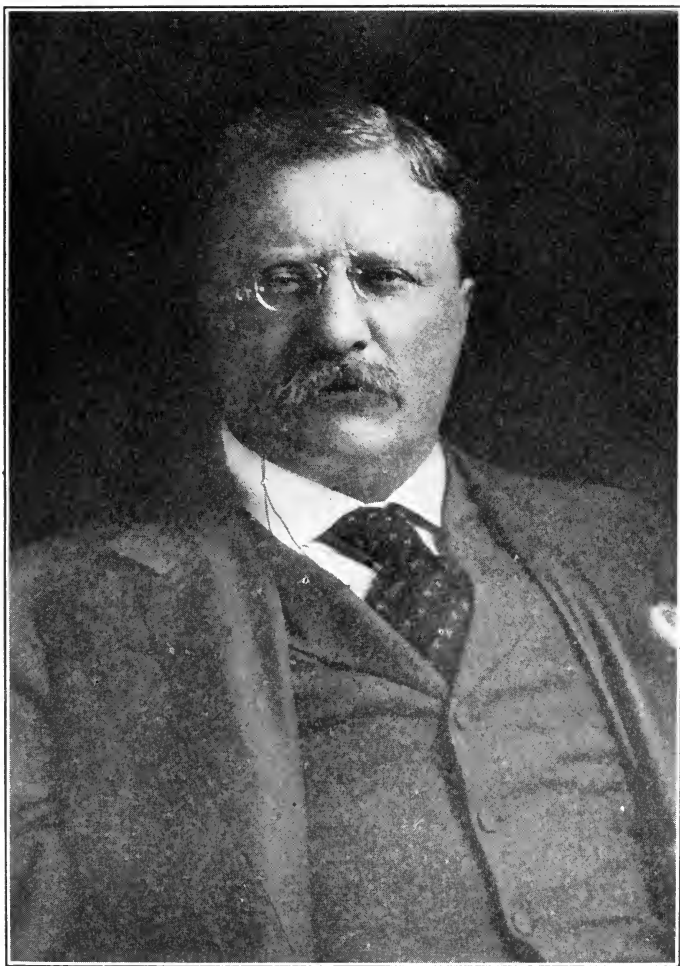
But this treaty came to grief in Colombia, where the high Colombian officials refused to sign it. These officials wished Uncle Sam to increase his offer and Uncle Sam was not disposed to do so. So nothing was done, and meanwhile the time passed.

At length Secretary of State John Hay sent a note to Colombia telling her how much trouble Uncle Sam had been put to, and intimating that if she did not ratify the treaty it might endanger his friendship for Colombia. No doubt our government was a little hasty in this matter, since a treaty is not a treaty until it is ratified, and Colombia was hardly to be blamed for giving the matter a sober second thought.

There were some who thought that Colombia was trying at the last minute, and while there was yet time, to hold up Uncle Sam, and there were many, even in our own country, who felt that Uncle Sam's demeanor was unpleasantly suggestive of the bully. After all the trouble of drawing up the treaty, doubtless Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers had some cause for annoyance, but Colombia was not bound to ratify the treaty if she did not wish to do so.

In the following June Colombia, in blithe disregard of Uncle Sam's ominous warning, rejected the treaty, but intimated that further proposals would be submitted to our government.

So that was the condition of things—Colombia debating and considering what sort of a treaty she would like, and Uncle Sam



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT

very much chagrined and impatient and disappointed and annoyed at the delay—when something happened.

The people of Panama revolted against Colombia and set up an independent government. An independent government can make treaties, and if ten million dollars was no temptation to Colombia, it was at least a very alluring temptation to the aspiring baby republic of Panama; and little Panama would show how quickly she could ratify a ten-million-dollar treaty if she got the chance.

The revolution which made Panama free was a very tame revolution without any bloodshed. A declaration, a few martial drumbeats, the disarming of a few Colombian soldiers, and, presto! the Colombian province of Panama was a free and independent nation with "inalienable rights" and all the usual accompaniments.

The "revolution" occupied about three days, November 3d, 4th, and 5th, and three days later Uncle Sam gave his official recognition to the new government. Colombia had killed the goose that would have laid the golden egg.

But there were many who, bearing in mind Uncle Sam's feeling and interest in the matter, and the presence of his ships in Panamanian waters, contended that he could not contemplate this affair with a clear conscience—that he had in some way helped the revolution to "happen," and that it would have been more seemly and honorable to have borne with Colombia at least until the possibility of negotiations was at an end.

President Roosevelt pointed out that there had been fifty-three revolutions in South America in fifty-seven years, and there is no doubt that many of these were instigated by interested foreigners who had something to gain through them. But the fact that there had been fifty-three revolutions was surely no reason why there should be another one, and that Uncle Sam's conscience was not altogether clear in this whole affair was attested by his offer of an indemnity to Colombia.

Thus, in February, 1904, the new Republic of Panama sold to Uncle Sam for the sum of ten million dollars a strip of land ten miles wide and fifty miles long, extending across the Isthmus. This strip came to be known as the Canal Zone, and was to be controlled absolutely by the United States. Uncle Sam could dig in it and clean it up, build houses and concrete mountains in it

and bully the deadly old Chagres River to his heart's content. It was his!

Mr. Roosevelt was responsible for all these negotiations; it was he who sent Uncle Sam down there with his pail and shovel, and so the glory of starting this wonderful work was his.

On May 4, 1904, President Roosevelt, on behalf of the American people, took possession of the Canal Zone and all it contained except the cities of Colon and Panama. Even in those two cities our government had the privilege of tidying up a bit, and they presently received such a spring house-cleaning as they had never known before.

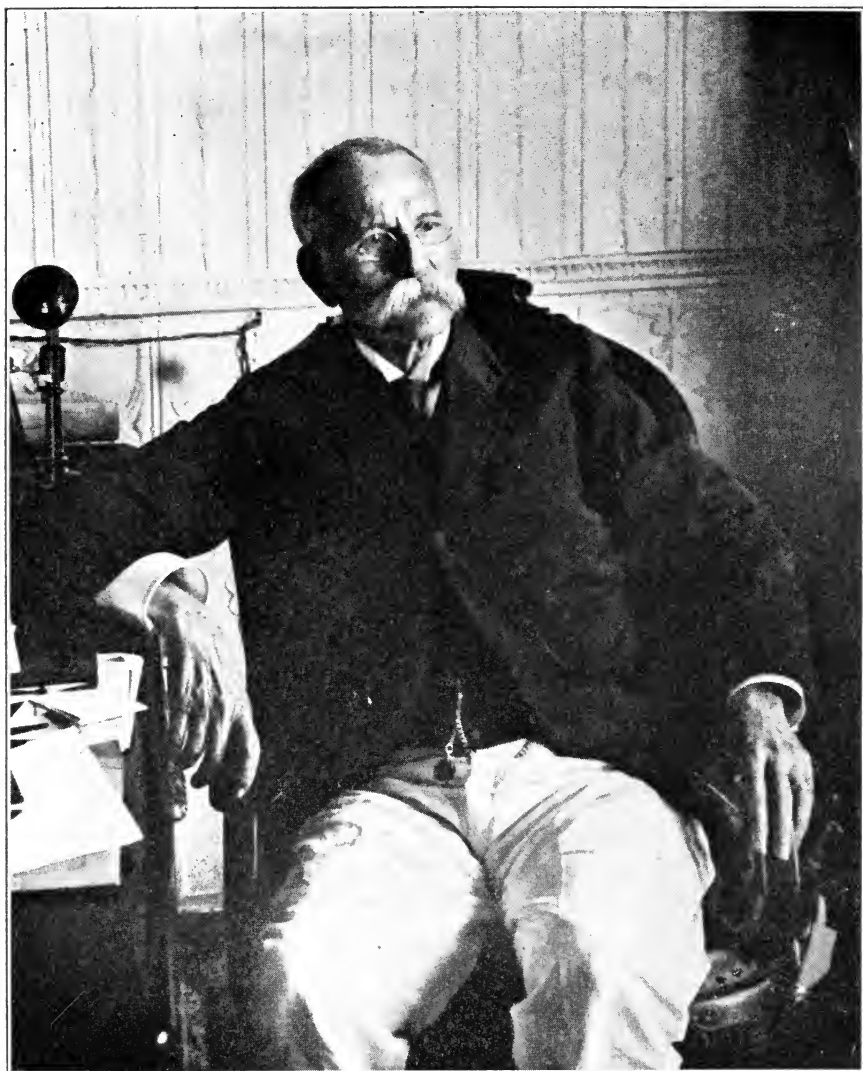
Meanwhile the President and a number of expert engineers were busy considering what sort of a canal should be built; and after a good deal of surveying and calculating and conferring plans were fixed upon for the mighty task which Uncle Sam was to perform.

You must understand that the Isthmus in the Canal Zone is about fifty miles wide. Emptying into the Atlantic Ocean is the Chagres River. Like almost everything else in the tropics, this river is freakish. At one time it is a skimpy little stream; then presto! it is a roaring torrent. Now if we follow this river up from its mouth we shall find that it appears to run across the Isthmus. That is just the trick it played on Columbus. For when it gets a little past the middle of the Isthmus it changes its mind, makes a turn, and runs up into the wilderness; and there, in one of the densest jungles on the face of the globe, it has its end—or, rather, its beginning.

Now this is what Uncle Sam decided to do. About five miles from the mouth of the river its channel runs between high hills, and beyond these through comparatively low land. Right there, where the Chagres River runs between the hills, is, and always has been, the little town of Gatun. Now, mused Uncle Sam, if a stupendous dam were built between those hills—a perfect monster of a dam, right across the channel of the river—what would happen? Why, the river would be much perplexed how to get past; in fact, it wouldn't get past; it would just pile up and spread out over a vast area reaching nearly half-way across the Isthmus.

And there is your Panama Canal half made!

But an important question must first be settled, and about this Uncle Sam's advisers disagreed. This question was whether the



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PRESIDENT MANUEL AMADOR

First President of the Republic of Panama, elected February 17, 1904.

canal should be dug down to sea-level, so that the water would flow unhindered through it, or whether much of this digging should be saved by making the channel less deep and building locks, or great elevators, as you might call them, near either ocean, to lift the ships from sea-level up to canal-level, and to let them down again at the other end.

Now the great lake which was to be formed by the damming up of the river would cover a tract of low marshy country about eighty-five feet above sea-level and it would be very difficult to dig a sea-level canal through this mushy, spongy soil, for it would only fill up as fast as it was dug. Then there would be the great ditch running from the lake to the Pacific which would have to be dug twice as deep. It was decided that this was out of the question and that it would be better to let the whole canal stand eighty-five feet above the sea and to have these big locks, or elevators, to lift and lower the ships.

So you see there were four big tasks to be accomplished. First, to conquer disease and make the Isthmus habitable; second, to build a great dam so as to create the lake; third, to dig the ditch from the lake over to the Pacific; and fourth, to build the mammoth locks.

Let us devote one more chapter to this story of the Isthmus, so that we may see how these colossal tasks were accomplished.

CHAPTER XLI

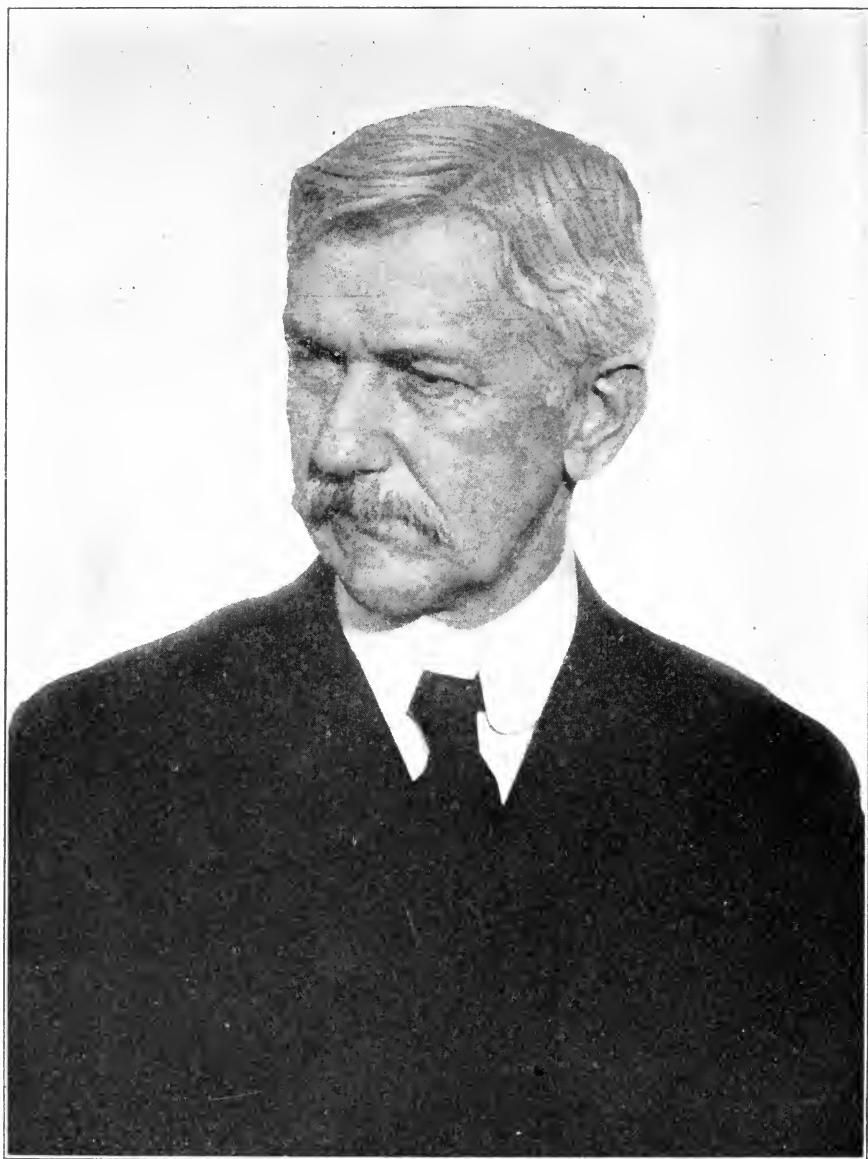
UNCLE SAM TRIUMPHANT

IF Columbus and his fever-racked followers had been living in the year 1905 and had been lost up toward the headwaters of the Chagres River, they doubtless would have stumbled on a queer sight. There was a gigantic hogshead, twice the size of any that we see, overgrown with jungle. From it, drop by drop, steadily, day in and day out, dripped a thick blackish liquid. The drops fell into a ditch which connected with other ditches, which connected with still other ditches, which drained swamps and made them uninhabitable by our redoubtable acquaintance, Anopheline. He began to die by the million; his eggs ceased to hatch. After a while he ceased to be a familiar sight in the towns; and all the while, miles and miles up in the jungle, the black liquid dripped, dripped, dripped.

The great hogshead became buried in the dank and clinging vines which grew an inch a day, undiscoverable at last, but still it dripped its pungent black liquid into the ditch.

It was doing a work which Nelson could not do with his sword; it was driving yellow fever out of Panama just as surely as Uncle Sam had driven Spain out of Cuba. It did not make any noise about it, but its power was irresistible. In all that tangled, pestilent domain which he had called his own Anopheline found scarce a mile of territory left in which he might rear up his deadly legions.

Col. William C. Gorgas, Uncle Sam's army surgeon, sat at a desk with a map before him; he knew where all the hogsheads were, posted like grim and sleepless sentinels in the dense thicket. They could be filled again when they were empty. Meanwhile, sanitary men went about with squirt-guns full of petroleum, carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare with Anopheline. That is how Uncle Sam began his building of the Panama Canal—with hogsheads



WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS, SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

In 1904 he was appointed chief sanitary officer of the Panama Canal, and under his direction the world's pest-hole was cleaned up, and the deadly legions of pestilence and filth were put in full retreat, making it possible for Uncle Sam's young men to come down to the Isthmus with perfect safety and dig the great canal.

and squirt-guns in the thicket, with brooms and mops and soap in the villages.

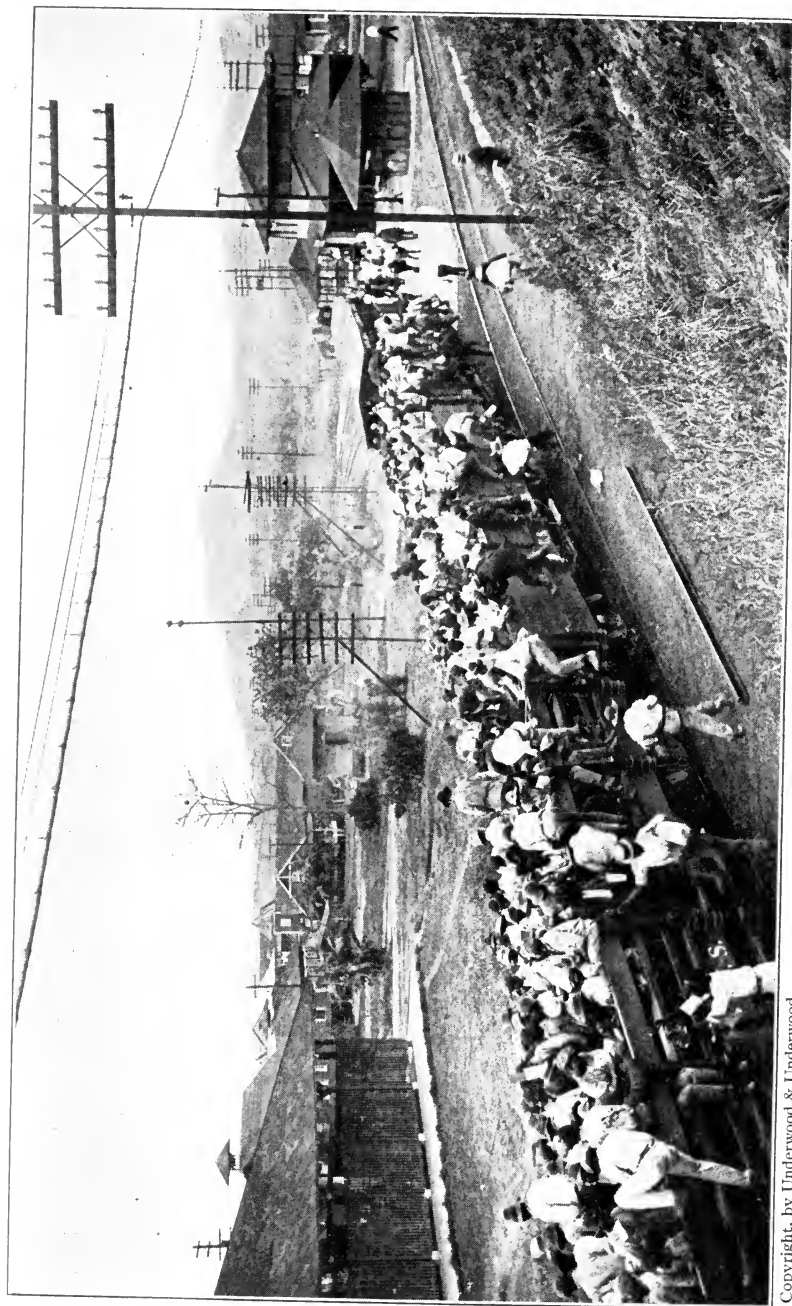
For, you see, there was no use in paying ten million dollars for a jungle and then leaving it in possession of Anopheline with his deadly yellow-fever lance. Nelson had killed Spaniards; the French had built hospitals to take care of the sick. But Uncle Sam went after this poisonous little lord of the jungle who was responsible for all the trouble, and fought him to the death. It was a good fight, a noble fight, an inspiring fight. Uncle Sam has never been grander than when he sallied forth with a broom over his shoulder and a squirt-gun under his arm and cleaned up the world's pest-hole.

Such a job it was! Sometimes half a dozen of Colonel Gorgas's men could be seen chasing one poor little mosquito. They would note down in a book where he had been seen, keep a record of him, and when they found where he had his hostile camp they would lay siege to him, intercept his communications, and cut off his base of supplies. They took his marsh away from him; they followed him into the cities of Colon and Panama, tracked him to stagnant barrels in native back yards, and caught him red-handed and shot broadsides of petroleum at him. Those sanitary men were gallant soldiers. Do not forget that when you are thinking of Santiago and Manila Bay.

They put Anopheline under the microscope, examined his deadly little weapon, made him give up his secret, found out all about him. They found he was the cause of all the deaths. They burned down his jungle, threw up miles of wire-screen intrenchments against him, and spent thousands of dollars on him (small as he was) before they so much as turned over a shovelful of earth for the Canal. Uncle Sam was fighting the fight of his life.

Colonel Gorgas watched the reports from the field as the admiral scans the battle from his conning-tower. At last the deadly legions of pestilence and filth which had held sway in Panama were in full retreat, Uncle Sam, with his bucket and his mop and his broom and his little serum-syringe and his petroleum squirt-gun. in full pursuit.

In May, 1906, came the report from the front that for the first time in one hundred years (and very likely in three hundred years) not a single case of yellow fever existed in Panama, and that Uncle



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CANAL LABORERS ARRIVING HOME AFTER THEIR DAY'S TOIL ON THE PANAMA CANAL

The view shows the train arriving at Culebra station. At times the labor trains would carry as many as 2,000 men at one time,

UNCLE SAM TRIUMPHANT

Sam's young men might come down to the Isthmus with perfect safety and help him dig the Canal.

Uncle Sam had achieved one of the greatest victories of modern times.

He next made a flank move against the rats. The rats had charge of the bubonic plague, and they distributed it like souvenirs at a *matinée*. Every ship brought some rats and almost every rat brought some plague. Uncle Sam didn't build more hospitals; he went after the rats. He organized a rat brigade—a sort of troop of Rough Riders, who went into ships and into cellars, and tore down old buildings, until there wasn't a rat left to spread the plague. He kept one eye out on the harbor, too, to see that no new ones came. You stand a better chance, almost, of finding an elephant in Panama to-day than of finding a rat.

The best kind of bullets to use against malaria is quinine pills, and every worker who reached the Isthmus received several rounds of this ammunition from Uncle Sam.

Next, houses were put up for the workers who were coming—neat little trellised bungalows, all screened in, hundreds and hundreds of them, along the line straight across the Isthmus. There were dormitory bungalows for single men and private bungalows for married men. There were churches, schools, halls, ball-fields, tennis-courts, and a big commissary store. Uncle Sam built them all.

He also decided to do all the domestic work himself; to furnish the food, clothing, furniture; and to do the washing and ironing for his bachelor assistants.

In other words, to make a long story short, Uncle Sam went down into the tropical wilderness—one of the earth's greatest pest-holes—purified it, cleaned it up, built little towns and villages here and there, opened stores under his own personal management, started a steamship line of his own, and invited the young men of America—draftsmen, surveyors, engineers, linemen, mechanics—to come down and give him a hand, for he was going to build the Panama Canal or know the reason why!

They went—about forty thousand of them—and they had the time of their lives.

The story of how that wonderful work was done would fill a volume. Tons upon tons of cement were sent to the Isthmus in

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

Uncle Sam's ships, and after a while the monster dam began to rear its great concrete form across the Chagres Valley. Dredges and steam-shovels sent materials for it in large quantities, and as they did so a great depression began to be visible where they had



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CLEANING THE BOTTOM OF CULEBRA CUT

This view shows the appearance of the floor of Culebra Cut after the removal of the steam-shovels. Gangs of laborers are busy removing the railroad tracks and in cleaning up the floor of this part of the Panama Canal preparatory to the flooding of the big waterway separating the two continents.

taken out this material. This was the beginning of the great Culebra Cut.

Every load was needed, for the great dam was to rise one hundred and fifteen feet above sea-level and to be one hundred feet wide at the top and nineteen hundred feet at the bottom. It was to be a concrete mountain running directly across the Chagres Valley, and, as ex-President Taft said, would be "as solid as the everlasting hills." Month in and month out the huge dam grew, its great, smooth, white surface presenting a strange contrast to the surrounding jungle, which had already begun to envelop it.

While it was building the river was allowed to run through a spillway in it, but when the dam was near completion (in 1912) the spillway was closed up and then the Chagres River began to pile up behind the dam and the great lake began to spread over the

UNCLE SAM TRIUMPHANT

country. Villages were deserted and became submerged; the tracks of the railroad had to be relaid so as to make a long *détour*, and the territory which had once been swamp and jungle, with little clearings and native villages here and there, became a vast lake through which the largest vessels could steam at full speed without the slightest danger.

So with scarcely any digging there was an open waterway stretching half-way across to the other coast.

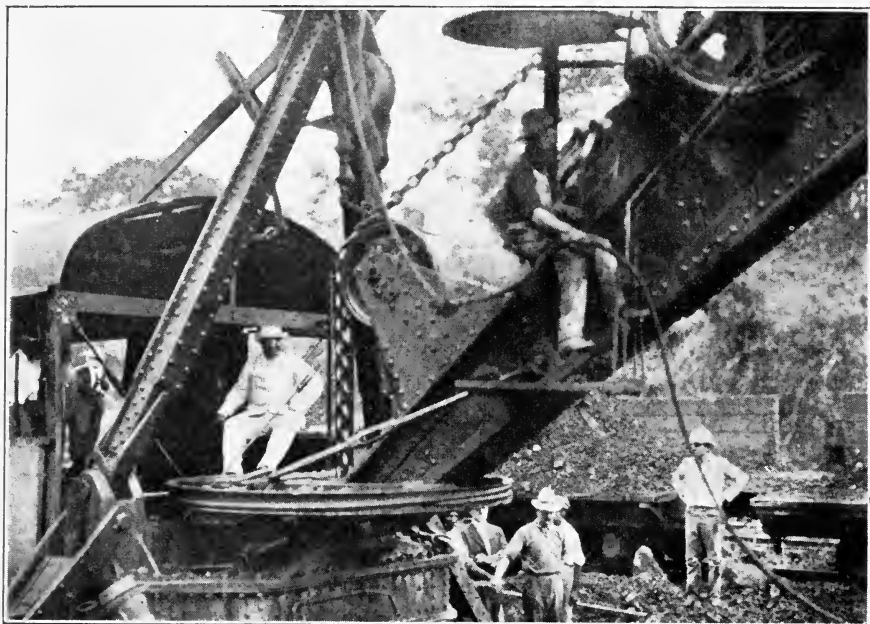
But how about the other half? How was this vast lake to be connected with the Pacific? We all know of the Rocky Mountains in North America and of the Andes in South America, but it may surprise some of us to know that scientists regard these as different parts of one long mountain chain extending through both continents and running along the narrow Isthmus of Panama. These high hills, called the Continental Divide, extend through the narrow strip of land which lay between this great artificial lake and the Pacific shore. Right there is where Uncle Sam rolled up his sleeves and began to dig; and he dug and dug and dug. Never was there such digging.

For about ten miles the great ditch had to be dug down through solid rock to a depth of more than three hundred feet. This enormous cavern was not connected with the lake until it was finished. Month in and month out, through the wet season and through the dry season, under the terrific rays of the torrid sun and the incessant assaults of the tropical showers, more than a hundred steam-shovels buried their great steel jaws in the hills, throwing ton after ton of earth and rock onto the dirt-trains which on their crisscross tracks seemed to form a great tangle in the bottom of the huge cut. Yet the trains bearing away these tons of spoil never collided; some carried their burdens to contribute to the mighty dam, others to fill in swampy areas adjacent to the canal.

Month in and month out hundreds of ear-splitting steam-drills trembled as, amid their deafening clamor, they bored down into the great areas of rock, where tons upon tons of dynamite were used to blow these frowning, jungle-covered hills to pieces. Never before in the history of the world had any work of this kind been carried on on such a gigantic scale. As one famous visitor to the Isthmus said, "Never before had man taken such a liberty with Nature."

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For, you see, Uncle Sam had changed the whole geography of the Isthmus of Panama. He had sunk about twenty villages, and if our old friend Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had stood where he— But he *couldn't* have stood there now, for it was all under water. Uncle



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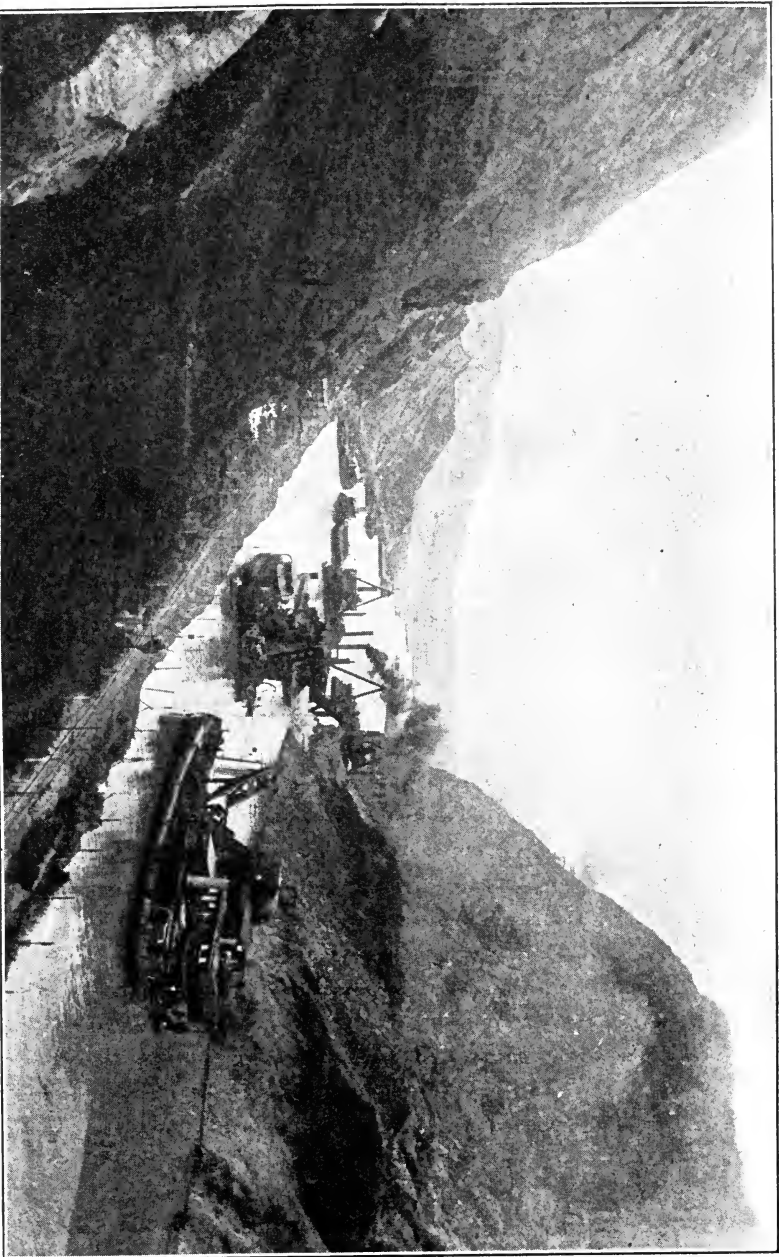
BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL

President Roosevelt is seen sitting on the huge steam-shovel while in operation at Pedro Miguel, Culebra Cut, Panama.

Sam had changed the map quite as radically as warring nations have often done.

The natives did not know what to make of these things. They were paid for their little houses and told to get off the Zone, for Uncle Sam was going to change the course of the Chagres River and make it earn its board, and rearrange things generally.

At last, in 1914, the mammoth cut, the "big ditch," as it is familiarly called, was finished. So now Uncle Sam had a great lake half-way across and a ditch the rest of the way across the Isthmus of Panama, though he was particular to leave a little space between



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FLEET OF DREDGES IN PANAMA CANAL

These dredges are of the ladder, suction, and dipper type and were used to remove the last obstruction to the navigation of the canal from coast to coast. The view shown here looks north from the Cuernavaca Slide, past Gold and Contractor's Hills, and gives a good idea of what the 150-foot-wide channel looks like.

the lake and the ditch so that the ditch might not be flooded until all was ready.

There was the Panama Canal—up three flights of stairs, eighty-odd feet above the ocean, and how were the Atlantic and Pacific oceans going to get up to it so as to shake hands?

Why, by means of the locks, those giant concrete stairways, three at either end of the canal, which would raise and lower the water and enable the big ships to ascend or descend to reach the ocean-level. These locks, built in duplicate, are the largest ever constructed. The greatest vessel in the world can float freely in one of them. The concrete used in them would have built a roadway four times around the earth.

In 1914 the cut was flooded and the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific mingled in the Panama Canal. Uncle Sam was victorious.

During 1915 many vessels passed through the canal, but the obstruction caused by falling earth at points where the banks are most precipitous necessitated a suspension of traffic until this falling mass could be dredged out of the channel. These falling masses of earth are called slides.

Having sketched very briefly the story of now Uncle Sam built the great canal, let us fancy ourselves now on a vessel nearing the Atlantic port of Colon, and in imagination make the trip through the Isthmus, for in this way perhaps we can obtain a better idea of how the great canal really looks and what it is like.

Slowly our ship approaches the entrance. It seems nothing but a broad, muddy river, the vivid green foliage crowding thickly on either side. We are heading due south, and as our vessel advances slowly through this jungle-bordered artificial river, the Caribbean Sea fades away until there is only the faintest glimmer of the receding ocean. The tropic sun beats down on our left. It is very quiet. Occasionally we may hear the discordant squawk of a parrot or the complaining scream of a monkey. Let us throw a stone at that logy log of wood which seems to float so aimlessly. See it start—it is an alligator!

For a long while, as it seems, we pass slowly up this muggy waterway. How pungent, almost sickening, is the odor of the bordering jungle; but we need have no fear—Anopheline is no longer there. The fangs of the jungle have been drawn; it is harmless.

UNCLE SAM TRIUMPHANT

For seven miles we steam along, but before we have gone much farther a clean, symmetrical white mass, snowy amid the green foliage, looms directly in our path. How are we going to get past this? At first it looks like a mammoth snow-drift wedged between

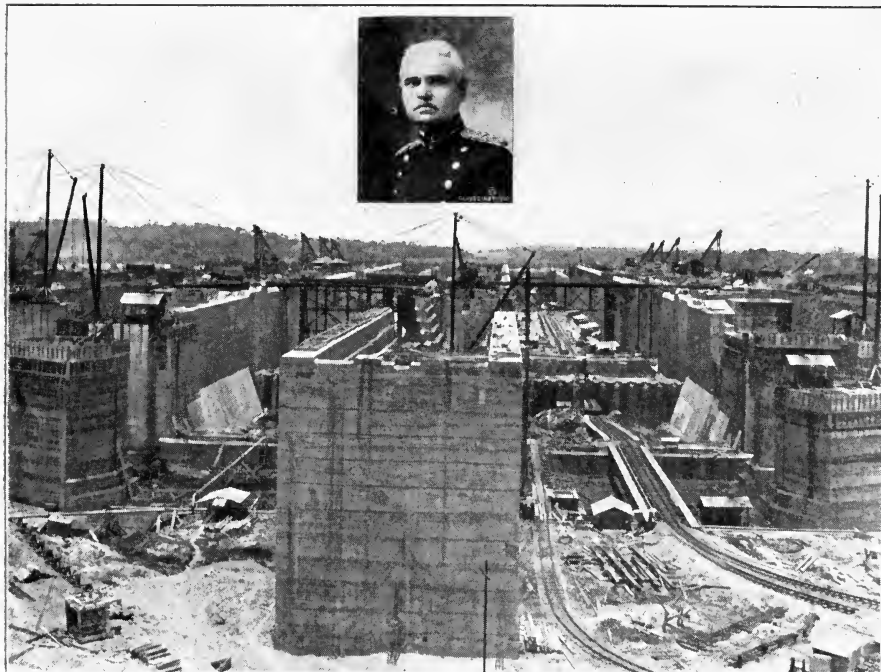


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE GATUN LOCKS, PANAMA CANAL, UNDER CONSTRUCTION. VIEW LOOKING NORTH

Insert picture: Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Goethals, who was made a major-general in the army March 4, 1913, by special act of Congress for his Panama work.

the verdant hills through which we are to pass. Then, presently, the clean lines of concrete show it to be the Gatun Locks.

Close beside them is the great dam, but all you can see of it are little glints of white here and there in the dense thicket. For vegetation which grows an inch a day has covered up Uncle Sam's masterpiece.

As we approach the locks it seems as if our journey is at an end, for there before us rises a sheer wall of iron. Surely we are up a blind alley.

But no, for see that other ship directly ahead of us and standing,

apparently, on the top of the iron wall. See it slowly disappear; it is going up-stairs. Now out come two little electric engines, one on either side of us, which are made fast to our ship. We must not use our own power now. Between us and the iron wall there hangs from shore to shore a chain the mammoth links of which weigh more than a ton each. Slowly it droops, sags, and the middle of it disappears in the water. Now we can get past.

As we watch, that great iron wall parts in the middle and both sides swing toward us. How absurd it seems for such enormous walls to move! They are the gates to the first and lowest lock, and now we are towed into it.

Slowly we rise for twenty minutes as the water lifts us to the level of the second lock, twenty-eight feet above. There is the other ship, still above us, in the third lock now. Now it disappears, and we are towed through into the second lock.

What is that little tower on shore? Why, it is there that all the intricate machinery is manipulated which controls the rise and fall of water in the locks.

Here we go up-stairs again, on that mighty, slow-moving escalator. And, lo! we are sailing on the bosom of the great Gatun Lake!

See those islands in the lake? They used to be hills. Now they are just the peaks of hills, sticking out of the water. One of them used to be Lyon Hill. What has become of the natives who lived at Bas Orisco at the foot of that hill? Oh, Unclé Sam shifted that village away up into the jungle, bag and baggage.

We are now eighty-five feet above the level of the sea! We are level with the tops of those submerged hills. Do you see those sticks poking up out of the jungle far ahead of us? They are the masts of the other ships.

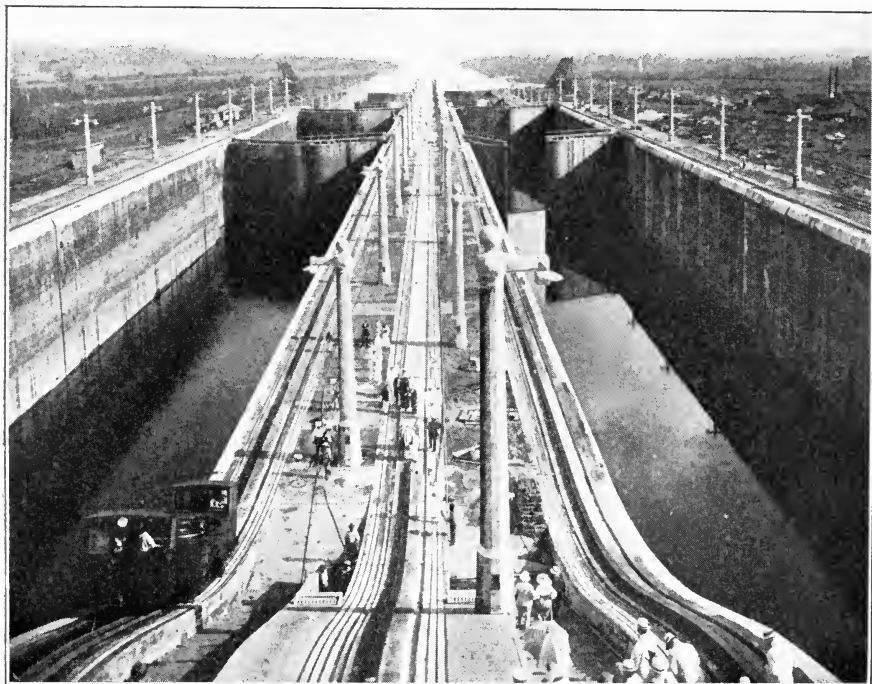
Out on the broad lake we steam at full speed, but within an hour's time the lake begins to narrow like a great pear, and presently there is no lake—we are in a channel again. The hills now press close on either side. They become higher and steeper. We are in Culebra Cut. Look straight above you; that is Gold Hill. We are in the very depths. From the other bank rises Contractor's Hill. This is where Uncle Sam did the digging.

We are crossing the backbone of the continent. The mighty

UNCLE SAM TRIUMPHANT

earthworks of the Rockies and the Andes have been beaten down by Uncle Sam. Remember that when you are thinking of his deeds of prowess in Cuba and the Philippines. There are different kinds of fighting.

How strange and uncanny seem the masts and funnels of ships



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THE GATUN LOCKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL, LOOKING TOWARD THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

One of the electric mules used for pulling ships through the locks is seen climbing one of the lock grades. Notice how much lower the first set of locks are than the set immediately in the front of the picture. The ship when passing through the locks first enters the lowest set, which is seen the farthest away in the picture. After the ship is in the lock the gates are closed, and the water is then pumped into the lock which raises the ship as the lock is filled with water. When the water in this lock attains the same height as the next higher lock, the gates are then opened and the ship passes into the second lock. The same operation is then repeated and the ship then passes into the third lock, which is still higher. When the ship enters the highest lock it passes into the lake and continues on its trip.

between those crowding hills! The pilot of our vessel blows a long blast and a hundred strange sounds echo all about us.

And see, far ahead, is that the Pacific Ocean? No, they tell us, it is only little Miraflores Lake—a place where the channel widens after passing the hills. We pass through this, and now the vast

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Pacific is in full view, although we are still eight miles from the coast.

Already the dusk is falling and the sun has disappeared behind the hills. Many lights now shine out and the channel stretches before us like a roadway with lights on either side. Far ahead shine the brilliant illuminations of the Pacific fortifications, and away to the right we catch the red glimmer of the lights of the Leper Colony on the coast. And so we steam out into the vast expanse of the great Pacific.

CHAPTER XLII

OTHER HAPPENINGS OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION

A WORD which our forefathers never heard (in the sense in which we now use it) is the word "trust." They had forests to subdue, but no trusts to regulate. But to-day there is hardly a boy who does not know what a trust is. A trust is sometimes called a monopoly, and it is a kind of business organization which is very rich and powerful. If it is heedless of the rights of others and disobeys the law, it may be very harmful and spread ruin and misery everywhere.

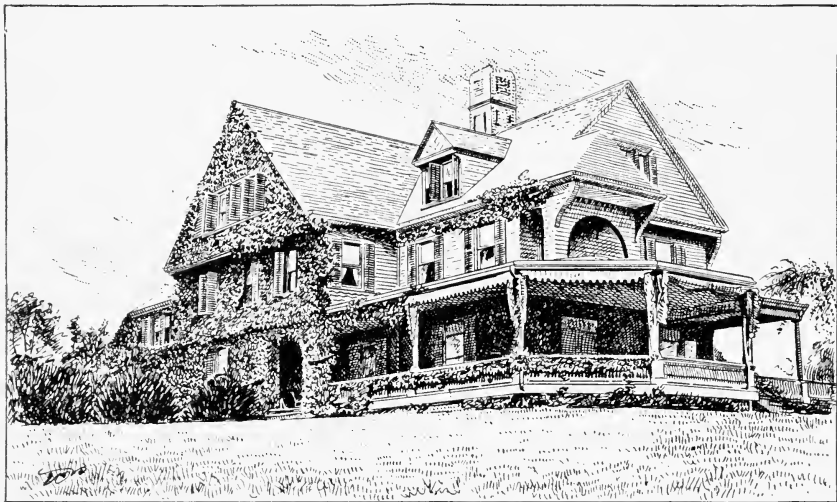
For example, there are a great many manufacturers of baseballs in the United States, and if you do not like the baseballs made by one man you can buy those made by another man. If Mr. Smith makes baseballs he will be very careful about putting the price up, for if Mr. Jones fails to do so also then Mr. Jones will get all the business. This is what is called competition, and it safeguards the people from having to pay too high prices for the things they buy. The aim of a trust, or, at least, the *effect* of a trust, is to stop competition. A trust is a kind of commercial king whose word is law.

If all the baseball manufacturers got together and said, "We will join hands and make all the baseballs in one big factory and charge fifty cents each for them," that would be a trust. You could not go to Mr. Smith then, or to Mr. Jones, or to any one else and get a baseball for ten cents. If you knocked a foul onto the roof you would have to go to the trust and pay fifty cents for a new ball. If you decided to make baseballs yourself and sell them for ten cents each, the trust would promptly put their price down to five cents and lose money for a little while until you were forced to go out of business because no one would pay ten cents for your balls. Then the trust would put its price up again. You see, the trust would

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be so rich that it could afford to suffer a little in order to make you suffer a great deal.

You will see that the tyranny of King George III was as nothing compared with the tyranny of a trust. As long as a necessary or useful article is made by one manufacturer only, that manufacturer is a trust. He can make his selling-price whatever he pleases.



ROOSEVELT'S HOME AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND

When Mr. Roosevelt became President trusts had come to be very numerous and were a great evil. They shipped so much freight by the railroads that they demanded cheaper rates than other people, and the railroads were often tempted to comply with these demands. As this was against the law, the trusts contrived a way to make a sort of *détour* around the law. They would pay the railroad the regular rate and then the railroad would give them part of the money back. This was called "rebating," and it was, as you will see, a great injustice to the small manufacturer who did not ship much freight and who was compelled to pay a much higher rate.

Our nation is founded on the noble principle of equal opportunity for all, and Mr. Roosevelt reminded Congress that laws were necessary to regulate these numerous trusts, and he also re-

minded the Department of Justice that many existing laws were not being enforced.

The work of making better laws so as to prevent these great trusts from interfering with the rights of others, and of punishing them when they broke the law, was a very complicated and difficult business, not nearly so interesting as the war with Spain or the building of the canal. But it was a work which Mr. Roosevelt started, and Uncle Sam had many clashes with the powerful monopolies, which the people of the country watched with interest and gratification. For Uncle Sam came forward as the defender and champion of every law-abiding citizen, anxious to make an honest living and embarrassed in his efforts to do so by those who said to the people, "You must come to us for your goods or do without them."

We have seen in an earlier chapter how the first submarine cable was successfully laid across the Atlantic. An event of great interest during the Roosevelt administration was the completion and opening to service of the longest cable ever laid. This rested on the bed of the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Manila. This cable is 7,900 miles long, being about fifty miles longer than the rival cable from British Columbia to Australia. It touches at three American island points on the route—Hawaii, Midway Island, and Guam—thus connecting all our important island territory in the Pacific Ocean, with the exception of Samoa. The first message over this long submarine cable was sent by President Roosevelt to Governor Taft, at Manila, on July 4, 1903. It completed a circle round the world, *via* the cables from Manila to China, and thence by way of India and Europe to the United States, and after communicating with Governor Taft the President sent a message round the world, his words coming back to him in twelve minutes, after traveling across twenty thousand miles by land and sea.

Let us return for a few minutes to the West Indies, where we have already spent so much time, in order to notice an occurrence which, if it is not strictly a part of our nation's story, must nevertheless have a place in these pages, for it sent a shock throughout our land and takes its place as one of the greatest horrors in the history of the world.

Extending southeasterly from our island of Porto Rico is the group of islands known as the Lesser Antilles. These form almost

a perfect crescent, and a little south of the middle of the line is the island of Martinique, which belongs to France.

The Lesser Antilles are, in fact, nothing but a great curving row of mountain peaks which at some time or other in ages past were entirely under water. All of them are volcanic and some of them are nothing but the peaks of volcanoes. Many of them are a mile high. At some remote period in the world's history these islands were thrown up by volcanic energy, and by reason of the peculiar character of their substance they are the most beautiful islands in the world. Each is a garden spot covered with tropical foliage, and the pungent fragrance of their luxuriant vegetation is wafted to the mariner as he picks his way with caution through the intricate channel which winds among them.

The question of why people choose to live on volcanoes or near volcanoes is one which has often been asked, and which the historian is not called upon to answer, but it is a fact that people have even shown a predilection for such habitations and have been found living blithely year in and year out under the ever-present shadow of awful death.

Such was the condition of the people who lived in the quaint old city of St. Pierre, which lay along the curving shore of Martinique, with the great Mt. Pelée frowning down upon them. For hundreds of years had the great mountain slumbered, muttering occasionally, but apparently harmless; and the thirty thousand people of the beautiful, gay little city gave little thought to the grumbling monster just above them.

On May 4, 1902, a little shower of flaky ash blew about the city, settling on hats and clothing and causing comment and laughter. The people of St. Pierre were fond of laughing. The old dead volcano, with its weak breath, was playing a sort of joke on them—sprinkling them with its "airy nothing," and they took it in good part, like the sunny, tropical, pleasure-loving people that they were.

The next day a few trickling streams of mud were seen picking their way down the mountain-side, following the paths of least resistance. Some of it flowed into the town and those who touched it found that it was hot. Scarcely had the interest of the people been aroused when an avalanche of mud poured over the peak of the mountain and down into the town, rushing at the rate of a



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A VIEW OF MT. PELÉE IN MARTINIQUE AS SEEN FROM A SHIP

mile a minute, engulfing a large factory and killing one hundred people.

The citizens of St. Pierre did not like this; they were aroused and fearful, but all became quiet again and they went about their business and their pleasures. Two days passed, "and then the horror came."

Suddenly, in the early morning of May 8th, the summit of the mountain seemed to open, and in an instant the whole sky was ablaze. Down the mountain-side and up into the air old Mt. Pelée poured its molten masses, which rolled into the town and fell upon it. Deafening reports were heard. The fiery masses which descended into the ocean hissed as they struck the water and sent up suffocating clouds of steam. The heaven was lurid with great fiery clouds which writhed like living things, twisting themselves into spirals and bursting like shower-rockets upon the burning city.

Then came an impenetrable cloud of smoke and ash which for a little while obscured even the sun; and when the great orb reappeared St. Pierre was no more. Her thirty thousand people lay buried under the seething, molten mass. The bodies which were visible at all were charred and brittle, like mummies. The city was not simply ruined; it was gone—there was no city. In less than three minutes it had been blotted out.

This dreadful deed of Nature, this awful exhibition of her power and of man's helplessness, was witnessed by the crew of one ship which had come into the harbor the day before and had withdrawn to the quarantine station, just out of range of the dreadful visitation. All the other ships in the harbor, seventeen in number, were utterly destroyed.

What a sight it must have been for those on the ship *Roddam* to witness from their safe distance the utter destruction of that city with every soul it contained!

But not every soul, either; for in the dungeon of the city jail was a negro named Auguste Ciparis, who was serving his sentence for some trifling offense. He, alone, of all those thirty thousand souls, was found alive.

This is the story which he told, as written down by one who talked with him shortly afterward:

OTHER HAPPENINGS OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION

He was waiting for his usual breakfast when it suddenly grew dark, and immediately afterward hot air, laden with ash, entered his room through the door grating. It came gently but continuously. His flesh was instantly burned, and he jumped about in agony, vainly calling for help. The heat that scorched him was intense, but lasted for an instant only, and during that time he almost ceased to breathe. There was no accompanying smoke, no noise of any kind, and no odor to suggest a burning gas. Ciparis was clad at the time in hat, shirt, and trousers, but his clothing did not take fire; yet beneath his shirt his back was terribly burnt. For three days and more he was without food of any kind and his only sustaining nourishment was the water of his cell.

Toward the evening of the fourth day after the destruction of the city his cries were heard by two negroes who had come to the "city that was" to look for booty among the ruins.

Had he been an intelligent man, which he was not, we may imagine what his feelings would have been as, stepping forth from the dungeon which had proved his salvation, he gazed about him at the waste of ruins with its charred and broken walls rising like tombs here and there to mark the spot where his native city had but lately stood.

The terrible calamity at St. Pierre is only pertinent to our country's story because the little island is a neighbor of our great Republic, and because of the sympathy of our people and our government, which expressed itself in timely and substantial aid to the towns on Martinique, which, though out of the zone of complete destruction, had suffered terribly from the great volcano's eruption.

Hardly had the appalling tidings reached our country when Congress made a liberal appropriation in money and provisions, and all needed supplies were rushed to the Caribbean Sea as fast as steam could carry them. The United States was first on the spot, and so active and efficient that the government of France sent its grateful acknowledgments for the generosity and charity which were without stint.

It is well that our nation showed this generous spirit, for ere long our own land was to be visited by a horror hardly less appalling, though, fortunately, its toll of life was not so great. On the 17th of April, 1906, the city of San Francisco was shaken by an earthquake of such severity as to ruin the business section and much of the residence portion, burying many of its inhabitants under the fallen walls of their dwellings.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

The earthquake was but the beginning of the disaster; fires broke out in dozens of places and were soon burning furiously in all parts of the business section of the city.

To fight such a fire was next to impossible. The earthquake had broken the water-mains and the engines were almost useless.



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A STREET IN ST. PIERRE SHOWING THE RUINS

This was the main business street of St. Pierre.

New terrors arose as fresh tremors shook the ground; the people fled on all sides in the wildest terror, and it seemed as if the beautiful city by the Golden Gate was doomed.

The only hope that remained to the authorities was to check the progress of the fire by blowing up buildings in its course with dynamite. For two days the fire burned on unchecked in the business section, and the residential district, which had suffered less, was finally saved by blowing up a mile of dwellings in order to check the advancing flames.

OTHER HAPPENINGS OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION

The terrible disaster was by no means confined to San Francisco, the earthquake wave extending through a distance of 180 miles. The beautiful cities of Santa Rosa and San José went down in ruins, and other cities and towns suffered more or less severely.

Fortunately, the loss of life was small compared with the magnitude of the catastrophe, about fifteen hundred being killed, though many others were seriously injured, and scores died of disease caused by exposure and the unsanitary conditions amid which the homeless were forced to live until the work of rescue and relief was organized and under way.

CHAPTER XLIII

PEARY REACHES THE NORTH POLE

THE North Pole! For over three hundred years it had remained the bright and shining mark for every maritime adventurer. The complete annals of the gallant endeavor would make a library in themselves; none can estimate the cost in treasure and lives of the long battle to wrest this last secret of nature from the implacable grasp of the frost king. Almost every civilized nation made its official bid for the prize; many brave men ventured their all to carry off the coveted honor, only to fail; Peary's triumph came after long years of personal sacrifice and unremitting toil. But the great quest had been attained and it was the Stars and Stripes that first floated free at the northern apex of the globe.

It should be remembered that the early explorers were looking for a northwest or a northeast passage rather than trying to locate the North Pole. If a practicable route could be found around the top of North America or Siberia, trade with the vast markets of the Orient would be immensely stimulated. Thousands of miles of ocean sailing around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope would be eliminated, with a proportional saving in valuable time. In 1743 the British Parliament offered a reward of £20,000 for the discovery of the Northwest Passage; the prize was not formally withdrawn until 1818. Nowadays, even if an all-year warm-water route did exist, the fact would have only a limited commercial importance, owing to the accomplishment of the other dreams of the ages, the Suez and Panama canals.

The first explorer of the ice-bound North appears to have been Corte Real, a Portuguese navigator who tried for the Northwest Passage in 1500. In 1585 a company was formed in London bearing the quaint title of the "Fellowship for the Discovery of the Northwest Passage." Three years later John Davis discovered the

PEARY REACHES THE NORTH POLE

strait that bears his name and secured the first "Farthest North" record for Great Britain; he reached latitude $72^{\circ} 12' N.$, a distance of 1,128 miles from the geographical North Pole. After him came scores of hardy seamen—British, Dutch, French, German, Scandinavian, and Russian—all seeking the much-coveted short cut to



THE "GJÖA" IN WINTER QUARTERS, KING POINT, 1905-06

In this ship Amundsen sailed from Norway, June 17, 1903, and notified his government on December 5, 1905, that he had determined the position of the magnetic pole, and had also discovered the Northwest Passage.

China and the Indies. The rivalry was keen, but from the time of Henry VIII, for three and one-half centuries, Great Britain's flag was always, with one solitary exception, waving nearest to the top of the earth. The one exception was the period 1594-1606, when the Dutch, through William Barents, held the record. In 1882 the American explorer Greely won the laurels with the mark of $83^{\circ} 24' N.$, four miles better than the Englishman Markham's highest point.

Frobisher, Barents, Hudson, Baffin, Bering, Vancouver, Ross, Franklin, Kane, Parry—there are great names in the search for the almost mythical Northwest Passage. But the actual journey from

the Atlantic to the Pacific was not accomplished until 1850, when Capt. Robert McClure made the passage on foot, after losing his ship in the ice in Barrow Strait. His associate, Richard Collinson, commanding the *Enterprise*, also succeeded in getting through and brought his ship safely back to England. Captain McClure received a prize of £5,000 in commemoration of the great feat, and an equal amount was distributed among the officers and seamen of the expedition. But so essentially valueless was the discovery that over half a century elapsed before, during 1903-06, Roald Amundsen navigated the tiny *Gjøa*, a sailing-sloop fitted with a gasoline-engine, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The entrance of the United States into the great race was brought about through our wide-spread sympathy for the tragic fate of Sir John Franklin, the greatest and most sorrowful of Polar dramas. In 1845 Franklin sailed for the unknown North, his ships being the same *Erebus* and *Terror* in which he had made his brilliant Antarctic discoveries. The expedition was splendidly found and hopes of its success ran high. But three years passed and Franklin did not return. Not a man of all that gallant company ever did come back, and the whole story of the tragedy will never be fully told. It was not until 1854 that Captain Rae learned from some Eskimo hunters that two ships had been frozen fast near King William Land some years previous, and that all the party had died of starvation. In 1859 Captain McClintock, commanding the relief expedition sent out by Lady Franklin, found among the Eskimos silver plate, tents, flags, and other relics of the ill-fated party.

Out of a generous desire to assist in the search for Sir John Franklin, Henry Grinnell and George Peabody, wealthy and public-spirited Americans, despatched Elisha Kent Kane in the *Advance* to explore the desolate reaches of Smith Sound. This was during 1853-55, and the venture was the first formal American expedition for North-Polar work. Following Kane came other brilliant American navigators—Hall, Greely, DeLong, and finally Robert E. Peary.

The Northeast Passage was first achieved during 1878-79 by Adolf Erik Nordenskjöld. Other notable expeditions were those of Nares (Great Britain), Weyprecht and Payer (Austria-Hungary), Markham (Great Britain), Nansen (Norway), Jackson-Harmsworth (Great Britain), and Wellman (United States). Unique among

PEARY REACHES THE NORTH POLE

polar tragedies was the attempt of Andrée to reach the North Pole by means of a balloon. He ascended in the *Eagle* on July 11, 1897. One of his buoys, containing a message dated the same day, July 11, 1897, was found August 31, 1900, but no definite news was ever received of how he met his fate; it is supposed that he and his two associates were obliged to descend and were thereupon killed by unfriendly natives.

Admiral Robert E. Peary made his first journey due north in 1886—merely a summer voyage to Greenland. In 1891 he commanded an expedition designed to establish the disputed insularity of Greenland and its projection northward. He was the first white man to explore the interior of this Arctic continent. Peary now turned his attention to the Pole, his first expedition lasting through the four years 1898–1902. His farthest north was a point

343 miles from the goal. In 1906 he made his wonderful march over the ice, reaching latitude $87^{\circ} 6' N$. Winds of unusual fury robbed him of the prize by opening impassable water leads, and he nearly lost his life through the failure of his food-supplies. And then on April 6, 1909, he stood at last at “Ninety North,” victor in what might be called the biggest and finest sporting event of all time.

The expedition sailed from New York July 6, 1908. The sledge divisions left the good ship *Roosevelt* February 15–22, 1909, and ren-



COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U. S. N.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

devoured at Cape Columbia. On March 1st Peary started on the final dash for the prize. The 84th parallel was crossed on March 18th, the 86th on March 23d, the 88th on April 2d, the 89th on April 4th, and the North Pole was reached on April 6th at ten o'clock in the morning. There were six men in the party—Com-



THE FLAG AT 87° 6' N. LATITUDE, APRIL 21, 1906

Within 200 miles of the North Pole. The nearest approach ever made by human beings. Photographed by Commander Peary during a momentary lull in a blinding storm of ice dust.

mander Peary; Matt Henson, a colored seaman; Ootah, an Eskimo and an old-time fellow-adventurer; also three other Eskimos. Thirty hours were spent at the Pole, and then, on April 7th, the return journey south was begun.

The story of that last great day is properly told in Admiral Peary's own words. The following excerpts are taken from his book, *The North Pole: Its Discovery in 1909* (The Frederick A. Stokes Company):

The last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6th. . . . After the usual arrangements for going into camp at approximately local noon, of the Columbia Meridian, I made the first observation at our polar camp. It indicated our position as 89° 57' N.

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet, with

PEARY REACHES THE NORTH POLE

the Pole actually in sight, I was too weary to take the last few steps . . . I was actually too exhausted to realize, at the moment, that my life's purpose had been achieved. As soon as our igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep. . . . But, weary though I was, I could not sleep long. . . . The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It all seems so simple and so commonplace."

Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P.M., Columbia Meridian time, in case the sky should clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long . . . we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we traveled the sky cleared and at the end of the journey I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia Meridian midnight. These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the Pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; one of the strangest . . . the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the Western to the Eastern Hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. . . . In the first miles of this brief march we had been traveling due north, while on the last few miles of the same march we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. . . . East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained, and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us . . . must be a south wind. Where we were one day and one night constituted a year; a hundred such days and nights constituted a century.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination. We planted five flags at the top of the world . . . a silk American flag . . . the colors of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity . . . the World's Ensign of Liberty and Peace . . . the Navy League flag, and the Red Cross flag.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing cheers; . . . thereupon I shook hands with each member of the party. Then in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records of [one] of which the following is a copy:

"0/0 N. LAT., NORTH POLE,
April 6, 1909.

"I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North-Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

"I leave this record and the United States flag in possession.

"ROBERT E. PEARY,
United States Navy."

At last, after all the centuries, the end had crowned the work.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE MEXICAN TANGLE

THE census of 1910 showed that the population of the Continental United States had risen to 91,972,266, and that of the greater United States, including Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, to 93,402,151. No enumeration was made in the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, or the Panama Canal Zone, but it was computed that the total number of persons living under the American flag was 101,100,000. In material wealth the country had also taken gigantic strides, and up to the middle of the Taft administration all looked well for the future. And then, shortly, the clouds began to gather.

The neighboring republic of Mexico had become a storm-center. From the winning of independence in 1821 to 1876 Mexico had had about eighty presidents; revolutions tripped on one another's heels. Then Porfirio Diaz assumed the reins and until 1911 the country was quiet. There were great abuses under Diaz and hardly a semblance of constitutional government, but he ruled with an iron hand, and foreign capital was attracted to exploit the great natural resources of the country: concessions to English, French, German, and American companies abounded on every hand.

Mexico was rich, but the Mexicans were poor. Discontent grew apace until 1910, when the republic celebrated the centennial of its independence and Diaz was re-elected for an eighth term. His opponent was Francisco Madero, a gentleman of fine education and liberal fortune. He had no chance against the Diaz machine, and after the electoral farce was over he promptly started a revolt. The uprising was speedily successful. Diaz resigned the presidency on May 11, 1911, and sailed for Europe; Madero assumed office the following October.

Unfortunately, Madero was an impractical idealist and he was



FRANCISCO MADERO

Who started a revolt against Diaz and was elected President in October, 1911. His administration was brought to a close in February, 1913, by a revolutionary movement led by General Victoriano Huerta, who proclaimed himself Provisional President on February 18, 1913. Five days later Madero was shot while in the custody of officials responsible to Huerta.

surrounded by unscrupulous scoundrels who used him to their own advantage. In February, 1913, a revolutionary movement was set on foot, and on February 18th General Victoriano Huerta, commander-in-chief of the Federal army, proclaimed himself Provisional President; five days later Madero was shot while in the custody of officials responsible to Huerta. The latter disclaimed any knowledge of the crime, but nothing was done to punish the assassins. The Maderists kept up their opposition and civil war went on under the leadership of General Venustiano Carranza, a bitter personal enemy of Huerta. Such was the almost hopeless situation when Woodrow Wilson became President, March 4, 1913; it was his first great problem.

President Wilson decided to refuse recognition to the *de facto* government of Huerta, and laid down the new principle that the United States would not countenance Latin-American adventurers who came into power through a cold-blooded murder of their predecessor. This decision was taken despite the fact that Huerta had been recognized by all the greater nations of the world; President Wilson announced the policy of "Watchful waiting" and the long struggle was on.

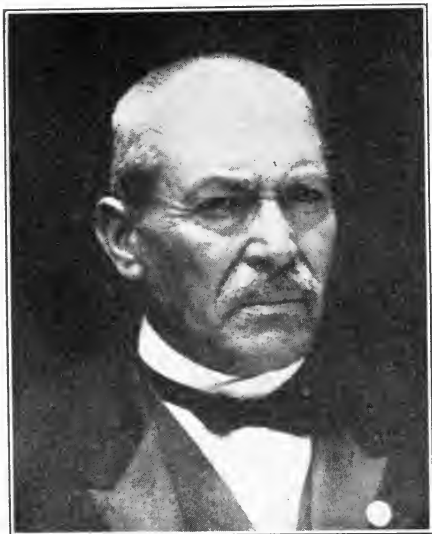
Foreign capital had a hard time of it between the exactions of the Huerta administration and the open rapacity of nominal Carranza revolutionaries such as the notorious Villa. Outrages on foreign-born residents were of daily occurrence, and Great Britain, Germany, and France grew more and more solicitous about the welfare of their nationals. But the Monroe Doctrine barred their way to forcible intervention.

In April, 1914, a crisis developed. Some American bluejackets who had landed at Tampico to purchase gasoline were arrested. The upshot of the affair was that Admiral Mayo, in command of the American fleet, demanded an apologetic salute to the American flag. The demand was refused and President Wilson backed up the ultimatum. On April 21st the city of Vera Cruz was captured by American sailors and marines, eighteen of the attacking force being killed. It looked like real war and General Funston, with six thousand men, was sent to occupy the city. Then the three "A B C Powers," Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, came forward with an offer to mediate and the proposition was accepted. In the mean



FRANCISCO VILLA

Who rose in open revolt against Carranza and by his attack on the city of Columbus, New Mexico, caused President Wilson to send United States troops into Mexico.



GENERAL VICTORIANO HUERTA

Who proclaimed himself Provisional President February 18, 1913, and whose government President Wilson refused to recognize. Finally, finding himself hopelessly beaten, he resigned July 15, 1914.



GENERAL VENUSTIANO CARRANZA

As governor of Coahuila he led the opposition against Huerta, whom he succeeded as Provisional President, and was finally elected President in March, 1917.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

time Carranza kept on winning, and on July 15th Huerta gave up the struggle and left the country. Carranza entered Mexico City in triumph, but within a month Villa was in revolt against his former chief. The United States evacuated Vera Cruz November



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SEA-FIGHTERS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY ON THEIR WAY TO MEXICAN WATERS

23d and matters seemed worse than ever, except that the Carranza government had been accepted as lawful by all other nations.

Villa made a surprise attack on the town of Columbus, New Mexico, March 9, 1916. An American punitive expedition immediately crossed the border, and several months of indecisive and inglorious warfare followed. Villa would not stand up to an open fight and he could not be run down in his mountain retreat. All summer and fall the American regular and militia troops were kept on the border; then in January, 1917, they were withdrawn. Villa had been reported as dead or crippled several times; at least he had ceased to be an active agent in stirring up trouble.

THE MEXICAN TANGLE

It had been a trying experience for the United States. The constant shifting of policies, or the lack of a settled policy, had been confusing and disheartening. Neither life nor property had been protected, and the ill-will of all the Mexican factions had been incurred.

On the other hand, it had been conclusively proved that the United States wanted nothing at the expense of Mexico, that it meditated no schemes of conquest or annexation. This went a long way toward establishing a new feeling of confidence in the good faith of the United States among the various nations of Central and South America. Our first war with Mexico, back in the eighteen-forties, had grown out of a dispute over territory, and the secession of the Texan Republic, together with its subsequent incorporation into the American Union, had sown seeds of racial hatred and suspicion that had ripened into a bloody harvest. Whatever may have been the mistakes of the Democratic Administration, its intentions had been just and honorable; property interests had suffered, but the horrors of war had been averted. Even then it is probable that the United States would finally have been obliged to take up arms or the European nations would have intervened. But by this time the world conflict had assumed gigantic proportions and the Mexican imbroglio was retired into the background.

CHAPTER XLV

THE GREAT WAR

THE storm of general war broke upon the world in August, 1914, and the United States promptly announced its neutrality. But difficulties multiplied themselves. There was a large German-American element in the population, particularly in such Mid-West States as Wisconsin, and the Irish of the Eastern section had a hereditary antipathy to Great Britain. The Teutonic propaganda was very extensive and both the German and Austrian ambassadors were perniciously active in their endeavors to cripple and destroy industries engaged in the manufacture of arms and munitions. Finally, in 1915, President Wilson requested the recall of Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and of two of Germany's attachés.

On February 4, 1915, Germany proclaimed the waters around the British Isles to be a "war zone." This was done in retaliation for the "paper" blockade instituted by Great Britain with the object of starving out the Central Powers. The United States made formal protest to both belligerents, and on February 10th an American diplomatic note warned Germany that, should her submarine commanders destroy American lives or an American vessel on the high seas, she would be held to "strict accountability." A long and tortuous diplomatic exchange of views followed, but no definite understanding was reached.

The first American victim of the U-boat pirates was the oil-tanker *Gulflight*, and in the torpedoing of the British steamer *Falaba*, March 28, 1915, an American engineer lost his life. The crowning defiance of human rights was the sinking of the Cunard steamer *Lusitania* off the Irish coast, May 7, 1915. Of 1,917 souls on board 1,153 were lost; and among them were 114 American men, women, and children. This tragic event stirred the world; and scattered

THE GREAT WAR

voices raised by pro-German fanatics in the United States were drowned in a mighty outpouring of indignation. And yet America was still unwilling to enter the bloody arena of conflict.

A series of notes were exchanged between Germany and the United States on the subject of the *Lusitania* outrage. Finally, President Wilson announced that any repetition of the act, on the part of the Imperial German Government, must be regarded by the United States as "deliberately unfriendly." No direct response was made, but the German government issued orders that Atlantic liners were not to be sunk without warning, and when the British steamer *Arabic* was torpedoed unwarned, with the loss of two American lives, the act was disavowed and an apology was offered.

The negotiations over the *Lusitania* affair dragged on through weary months, and several times a crisis was barely averted. The



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DR. CONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA

Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to United States whose recall was demanded by President Wilson.

sinking of the French Channel steamer *Sussex* early in 1916 made the situation once more acute. American lives had been sacrificed, and the Administration called on Germany to immediately abandon these unlawful acts; otherwise the United States would be obliged to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire. Again evasions and delays served to postpone the fatal day, and for the rest of 1916 there were no overt aggressions upon American rights.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

President Wilson was re-elected in November, 1916, largely upon the popular belief that he had kept the country out of the war. But in December of the same year the President startled the country by recommending a large increase of the army, and by painting in strong colors the immediate danger to the nation. Congress floundered along with a wearisome and

pointless discussion of the situation, but finally passed an inadequate National Defense Act; war was actually at hand and yet nothing had been done in the way of real preparation for the emergency.

On January 31, 1917, Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington, served notice that the Teutonic Powers would now be compelled to fight for existence with all the weapons at their disposal; after February 1st neutral and belligerent ships found in the naval war zones would be sunk on sight by submarines. American vessels were to be immune only if they sailed at the rate of one a week, took a prescribed course, painted their sides in red and white stripes, arrived on Sunday and departed on Wednesday. This was an utter abrogation of international law, an announcement of a policy of sheer "frightfulness."

This declaration was a clear challenge to the sovereignty of the United States and it was promptly and decisively met. On February 3, 1917, diplomatic relations were broken off and Count von Bernstorff was handed his passports. War was not yet declared, but every one knew now that it was inevitable, and the country rose to a man in commendation of the President's action.

Various emergency measures were passed by Congress at the

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NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 22, 1915.

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FACSIMILE OF ADVERTISEMENT ISSUED BY THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON

Published on May 1, 1915, in American newspapers intended as a warning to all persons against taking passage on the *Lusitania*. No one paid any attention to the warning, for it was believed incredible that any government would do what the Imperial German Government threatened to do.

THE GREAT WAR

request of the President, and then nearly two months elapsed. From Berlin had come no indication of a change of heart, and so at the assembling of the new Congress in special session, April 2d, the President addressed the two houses, asking for a resolution of war against the Imperial German Government. The Senate passed such a resolution on April 4, 1917, by a vote of 82 to 6, and the House adopted a similar measure April 6, 1917, by a vote of 373 to 50; thus the United States became at length an active party to the greatest armed conflict in all history.

For three years President Wilson had stood firmly against the entrance of America into the European quarrel, and deep and bitter had been the criticisms passed upon his conduct by the ardent supporters of the Allied cause. He was accused of a lack of vision, of indifference to great moral issues; a favorite gibe was that Wilson lacked the qualities of true leadership.

Putting aside personal prejudice and party passion, certain facts are incontestable. In the early days of the European war public opinion in the United States was unreservedly in favor of a strict neutrality; what part had we in the quarrels of the armed camps of Europe? Mr. Roosevelt himself, in a signed article written and published some three months after the violation of Belgium's neutrality, declared unequivocally that it was none of our business to

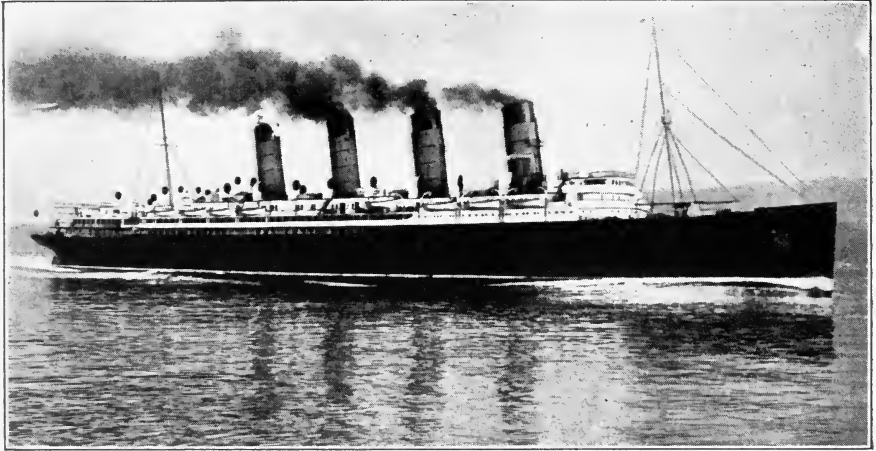


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COUNT JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF
German Ambassador to the United States.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

interfere; we might and ought to be sorry for Belgium's misfortunes, but it was not our duty to enter the lists on her behalf. And yet two years later Mr. Roosevelt found it convenient to forget and ignore this plain affirmation of policy, and issued a series of unsparing criticisms upon President Wilson's moral cowardice in not immediately making the Belgian outrages a subject of indignant protest up to the point of actually drawing the sword to avenge her.



THE "LUSITANIA"

Torpedoed by a German submarine off the Irish coast, May 7, 1915, resulting in the loss of 1,153 souls, and among them 114 American men, women, and children.

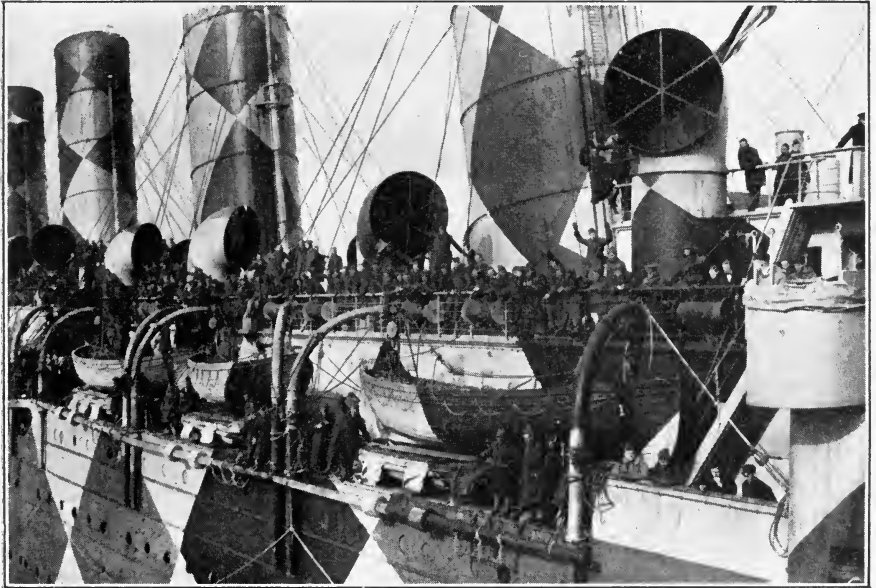
Time alters one's point of view and undoubtedly by this time Mr. Wilson had also experienced a change of heart. But he was burdened with a grave responsibility to the people of the United States; it was his bounden duty to spare them the horrors of war so long as there remained any honorable way of avoiding the issue.

As to the question of leadership, it must be remembered that no single human being has ever been able to sway the destinies of a nation until the people themselves were ready for action. No one would deny the quality of leadership to such men as Jesus Christ or Socrates or Savonarola or John Brown of Ossawatimie. Apparently they failed, and their reward was the martyr's crown rather than the laurels of victory. The world was not ready to listen to the

THE GREAT WAR

message that they brought, and yet who will say that they lived and died in vain?

The true leader, the real statesman, is he who can sense the psychologic, the critical moment when a great people are ready to be led. When President Wilson had finally convinced himself that the country was prepared to make the supreme sacrifice for the



AMERICA'S ANSWER TO THE TEUTONIC SPIRIT OF AUTOCRACY AND RUTHLESSNESS

re-establishment of righteousness and justice in the world, he lost no time in giving the command of forward! confident that the nation would obey. Even such unsparing opponents of the earlier course of the Administration as the late Joseph Choate came finally to see that the President had been nearer right than his opponents and detractors; in a notable speech, delivered only a short time before his death, Mr. Choate made the most generous amends possible for his former criticisms of Mr. Wilson's policy of forbearance.

Once committed to the issue of arms, the country showed plainly that nothing must be left undone to attain victory.

FROM APPOMATTOX TO GERMANY

A national conscription law was passed with virtually no opposition, something that would have appeared incredible only a year before; emergency measures were adopted with a minimum of partizan objection; billions of credit were ungrudgingly voted. The United States had ample cause for war in Germany's insolent and unlawful aggressions, and yet the nation went into the conflict not for the sake of personal advantage, nor even in the spirit of justifiable reprisal; America entered the war in order to combat the Teutonic spirit of autocracy and ruthlessness; to re-establish the reign of law among the peoples of the earth.

With stout heart and high hope the nation girded itself for the supreme task of making the world "safe for democracy."

THE END

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